

# THE FORUM

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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION.  
IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT  
IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE.  
THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS  
ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY  
BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

## THE KLAN: DEFENDER OF AMERICANISM

HIRAM WESLEY EVANS

*The Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan in an authorized  
interview with Stanley Frost*

**I**N the September FORUM, William Robinson Pattangall, leading Democrat of Maine, declared his belief that the Klan was un-American; that by its official acts it attacked and undermined the very spirit of Americanism which it was its avowed objective to defend. In the present paper, the Imperial Wizard, the leader and head of the Klan, replies to Mr. Pattangall's charges. He defends the Klan's intolerance, — a necessary counter weapon with which to combat the greater intolerance of its opponents.

**I**N seeking a brief for the Ku Klux Klan and an answer to the criticism by William Robinson Pattangall, published in the September FORUM, the field soon narrowed down to one man, Hiram Wesley Evans, Emperor and Imperial Wizard of the Klan. He is the only man authorized to speak officially for it, and sympathizers who are not publicly identified with it all find reasons for silence. Dr. Evans

has now been head of the Klan for nearly three years. He went in as leader in a reform movement, and his service as Wizard has covered the period which included reform of the early abuses, its tremendous growth, and its appearance as a power in national

as well as local politics. In their present form the Klan doctrines and program have been largely shaped by him. He may, therefore, be considered typical of the whole movement, and the leader in its effort to escape from its early unpopularity and establish itself on a sound basis.

Dr. Evans, who was a dentist before he went into Klan work some six years ago, is a Texan in his early forties, stocky, blue-eyed, and genial. He once described himself as "the most average man in America", and though, since he has become Wizard, he has grown much and has become familiar with lines of thought and methods of expression which are hardly usual in the average man, he has not lost "the common touch", and the description is still apt. He is also, — perhaps "therefore" is more correct, — a man of strong common-sense, not given to fine-haired distinctions or theorizings, but he maintains that while he always tries to be practical, he is also always a practical idealist. Thus he is, unless one completely accepts the weary cynicism of Main Street, very largely a personification of the common people. It is his ability to voice their inarticulate emotions and convictions that has given him so great a hold over the common people who make up the bulk of Klan strength. — *Stanley Frost.*

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It is hard to answer criticisms of the Ku Klux Klan directly and categorically, because what the Klan needs is not so much defense as explanation. Most attacks have been deliberately unfair and so misleading that reply is impossible. Even those in which fairness is sought, as it clearly was by Mr. Pattangall, are superficial through lack of understanding of underlying conditions and purposes. Many of the faults alleged in such surface criticisms must be admitted, but in any fair analysis they have little effect on the main issue.

In the case of the Klan that main issue is usually missed because the men who make the criticisms have lost contact with the deeper emotions and instincts which, far more than their brains, control the majority of men. Our "intellectuals", particularly, in the process of becoming intellectualized, have cramped their emotional perception to such an extent that they are crippled, like a bird-dog that has lost the sense of smell.



They, therefore, are quite nonplussed when confronting a "common" man, and cannot understand his mind, his actions, or the causes for which he fights.

It is necessary to try to make these emotions, convictions, and instincts better understood before it is possible to answer criticism in detail, in any way that will be intelligible. The Klan can be evaluated only by starting from the point of view of what it means to the average Klansman. It cannot be judged properly as a movement either from the wrong start it made, the mistakes it has committed, the weakness and errors of its leaders, or even the blundering, uncertain, and groping statements with which some of its adherents have tried to tell its objectives and methods. These are the surface. The real value of the Klan, or the real evil, is to be found in the needs, the purposes, and the convictions of the great mass of Americans of the old stock. It is only because the Klan has met these needs and voiced these convictions that it has won strength.

There is no possibility of trying to prove the soundness of the Klan position, or of the controlling instincts and beliefs of the common people of American descent, to any of those who insist on measuring either by the purely theoretic philosophy of cosmopolitanism: of universal equality in character, social value, and current rights. I will not attempt to argue about that doctrine. Science does not support it, and certainly the average American does not believe it. Our attitude toward the Orientals proves this, no matter what our oral professions may be, as well as does our treatment of the Negro.

Mr. Pattangall, on this point, makes an argument for social equality. It is not a matter that will be settled by argument. It will be settled, if ever, by race instinct, personal prejudices, and sentiment. We Americans all deny equality to ten millions of our own citizens; deny it with facts and in fact, if we do not deny it by argument. The idea itself, however it may be glossed over and given theoretic acceptance, is actually abhorrent in practise to the American mind. And in fact, actual social equality between whites and any other race is not practised to any important extent anywhere on earth. Facts prove the idea unworkable. This beautiful philosophy, therefore, the Klan will not argue about. It merely rejects it, as almost all Americans do.



Neither will we argue at all about the questions of white supremacy. In that case, even, we do not propose to permit any argument to avail. We may be intolerant in this, but we will not delude other races into looking forward to privileges that will, in truth, be forever denied. The Klan looks forward to the day when the union of a white person with one of any other race will be illegal in every State of the Union, and when the question of social supremacy will have been settled on a much safer basis than that of racial mongrelization.

With people who hold the cosmopolitan view of these two things we cannot have useful discussion; there is a gulf between our minds. But with those who are willing to face facts, including the facts of mind and emotion and race and instinct and human nature, we have a case to present. We of the Klan believe that we can prove our case to all who will agree with us on one fundamental thing. It is this:

We believe that the pioneers who built America bequeathed to their own children a priority right to it, the control of it and of its future, and that no one on earth can claim any part of this inheritance except through our generosity. We believe, too, that the mission of America under Almighty God is to perpetuate and develop just the kind of nation and just the kind of civilization which our forefathers created. This is said without offense to other civilizations, but we do believe that ours, through all possible growth and expansion, should remain *the same kind* that was "brought forth upon this continent." Also, we believe that races of men are as distinct as breeds of animals; that any mixture between races of any great divergence is evil; that the American stock, which was bred under highly selective surroundings, has proved its value and should not be mongrelized; that it has automatically and instinctively developed the kind of civilization which is best suited to its own healthy life and growth; and that this cannot safely be changed except by ourselves and along the lines of our own character. Finally, we believe that all foreigners were admitted with the idea, and on the basis of at least an implied understanding, that they would become a part of us, adopt our ideas and ideals, and help in fulfilling our destiny along those lines, but never that they should be permitted to force us to change into anything else.



That is the basic idea of the Klan. There is, perhaps, much to be said for the liberal idea of making America a mongrel nation, but that involves the two points which, as I have pointed out, the Klan will not debate. We hold firmly that America belongs to Americans, and should be kept American. All who believe this have much in common with us, and as Mr. Pattangall said, belong with us in spirit if not in actual membership. The whole purpose of the Klan is to bring this belief to fulfilment. We make many mistakes, but we are doing this one thing, and no one else is even trying to do it. Within a few years the America of our fathers will either be saved or lost, and unless some other way is found, all who wish to see it saved must work with us. If they think our methods wrong, or the details of our ideas, we will be glad of correction.

There can be no doubt about the traditional American spirit, the Americanism of the pioneers, which we are trying to save. It is to be seen in the character and spirit of those pioneers, far more than in formal political documents. Americanism is not wholly lovely, perhaps. It is certainly neither soft nor lax, neither easily ductile nor imitative, neither silken nor oily. It is a thing of rugged steel, tempered and forged in the terrific stress of the task of wresting a continent from savages and from the wilderness. It is welded of convictions, independence, self-reliance, freedom, justice, achievement, courage, acceptance of responsibility, and the guidance of his own conscience by each man personally. If inheritance counts for anything, it is to be found in the children of the pioneers far more than in any other group on earth, for only those who had this spirit survived.

And, — remember we are looking at facts, — it has been bound up from the first with the spirit of Protestantism. This had to be. Only men and women who dared speak to their God face to face could have had the courage and self-reliance necessary to the mighty work of the pioneer. It is true historically; and, in fact, Protestantism has never been able to survive except in the so-called Nordic countries. It is a vital part of all Americanism, of all successful democracy.

In his criticism of the Klan Mr. Pattangall defines Americanism as a spirit that "cannot tolerate class, caste, or religious distinctions in politics, social life, or legal standing; especially it



cannot for a moment endure the breeding and exploitation of hatred and prejudice as a means to swing public opinion and political power." He goes on, ". . . the Klan, on its own statement, does just these very things, and makes a principle of doing them."

The Klan accepts this definition of Americanism, except as to social equality of other races, but it accepts it not merely as an abstraction to be talked about, but as a heritage to be fought for when threatened. It is his second statement that we challenge. The fact is, instead, that *the Klan finds all these violations of Americanism being practised deliberately and persistently, and it makes a principle and a duty of resisting them.*

We find as a fact that both the spirit and the development of Americanism are threatened and have already been greatly weakened. After a century, we know that the melting pot has failed, — the very phrase was coined by an alien! Except in small degree, the people we have recently allowed to come in not only do not become American, but they do not desire or attempt it. Many of them cannot. Dr. Eliot's recent statement that the experiment had failed was only a belated recognition from the best of the intellectual leaders of a fact which we of the Klan had known for years. The war proved it conclusively.

Dr. Eliot, when he finally admitted that alien groups could never become assimilated, proceeded to abandon the older ideal of a *united* Americanism, and argued that we should become a medley of diverse groups, working together in mutual good-will and toleration for the advancement of the country. Setting aside the fact that such groups cannot be trusted to work for the good of anything but themselves, so long as human nature remains what it is, it is historically true that this has never succeeded. When diverse groups live together, one must rule. Unless some one group does have control, the nation becomes so disunited that development is checked, and it always shortly falls a prey to some other nation, perhaps less liberal in mind, but stronger in character.

We are already seeing in America the workings of this law of disunity through alienism. Our counsels are divided, our progress is checked, our spirit weakened, our purpose as a nation confused and fumbling. We are drifting away from national unity:



in fact, we are being carefully and deliberately driven away from it by alien ideas and excessive liberalism toward them. The Klan, knowing this, believes the whole tendency must be stopped, and that control of the nation should return to, and remain in, the hands of men of the character and spirit of the pioneers who made the nation, a spirit most often found in the descendants of those pioneers.

We believe, also, that all who foment this disruption through alienism threaten the very foundations of all the things that have made America great. It is because of this that the Klan is intolerant — prejudiced. It is intolerant of this attack; intolerant of the people who are trying to destroy our traditional Americanism. We do not admit that we are more intolerant than our opponents; it seems to us as intolerant to condemn the Klan's attempts to save Americanism as it is for us to condemn the attempts to subvert it. But, if that is intolerance, we are proud of it.

And in our intolerance, as in other things, we are true to the American tradition; for this is our intolerance: We will not endure attempts to tear down the fundamentals on which the whole structure of our nation and our civilization is based. So long as these are not threatened, tolerance should be unlimited; we of the Klan do not wish or try to limit it. But the ideas upon which the nation rests, and which set us apart from other nations, are in a way like a corral fence. While the fence is undamaged there is no need to worry, no matter how much the animals inside may kick up and mill around. But when the fence is weakened or threatened, then it is time for action. So, in the nation, toleration becomes a vice when fundamentals are in danger. That time has come, and we who are the heirs of the American tradition are called upon to act.

The aliens who are constantly trying to change our civilization into something that will suit themselves better can hardly be blamed, though they must be opposed. Their blood, their instincts, their training, and their faiths are all different from ours. They have many fine qualities, and some among them are fortunately splendid citizens and show thoroughly American traits. But on the whole they simply are not Americans, will not become Americans, have no understanding of, nor sympathy



with American ideals or ideas, and now and for many years will inevitably use all their power to overturn them.

The American liberals for whom Mr. Pattangall fears, are to be blamed for much, however. They have extended their liberality till they are willing to help the aliens tear at the foundations of the nation. They have become one of the chief menaces of the country, instead of the sane intellectual leaders they should be.

It is evidence of the unsoundness of the present extreme of unbridled liberalism that the first understanding of the danger came to the common people, instead of to the "best" people. In fact, the intellectuals have lost their leadership in America through liberalism toward lax morals, the undermining of all religious faith, and the weakening of patriotism. They have gone so far that the good sense of the people has rebelled.

Moreover, since the danger was pointed out to them, instead of helping fight it, the liberals have given out only condemnations of the growing protest, platitudinous comfortings, and bally-hoo stuff about the beauties of alien things and ideas. They give, also, an almost joyous welcome to alien criticism of everything American. The unopposed attack on the Puritan conscience is only one illustration; our liberals to-day seem ashamed of having any conscience at all. Tolerance is more prized by them than conviction, and is insisted upon even toward people who show no tolerance of us. A Jew may say or write what he pleases against America and American ways, but if an American voices the least criticism of a Jew even the American liberals turn to and hound him as narrow, prejudiced, intolerant, bigoted, and anti-Semitic. It has been so all along the line. America is being undermined, and is deserted by those who should have been her first line of intellectual and moral defense.

This is a situation which has recurred many times in history. It seems characteristic of great movements that they should come from the plain people, and not from the intellectuals. Perhaps it is because the people work less by reason and more by their instincts, which, being older than reason, are more to be trusted, — I believe the best modern psychologists bear me out in this, — that the liberals and the intellectuals and the "best" people are so often wrong, and the "rabble" so often right. The intellectuals were against Christ; many of the "best" people



opposed our American revolution; the "leaders of thought" supported slavery; more recently the liberals became pacifists and refused to aid America in her time of stress. It is so now once more, in the struggle just starting to rescue America from the alien and from alien ideas; the liberals are pacifists again, — if not worse! Mr. Pattangall is quite right; liberalism as it is to-day is seriously in danger from the Klan movement. At least we hope so.

We of the Klan, however, cannot claim the sole credit for this. The whole common people is in reaction, and there is grave danger that the reaction, in its turn, will go too far. There is constant need of a sound and healthy liberalism, inside the bounds of sound sense and sound morals, but even this will suffer if the present justifiable protest is ignored or suppressed. The Klan is blamed for stirring up trouble, but all we have done has been to give an outlet, — a voice and an organization, — to the bitter resentment of millions of Americans.

Mr. Pattangall is right again in declaring that not only Catholics and Jews and Negroes are affected by the Klan movement, but that the whole population must divide on the question. We cannot lament with him, however, that such questions as tariff, taxation, and the League must drop into the background. The issue of Americanism involves the whole foundation of both the present and future of America. There can be no more important or useful line of division.

This leaderless stirring of the common people, this groping after a solution that would save so much that is dear to them, was already well under way when the Klan appeared. The Klan was groping, too, at first, and it does not yet know just how to fulfil the mission entrusted to it. It was at first almost wholly a protest, a cry of dissatisfaction. And, like so many protest movements, it used many wrong and somewhat panicky methods, it spoke uncertainly and sometimes foolishly. But from the first, also, it spoke for the common people, voiced their instincts, gave them an outlet for their distress, and offered at least the beginnings of a means to resume control of their own country.

That is the story of the Klan, its purpose, and the reasons for its being, as the Klansman sees them. We do not believe they need any defense. But, since we are so often and so bitterly



accused of prejudice and intolerance, I would like to say a little more about that.

Our intolerance seems to us a little different from that shown by our opponents, and it is not, either, exactly the kind with which we are charged. We do not include in it any hatred against anyone. We have no desire, and we make no attempt, to abridge the freedom or control the ideas or dictate the religion of anyone; or to punish anyone for disagreement with us, even by the threat of damnation. Especially, we do not break up the meetings of our opponents; we have never interfered with any gathering or tried to stop any speaker or to mob any procession. Neither have we committed any mob murders nor killed any peaceful paraders for racial or religious reasons. Yet our own list of dead from these causes is a long one.

It is rather curious that science recently has been finding good grounds for supporting these very intolerances of ours. It has found, for example, that racial mixtures are unstable, and that the mongrel offspring of such mixtures is below the standard of either parent. It has shown, in addition, the great fundamental differences between races, and that the resistance to change in those fundamentals is very strong. It has emphasized the importance of heredity and inborn characteristics as against education. All this disproves the old hope that education could be depended upon to make Americans overnight of the most diverse people. It proves that the alien's ideas, which are so contradictory to ours, are a part of him and will remain a persistent danger to us. It justifies our racial exclusiveness.

Plain recognition of facts supports our opposition to the Roman Catholic Church. I have watched with interest the discussion in *THE FORUM* as to whether the Roman Church is fighting Americanism, but this is another case where facts are more eloquent than any argument. The facts are that the Roman Church has always opposed the fundamental principle of liberty for which America stands. It has made certain compromises, taking advantage of the tolerance we give but which the Roman Church itself denies, and is trying through these compromises to win control of the nation. But it has made no admission that it has abandoned its old position.

The strenuous effort of the Roman Church as such, and of



Catholics as such, to win political control *as a matter of religion* is so thoroughly taken for granted by every politician that it seems rather ridiculous to see it solemnly debated. The Klan did not start the battle over the Catholic issue in politics; the Klan did not force it to the front in the last campaign. It was the Catholic leaders, abetted by Mr. Pattangall himself, who insisted on the fight in the Democratic convention.

We are accused rather scathingly of using the religious issue in politics as a means of securing political power. The quarrel has been forced upon us, but even so we do not oppose any man in politics because of his creed; we do not believe that religious belief should ever bar any man from full political equality or from public office. But we do believe, and we act on that belief, that any man who brings or tries to bring his church into politics or public office, who acts in politics as the partisan of any church or takes orders from any church, or who appeals for votes on the basis of any creed, — we believe that such a man, who tries to make political capital of his creed or to use public office for the benefit of his church, should also, and therefore, be opposed because of his church and creed.

The real objection to Romanism in America is not that it is a religion, — which is no objection at all, — but that it is a church in politics; an organized, disciplined, powerful rival to every political government. A religion in politics is serious; a church in politics is deadly to free institutions. But the Klan, in calling Protestantism to arms, cannot fairly be accused of mixing church and state, for the Klan is not a church or sect, it represents no ecclesiastic organization or sacerdotal hierarchy. The utmost that can fairly be charged against us is that we have aroused the spirit of Protestantism, from which no one church can benefit, for the defense of the Americanism of which Protestantism is a part, and without which neither can survive.

Klansmen are as disappointed as anyone that our hope that the Roman Church would be content to be an equal among equals was vain, and that the fight against it which has gone on for centuries must be renewed. But now we can do nothing less than maintain this particular intolerance until the Roman Church has shown, by word and deed, officially, that the need of intolerance against it is passed.

Another ground for our opposition to the Roman Catholic Church is that most of its members in this country are aliens, and that the Church not only makes no effort to help them become assimilated to Americanism, but actually works to prevent this and to keep the Catholics as a group apart. It is notable that few of the evils which so often stamp the Catholic in politics are to be found in Catholics of the English and French stocks who have been in this country for generations. It is notable, too, that these evils seldom appear in Catholics who have attended the public schools. But with most of its communicants the Roman Church strongly and only too successfully opposes that united, understanding, homogeneous "group-mind" which is essential to nationhood, *unless it can control that group-mind*. Just as steadily it denies to those whom it controls that freedom and independence of thought without which Americanism cannot live and which has never been developed except through Protestantism. One of the most amazing situations in all history is that seen to-day, with the free-thinking liberals joining the Catholics against the Klan.

The Jew the Klan considers a far smaller problem. For one thing, he is confined to a few cities, and is no problem at all to most of the country. For another thing, his exclusiveness, political activities, and refusal to become assimilated are racial rather than religious, based on centuries of persecution. They cannot last long in the atmosphere of free America, and we may expect that with the passage of time the serious aspects of this problem will fade away.

As to the danger foreseen by Mr. Pattangall that the Klan will destroy the Democratic party, the Klan remains calm, though it was born among Democrats. I am one myself. But if the Klan should destroy the Democratic party it will be because the party betrays America, and every Democratic Klansman will agree that if this happens the party should be destroyed.

I will not deny for a moment, however, the charge that the Klan's leadership is weak, and that the Klan has not solved the problem of the cure for our national ills. In fact, it has offered no cure and does not pretend to have one. All it is able to do is to help voice the protest of the plain people, call attention to the evils, and help diagnose them, in the knowledge that until the



trouble and danger are clearly seen, no cure will even be attempted. We wish we knew the cure and that our leadership had far greater ability. But in truth the Klan prays daily for better leaders, and the leaders pray as constantly for greater wisdom.

It is not true, however, that the Klan leadership is so ignorant and emotional that it prefers to keep certain beliefs, even if they are wrong. What I personally feel is that I have no time to study all the complicated questions which are coming up, and will not take the time, since my faith does not depend on the answer to any of them. I know that a man can be a good Christian and citizen whether he believes in evolution or not. Knowing that God has infinite power, I believe He could create a man in a single moment, or He could as easily create a single cell and, from it, man, by the process of evolution. I do not see that it makes any difference to me which method He chose, or that it is important for me to know, however important it may be for the scientists who are studying the origin of life in the hope of improving things as they are.

In other words, I myself and Klansmen in general are not going to spend our time trying to fix the exact location of the bridge of faith which each man needs to cross from the finite to the infinite. I am not going to clutter up my mind with non-essentials, nor argue such questions at all. I allow any man to place that bridge wherever it is necessary for himself. I know my own fallibility and the fallibility of any conclusions anyone may draw. For myself, I believe that the Bible is the revealed word of God, but I cannot decide and will not speculate as to just how much is parable and how much fact. I merely seek the lessons which the Almighty aimed to teach.

One word more: it is quite true that intolerance is no cure for intolerance, and that the best and only way for the creation of a united America is through education and the breaking down of all barriers between classes. The Klan has no other purpose. But education so far has largely failed, and the barriers remain after a century of effort because there is vigorous and organized resistance to the breaking of the barriers and the kind of education that would create unity. Not only the Catholic Church but other bodies have maintained their own separatist schools and in other ways have fought Americanization and assimilation. They have

deliberately refused to enter the melting pot. Before these remedies can be applied, some means must be devised to make sure that the patient will take the medicine. That is the next and immediate objective of the Klan.

To sum up: The Klan speaks for the plain people of America, who believe in an American nation, built on that unity of mind and spirit which is possible only to an homogeneous people, and growing out of the purposes, spirit, and instincts of our pioneer ancestors. We know that the melting pot has failed; the reasons are unimportant now. We believe that definite steps must now be taken to prevent ours from becoming a mongrel nation, or a milling and distraught mass of opposed groups, in which the mental and spiritual qualities that made America great will be lost forever. Therefore, we oppose all alienism in any form and the excessive liberalism that supports it. We grant to all the right to their own ideas, but we claim the same right for ourselves, and a prior right to control America.

This needs no defense with true Americans. It will, of course, be opposed by all opponents of traditional Americanism, but there is no possible compromise or agreement with them. The mistakes of the Klan do need defense, but they are not fatal. They have grown out of the conditions under which we began work, and out of human fallibility. They are being corrected. In spite of them the Klan remains the only leader in the effort to stop the perversion of our national character.





# LIFE VERSUS LIVES

HAVELOCK ELLIS

*Fourth Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series*

*PREVIOUS papers in this series have argued that the fundamental urge to war is land hunger (Henry Pratt Fairchild in the September FORUM); that war is as normal a state as peace (Frederick Adams Woods, October); that there is little hope that agriculture can be sufficiently improved to keep ahead of the increase in population (Edward Murray East, November). These views are derived from an acceptance of the doctrines of Malthus. In the present paper the most eminent of the neo-Malthusians develops the arguments for the scientific control of population. In future articles various palliatives will be suggested to stay the evil day foreseen by Malthus, and the Malthusian point of view itself will be attacked. The purpose of the series, as has been stated, is not to advance any single solution of this most pressing of all contemporary problems, but through a symposium of views to arrive at its core.*

**N**O doubt, a change has lately come over the minds of educated people with regard to the question of population. Perhaps one should, rather, say *thinking* people, for there are so many people who are counted educated and yet seem never to think for themselves, — though that ought to be a main end of education. If there were more people among us who think there might hardly be any question of population to trouble about. But there is always a compact mass of unthinking people who follow rules that were formulated untold thousands of years ago, without pausing to consider whether these rules apply to the circumstances of to-day. "Increase and multiply": that is what, in this matter, they hear the voice of God commanding; they do not think that, according to the story, He was addressing a world inhabited by eight people, and that in the interval the Voice of God has long ceased to be heard in that sense.

The long delay in grasping this fateful modification of the ancient Divine command has, — if one may say so without offense, — been partly, though not entirely, due to America. When the caravel of Columbus, or, if we prefer, the *Mayflower*, — the vessels are here only used symbolically, — reached America the adventurers found what they not unreasonably regarded as

a "New World", with themselves much in the same position as Noah emerging from his Ark, free to exploit a virgin earth untouched by any save negligible heathens, who, whatever they might be, were not obviously the children of Jehovah. The discovery of this New World was an immense encouragement to all those who desired to persuade themselves, or at all events others, that the old command, "Increase and multiply", was still valid, for, it seemed, an endless stream of population might be poured into America.

As a matter of fact the ancient injunction, apparently, was harmless until a century ago. For though human increase seemed to be proceeding calmly and without protest or hindrance it was really taking place at an exceedingly, almost imperceptibly, slow rate. From the period when it originated, — which some would place as long back as half a million years and others, as we know, at a considerably more recent date, — to the end of the eighteenth century of the Christian era, the entire human race had reached, roughly, only about 850 millions; that is to say that during the greater part of this vast period of time the population was practically stationary. A very simple calculation shows that, if we start with only a single couple and double it every hundred years, even in a few thousand years we reach an enormous population. But in the subsequent hundred years, — a mere moment's space in the world's history, — the number of human beings actually more than doubled and reached over 1700 millions. And the curious thing is that we have regarded this sudden and almost miraculous expansion as quite normal and been horrified at the thought of it ceasing!

The expansion was not miraculous, though it is probable that in future ages, when men look back, the nineteenth century will on this account seem to them to occupy a unique position in the history of the world. But it was necessary to search carefully beneath the surface to find its causes. Various investigators during the past hundred years, and still to-day, have set themselves to that task, notably in England where the expansion was specially marked and the more conspicuous on account of Great Britain's insular position. Certain results are beginning to emerge, though it can scarcely yet be said that they are clear to everyone, and some of them are even violently disputed.



The name of Malthus is no doubt expected to appear here, and it is, in fact, here that the *Essay on Population* properly enters. That famous book appeared, at the end of the eighteenth century, just at the beginning of this expansion of procreative activity, for in every crisis of the world there is generally a great intellectual pioneer, ahead of his fellows, who is able to grasp the situation. But, being ahead of his fellows who have not yet grasped the situation, he is generally made to pay the price of his superior insight. That happened to Malthus, and even to-day it can scarcely be said that there is any universal recognition of his place in the history of human thought. He was born into the age which was inspired by the overwhelming genius of Rousseau, and his lucid and detailed scientific picture of the realities of life horrified the idealists and romanticists, who failed to see that Malthus was really moved by the same humane and humanitarian spirit and had, indeed, himself come out of the school of Rousseau. We know how violently Shelley and Godwin resented Malthus, and even among economists, unto this day, there have been those who have sought to depreciate the conclusions of Malthus by pointing out that at certain points they were not entirely accurate, and that at other points it was possible to make efforts to modify them. It may be admitted that these qualifications are correct.

Yet the central point remains that it was Malthus who made convincingly clear to the soundest critics, by a careful survey of the whole available field, that Man tends to reproduce himself more rapidly than the food needed to keep him alive can be reproduced, and that, in thus tending to outrun the means of subsistence, Man is inevitably liable to be starved and killed by Nature. That was a conclusion of immense significance for human thought and human welfare. It was not, as some optimists of the romantic movement imagined, an accusation against the beneficence of Nature. It was simply the warning that if we wish to be the darling children of Nature we must live according to the laws of Nature. We need not be surprised that on the theoretical side this fruitful doctrine inspired Darwin to elaborate the greatest biological conception of the ages; and that on the practical side it gave origin to a movement, pregnant with promise for human welfare, which has this year been set forth with eloquent

enthusiasm by the delegates from sixteen countries all over the world who came to an International Conference in New York, presided over by Dr. Drysdale, the chief representative of the movement initiated by Malthus in its practical modern transformation.

As Malthus viewed the problem of population, it was certainly a natural problem. He saw little sign of any realization on the part of Man himself that the natural growth of population must be checked by human effort before any progress could be made. He did not regard moral restraint, the only human form of check he recognized, as having played a large part in the past. The chief checks he saw, in the form of famine and other ills, were automatic and inevitable checks inflicted by Nature for the transgression of her laws; and when he proposed an enlarged and deliberate human restraint as a more beneficent method of imposing those checks it probably seemed to him that, in this application of the will of man to escape the cruel punishments inflicted by Nature for the transgression of her laws, he was turning over a fresh page in human history.

It was a natural conclusion to reach. But in the interval of over a century that has since elapsed vast quantities of detailed facts have been accumulated concerning the manners and habits of the yet uncivilized peoples of the world. The whole sciences of anthropology, sociology, and folk-lore, — if we may give those studies the name of science, — have come into existence. So it happens that only yesterday, and again in England, another great step has been taken in the comprehension of the momentous problem which Malthus first placed clearly before the world. In his elaborate work, *The Population Problem: A Study in Human Evolution*, published in 1922, Professor Carr-Saunders has for the first time brought together the evidence which convincingly shows that Man himself has, probably from almost the outset, constantly been working, — whether consciously, or unconsciously, or by subterfuges which have sometimes deceived himself, — to restrain his own undue reproductive powers, even though he has sometimes been imperfectly successful. In other words, Nature is not alone merciless; she is also merciful; she is ever seeking to alleviate the inevitable torment of life. There are roses on her crowns of thorn. Often even without knowing it,



Man has been adapting himself to the laws of Nature and seeking to keep within the bounds that she had set for the attainment of well-being. Whether, by delay in marriage, or by frequent ritual prohibition of intercourse for long periods, or by prolonged lactation, or by abortion, or by infanticide, — or by several or all of these methods together, — every people untouched by modern civilization has been voluntarily controlling the growth of population.

There has often appeared to be no conscious aim in the pursuit of this end, as though it were adjusted by natural selection, but it can scarcely have failed to become semi-conscious and even fully conscious. By setting forth the long course of this evolution, Carr-Saunders has shown how Man has from the first been preparing the way, through primitive cruder methods, for the final adoption of the deliberate, precise, and humane methods of birth control devised under civilized conditions. By this memorable achievement Carr-Saunders has rounded off and completed the Malthusian presentation of the problem of population.

Malthus and Carr-Saunders have shown how it happened that through the long course of human history, up to the end of the eighteenth century, the balance of population was on the whole held true, — with whatever suffering at times from the roughness of the methods adopted, — and the human inhabitants of the earth maintained at a practically stationary number. But there occurred two revolutionary movements, the Industrial movement and the Humanitarian movement, both working by the newly discovered methods of science. They are working still with ever increased vigor. They operate along two different lines. On the one hand they tend to abolish all those methods of controlling the growth of population, such as infanticide, which we call "inhuman" (though it is the human race alone which practises them!) and on the other hand, by vast and ever extending methods of public and personal hygiene, they tend to eliminate disease, to diminish its fatal effects, to lower the mortality and prolong life. So that these two chief movements which mark modern civilization, — humanitarianism and applied science, — both act (except when we are seized by war fever, a disease we are not yet immune against) for the rapid enlargement of population. Even those countries which we commonly look upon as backward in regard to these movements are now feeling their

influence. Thus in Italy the Supreme Board of Health not many months ago (July, 1925) stated in its report to the Ministry that among infectious diseases malaria alone showed an increase in the number of cases, though no deaths, and that while the death-rate had fallen to 16.5 per 1000 inhabitants, — the lowest ever recorded in Italy, — the birth rate was as high as 30 per 1000. If we take a short-sighted view these two results of our modern ardor in the cause of humanitarianism and applied science seem entirely satisfactory.

During the nineteenth century most people seem to have taken the short-sighted view. They were carried off their feet in the great movement of human expansion which marks that century and had no notion where they were being carried. Two years ago a distinguished man of science, Professor Edward M. East of Harvard, whose training in chemistry, biology, genetics, and sociology peculiarly fitted him to deal with this problem, published his great work, *Mankind at the Crossroads*, which carries on the elucidation of the problem which Malthus and Carr-Saunders had so clearly presented.

Those two investigators were English. Professor East is American, and that, if we consider it, is a significant fact. I remarked at the outset that the discovery of America has had an unfortunate bearing on the comprehension of the population problem, for it has served to encourage the fallacy that there is an illimitable space on the world's surface for the expansion of the human species. There is no longer any encouragement for that fallacy. The United States, the foremost and representative nation of America, has decisively squashed it. Almost at the same moment we witness both the action of the United States in limiting immigration and the book of Professor East which in effect, even though it may not be intentionally, explains to the world the doctrine that lies behind the immigration policy of the United States Government, the justification for it, and all that it implies.

The main thesis of East's book is not novel. If it had been it would be unlikely to be true. It has been seen and stated by Darwin and others. But until to-day it has not been possible to see it clearly and in detail, and before to-day no one had arisen, with a full grasp of the essential factors involved, to sweep away the fallacies which had sometimes concealed those essential



factors from sight. It has become definitely demonstrable, not merely that the human species cannot continue to multiply indefinitely at the present rate, but that we are now actually at the point where, if a period of incalculable suffering is not to be inaugurated, it is imperative to begin to stem the tide of procreation. The key to the situation, East sees, is to be found in the control of reproduction, building firmly and deliberately on the foundation of a full sense of responsibility towards the individual, the family, the community, and the race. In the situation we have now reached we are without hope, "unless voluntary parenthood is taught to all classes of people by the governments of the various white nations as a serious momentous public health measure."

That is where Professor East's demonstration of the present situation comes into line with the new policy of the United States. That policy implies that America is no longer a vast tract of virgin country into which the nations of the world may pour their superfluous numbers to propagate at random and indiscriminately. That policy, in fact, politely enjoins on other nations the duty of birth control, — and it would be discreditable to attribute to the people of the United States any desire to enforce on other nations a rule it is not willing to practise. Further, that policy recognizes at last the great truth that what is now needed for the human race is no long quantity but quality.

Thus we are brought to eugenics, a study in which all races of living things have from the first been unconsciously concerned, though it is only in the higher forms of human civilization that it becomes a conscious concern. The word "eugenics" has, it is true, together with the supposed aims of its partisans, often been the object of cheap witticisms. Ground for amusement has in fact not seldom been afforded alike by cranks and by well-meant cranky legislation. It is just as foolish to suppose that a new race can be created by legislation as that a new morality can be so established. Professor East remarks that the word "eugenics" has been so bandied about by the self-complacent and the waggish that he hesitates to use it at all. But there is no occasion to allow weak brains to rule in this matter; the word is a good sound word, and it was the word finally chosen by Galton to whom we owe the modern foundation of this supremely important study. The figure of Galton, indeed, grows greater as the years pass. He was

not only a highly original and versatile man of science, but charmingly human, with a humorous common-sense which preserved him from any of the fads which have been associated in some eyes with "eugenics". All his general pronouncements on the matter, as apart from scientific studies, are gathered together in one small volume, written in simple language, and to read this is to realize how far the chief exponent of eugenics was from those silly notions which have filled the minds of the opponents of eugenics.

The details of the methods by which the human race may be purified and invigorated Galton always left free and open; he realized that in the present state of our knowledge they cannot be determined beforehand. It is education that, first of all, we need, an education in existing knowledge and a determination to aid the further growth of knowledge, together with education in personal and social responsibility. The English society for the promotion of eugenics, founded under the inspiration of Galton, is called The Eugenics Education Society. Until the craze for legislation has worked itself out and passed away, it is doubtful whether any real eugenic progress can be made, for such progress can only work through the free and deliberate choice of the individual. It is true that the most urgent eugenic task appears to be the elimination of those stocks which are without any question injurious to society and to themselves, and that the members of these stocks must occasionally, in the last resort, be induced to sterilize themselves by social pressure. But it is beginning to be recognized that, under modern democratic conditions, the really serious factor is in the class of the population above that comparatively small portion which is unquestionably unfit for society. A decrease among the grossly defective types may be accompanied by a greatly increased production among the less defective class above them. This is the opinion of Professor East in the United States, and Major Darwin, the distinguished president of the Eugenics Education Society, believes that such a process is probably now taking place in England, and threatening a slow national decay, for "the whole tone of a nation is permanently affected by that moral and intellectual contagion which is due to the presence in its ranks of persons of inferior types", even though they are not the lowest types.



It is the study of eugenics, regarded as a biological science, which we may reasonably expect to throw light on our path through difficulties which cannot be confined to a single nation. There can be little doubt that America, — when the mania for premature legislation has ceased to exert its mischievous influence, — will here play a conspicuous part. Just as Germany has taken a leading part in the study of sex on its psychological side, and the Institute of Sexual Science in Berlin is the first of its kind to be established in the world, so this special branch of the study of sex on its biological side which we call eugenics may be said to be planted in America. It was Noyes, an American whose name is not likely to be forgotten, who threw out the first modern suggestion of "Stirpiculture" in a practical shape. Half a century later it was in the United States at Cold Spring Harbor, and in close association with the station for Experimental Evolution, that was erected the Eugenics Record Office, the first building to be devoted solely to the study of human evolution or race biology, now under the direction of Dr. Charles B. Davenport, producing so much fruitful work.

The social movements in which the impulses of racial regenerations are embodied must necessarily be altogether apart from purely scientific studies in biology, though they cannot fail to derive inspiration and guidance from them. Sexual choice, sexual mating, the production of offspring, must remain personal matters. They belong to a sphere in which the individual is supreme. In this field, as we know, a change is taking place which, though not originated, has been accelerated by the Great War, and may be observed alike in Europe and in America. What is needful is that this movement should follow lines that make, not for deterioration, but for real social and racial progress. So far it has especially been marked by consideration for the claims of those whose sexual unions have been outside the rigid bounds of conventional monogamy, and for the offspring of such unions, and at the same time it has been in the direction of affording greater facility of divorce.

But a definitely constructive movement also seems to be demanded. On the one hand the decrease of prostitution, — if that is really what we are witnessing, — and on the other hand the new requirement of control and deliberation in the production

of offspring in marriage demand a correspondingly new social form of recognized sexual union. Here, again, we find America taking a pioneering part. Unions for sexual and social companionship, not for the procreation of children, are, we know, very frequent. But to know, and at the same time pretend not to know, cannot be considered a worthy and dignified social outlook. To face the new social forms and to recognize them, thus giving them their due weight of responsibility, is the only path of progress. Therefore we cannot but acclaim the honorable part played by the American "Journal of Social Hygiene" in recent years by repeatedly putting forward the need for recognizing the place in modern life of the form of marriage called the "companionate". As distinct from "family marriage", formed with the deliberate intention of producing offspring and therefore demanding very careful supervision by the state, — since society is intimately concerned with the quality of the new members entering its ranks, — the companionate would exist for the sake of those couples who are not yet able to undertake the care of a family, and of those who, by reason of defective constitutional health or other cause, will never be justified in producing a family. Such a relationship mainly concerns the two individuals concerned; the special training and the special qualifications which, as we are now at last beginning to realize, are required in those who propose to become parents, may in these couples be dispensed with. The companion marriage may be formed, and may be ended, with far less preparation and far less formality than, as we now view the matter, can ever be desirable when a family marriage is proposed. The open recognition of a companionate form of marriage, with or without a license from the state seems thus to be one of the chief steps before us in wholesome social reformation.

In these few pages an attempt has been made to show how the question of population comes before the individual and society to-day. We see that the real question of population has become the question how we can now replace the aim of quantity by that of quality. When we grasp that problem in all its branches we see that it is most intimately bound up with our personal lives. And when we recognize how the problem presents itself to-day we shall realize that, from the wider human standpoint, it is also the most vital problem with which we can concern ourselves.



# THE SUICIDE OF POLAND

ROBERT DELL

*POLAND can become a prosperous country if she will give up certain foolish ambitions and her passion for ancient history. Although the Poles know how their own national sentiment survived oppression, they imagine they can eradicate the national sentiment of others by similar oppression. The country cannot live unless the Poles decide to make friends with the Jews, says Mr. Dell, who also believes that in federalization, as opposed to centralization, lies the country's only hope of survival.*

**T**HE very failings of the Poles add to their charm. Their incurable romanticism and their sublime indifference to realities are serious disadvantages in practical life, but make them singularly attractive. Nevertheless, to one who like myself was for years devoted to the cause of Polish independence, — that was one of the grievances of the French Government against me during the war, — it is sad indeed to see

these people, now that they have recovered their independence, repeating all the mistakes that caused them to lose it. Poland came to grief before through over-centralization and over-expansion. The new Poland is over-centralized like the old and has repeated the mistake of so extending its frontiers that nearly half the population is not Polish. In a population of about twenty-seven millions there are about a million and a half Germans, three million Jews in the Ghetto, seven and a half million Ukrainians, White-Russians, and other races, and only fifteen million genuine Poles. The first time that Poland is at war, more than a third of the population will be on the side of the enemy, whoever the enemy may be. This inherent weakness must sooner or later, unless it be remedied, lead to the downfall of Poland. Had the Poles been content with their ethnological frontiers, Poland would have had no enemies and would have been in a strong position from the first. As it is, Poland is ethnologically and geographically unsound and is on bad terms with most of her neighbors. And this must always be so, since the two most important neighbors of Poland, Germany and Russia, will never accept the present Polish frontiers. That fact is recognized by a few Poles. A member of the Polish diplomatic service said to me that there would be another partition of Poland before twenty years were over, but he did not seem to realize that, if he was right, the Poles have them-

selves, — and France, — to thank. It is because I believe the existence of an independent Poland to be essential to Europe that I earnestly hope that my Polish friends will learn wisdom before it is too late.

Alas! more even than the Bourbons, the Poles have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Especially have they forgotten nothing, and that is the worst of all. They cannot forget that the old kingdom of Poland at one time included territories, such as East Prussia, now outside the Polish frontiers, extended as those frontiers are. They search historical records, or some of them do, to discover what territories had at some remote period some remote connection with Poland, with the view of claiming them as Polish.

Persons with a sense of realities of course exist in Poland. Most of them are Jews, but not all. Among them is a man occupying an important official position with whom I had more than one conversation. He is not, by the way, a Jew. I could not but admire the way in which he received some very candid criticisms. He was surprisingly frank. Fresh from Danzig, which I had visited on my way to Warsaw, I told him what I thought about the system established there by the Peace Treaty. He agreed that it was very unsatisfactory, and when I said that Germany would never accept either it or the "Corridor", he replied, "Of course not. I shouldn't if I were the German Government."

Anti-Semitism is one of the greatest dangers that menaces Poland. The other racial minorities can be got rid of or greatly diminished by a judicious rectification of frontiers. But the Jews cannot be got rid of, for they are disseminated all over Poland and are concentrated in the towns, where they form a very large part of the population. Even if it were possible to get rid of the Jews, it would not be desirable, for Poland cannot get on without them. The Jews are a valuable asset to every country, not merely because they are on the whole the most intelligent race in the world, but even more because, unlike any other race, they can combine idealism or the artistic temperament with capacity in practical affairs. They are a particularly valuable asset to Slav countries in which, with the exception of Czecho-Slovakia, a sense of realities is usually sadly to seek. In my opinion, the future of the Eastern European countries depends to a large extent on



their capacity to assimilate their Jewish population, and the very existence of Poland depends on it. Poland cannot live unless the Poles make friends with the Jews.

I do not under-rate the difficulty of the Jewish problem in Poland. At present the Polish Jews are a race apart, with their own manners, customs, and even laws, and their own ruler, the Chief Rabbi. Two years ago I visited the Warsaw Ghetto with an acquaintance who speaks Yiddish. It is a strange experience. One feels that one is outside Europe. The squalor is indescribable. We penetrated into little courts swarming with inhabitants, horribly dirty and unsanitary, with two or three tiny synagogues, — just moderately sized rooms, — in each. The rabbis, with their long robes and little curls on either side of the face, looked as though they belonged to a past age. Indeed, the Polish Ghetto does belong to a past age and is on a very low level of civilization. The Jews in the Ghetto are entirely under the domination of their rabbis, and their religious fanaticism is intense. Their assimilation will be a long and difficult task, but it is essential that the Poles should tackle the problem in a spirit of friendship to the Jews.

The problem of the other racial minorities cannot be solved by assimilation, for, whatever the Poles may say, most of those minorities will never be assimilated. The only solution is the abandonment of territory that should never have been annexed. At the last general election two Polish provinces, Volhynia and Polesia, did not return a single Polish deputy. That fact is enough to show that these provinces ought never to have been included in Poland. Eastern Galicia has been given autonomy. In fact it is under martial law. Conscription has been introduced and the Ukrainians will be forced in the event of war to fight for a government that they detest. I doubt whether this will be a source of strength to Poland. The experience of the old Austrian Empire suggests the contrary.

Even some Polish officials admit that the treatment of the other Ukrainian provinces of Poland has been, to say the least, unwise. In Polish White-Russia and Ukraine the Polish Government confiscated all the estates of the Russian Crown, of the Orthodox Church, and of public institutions, and about 300,000 hectares (nearly 700,000 acres) were allotted to Polish officers

and soldiers and other Polish emigrants. Furthermore the German inhabitants of Poland complain bitterly and with reason of their treatment by the Polish Government. At the time of the constitution of the Polish Kingdom they numbered about three millions, but they are now, as has been said, not more than about half that number. The leader of the German group in the Polish Parliament told me that perhaps nearly two and a half million German inhabitants had gone away from Posen and Polish Pomerania, but the loss has been to some extent compensated by the annexation to Poland of part of Upper Silesia, and there are a good many Germans in Congress-Poland, notably at Lodz which returns three German deputies to Parliament. Of the other fourteen German deputies four come from Posen, six from Pomerania, and four from Upper Silesia. At the time of its annexation only a third of the population of Posen was German, but the Germans were about half the population of Polish Pomerania. This being so, the whole of Pomerania might well have been left to Germany, since the economic arguments against its annexation to Poland were as strong as in the case of Upper Silesia. One cannot travel in Central Europe without being impressed by the disastrous economic consequences of many of the transfers of territory. It is not perhaps sufficiently realized that one of the reasons of the present economic ills of Europe is that the peace treaties have transferred so much European territory from capable to incapable hands. Although the ethnological reasons for giving Posen to Poland were so strong that it was difficult to ignore them, there can be no doubt that from the economic point of view Posen too has suffered severely from the change. The evil has been aggravated by the policy of driving away the German inhabitants of the annexed territories by making their lives intolerable.

This was a deliberate policy. The Polish Government interpreted the Peace Treaty in such a way as to reduce to a minimum the number of Germans with a right to claim Polish citizenship. For example this right is given by the treaty to Germans born of German parents living in Poland. This was interpreted by the Polish Government as meaning that the parents must be still alive, so that no German, one of whose parents was dead at the time of the signature of the treaty, was allowed to claim Polish



citizenship under this category. The German inhabitants appealed to the League of Nations, which referred the matter, and certain others concerning the German inhabitants of Poland, to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court decided against the interpretation of the Polish Government, and the status of the German inhabitants of Poland is now much improved in consequence, but a great deal of harm was done before the decision was given.

A high official of the Polish Foreign Office said to me quite frankly, "Of course we shall get rid of the minorities treaty as soon as we can." In fact that treaty has been got rid of already in Poland, for it is not observed. The contrast between the treatment of the racial minorities in Poland and their treatment in Czecho-Slovakia is striking. No doubt in the latter country the racial minorities have still some legitimate grievances, but they are allowed to use their own language in the Czecho-Slovak Parliament and, wherever they amount to at least twenty per cent of the population, they have their own schools, and their language is used in law courts. The Polish minorities have no such privileges.

It seems impossible to convince Poles of the folly of this policy from their own point of view. One Pole to whom I spoke about it cited the English treatment of Ireland as a justification. I suggested to him that, where an old and strong country like England had failed and been obliged to admit the failure and change the policy, it was unlikely that a new and weak country like Poland would succeed, and that the example was a warning rather than a justification. He didn't see it. It is astonishing that, although the Poles know how their own national sentiment survived oppression, they imagine that they will eradicate the national sentiment of others by the methods that failed in their own case. They cannot resist the temptation of doing to others what was done to them, and seem incapable of even considering the practical question whether they will gain anything by it.

I doubt, as I have said, whether in any conditions the present territorial limits of Poland can be permanent, but at least the Poles might try to give them some chance of being so. The one chance of making the present Poland capable of living, if there be a chance at all, would be federalization. Switzerland, with three races speaking three different languages in a population

less than one sixth of that of Poland, has held together because of its federal system. Had Switzerland been centralized as Poland is, it would long ago have fallen to pieces. Had the Austrian Empire followed the example of Switzerland, it might still be in existence. In a country with a population composed of different races a federal system would seem to be the only means of preserving unity. Yet I have not met a single Pole willing even to entertain the idea of making Poland a federal state. The trend of Polish opinion is so strong towards centralization that even the autonomy promised to Eastern Galicia is unlikely ever to be realized.

Even with a competent administration, centralization would be a failure in Poland, but the Polish administration is incapable and to a great extent corrupt. I know, of course, that the Poles have had immense difficulties in this respect. Only in Austrian Poland were there any Polish officials before the recovery of independence. In the rest of the country the officials were either Russians or Germans who naturally had to go when Poland became an independent state. Round the small nucleus of Austrian-Polish officials an entirely new administration had to be created, one might say improvised. Judges, magistrates, civil servants, post-office officials, and even policemen had to be found at a moment's notice, and had to be chosen from people for the most part without training or experience. Nevertheless, the selection might have been better than it was, and above all, the number selected might have been smaller. A swarm of young men belonging to the upper and middle classes settled on all the soft jobs, the supply of which was adapted to the demand. The result was that Poland was saddled with a number of officials out of all proportion to its population and needs, most of whom had been chosen without any regard to their qualifications.

The economic situation in Poland is fairly satisfactory, and undoubtedly great progress has been made in this respect. Poland is a country rich in natural resources, with great possibilities. Polish industry, however, is hampered by shortness of capital, which two years ago was such that some manufacturers were borrowing money at the rate of ten per cent a day to pay their wage bill. Things have now improved, but capital is still required, and it can be got only from abroad. Nothing stands in the way



of Poland becoming a wealthy and prosperous country except the foolish policy into which the Poles have been led by their ambitions and their passion for ancient history.

The heroic efforts of Mr. Grabski, who is a man of great ability, have brought the national finances into something like order. He succeeded in stabilizing the currency for a time, but the new Polish "zloty", equivalent to a gold or Swiss franc, is now nearly ten per cent below par. Polish finances can never be really in a satisfactory state so long as the present enormous military expenditure continues. The cost of the army is more than two-fifths of the whole national expenditure. Poland is compelled by her secret military convention with France to maintain a huge army and to adopt conscription.

It is only just to the Poles to say that they have been egged on by the French Nationalists to commit the blunders that they have committed. France has been the evil genius of Poland ever since the end of the war. The Poles have allowed themselves to be exploited by France from the moment when, — thanks to the Russian revolution and to that alone, — they recovered their independence. They must be naïve indeed if they think that French policy has been disinterested. What the "traditional friendship" of France for Poland is worth was shown in February, 1917, when M. Poincaré and M. Briand made a secret treaty with the Russian Czarist Government, which was negotiated in Russia by M. Doumergue, now President of the French Republic, and by which France agreed to hand over the whole of Poland to the Czar and to insist that the Polish question should be considered, when a peace conference came to be held, as one of "Russian internal politics". M. Clemenceau, to do him justice, frankly proclaimed that the aim of French post-war policy in regard to Poland was to use that country as a French catspaw against Bolshevik Russia. Poland was to be part of the famous *cordon sanitaire*.

The French exploitation of Poland began during the Paris peace conference, with the aid of the Polish National Committee in Paris, which has been the curse of Poland. The Poles were at first moderate in their pretensions, and Marshal Pilsudski was quite willing to accept the German proposal for giving Poland access to the sea, which I have already mentioned. It was at the

instigation of the French Government, backed by the Polish National Committee, that the Polish representatives demanded Danzig, West and East Prussia, and Upper Silesia. Marshal Pilsudski said to a friend of mine at the time: "When we are offered more than we asked, how can I refuse?" But for Mr. Lloyd George's opposition, West and East Prussia, or at least Danzig and a large slice of German territory, would have been annexed to Poland. It is understood that Mr. Wilson suggested the compromise by which Danzig was made a Free City, in which Poland has certain rights, and Poland was given the "Corridor" cutting Germany in two, — surely the maddest territorial arrangement of history.

I wish it were possible to think that the Poles were becoming more reasonable, but the case is rather the contrary. The outburst of Chauvinist frenzy about the affair of the Danzig letter-boxes and the claims put forward on that occasion by leading members of the Polish Government revealed an intensely aggressive spirit. It can hardly be doubted that at one moment the Polish Government seriously contemplated a repetition of the Vilna exploit by a military occupation of Danzig. Semi-official organs of the Polish Government took the opportunity of declaring that Poland must be "completed" by the annexation of the whole of East Prussia and, when I was last in Danzig early this year, the Polish diplomatic representative there, M. Strassburger, calmly told me that the only solution of the Danzig problem was the annexation of the Free City to Poland. He has since denied having made this statement, but I am sure that he well remembers making it and also remembers my vigorous and, I fear, somewhat impolite reply. I told him that a race that had suffered for more than a century from foreign domination ought to be ashamed of desiring to dominate others.

Polish relations with Germany are strained. The failure to arrive at a commercial agreement has led to a tariff war between the two countries, and the wholesale expulsion of Germans from Poland has naturally made bad blood. By the Vienna Convention between Germany and Poland, the latter country was authorized to return to Germany at a certain date German inhabitants of Poland who had opted for German nationality, and Germany was authorized to treat in a similar way Polish inhabitants of



Germany who had opted for Poland. The German Government vainly tried to induce the Polish Government to agree to a mutual abstention from using the power given by the convention. The Polish Government refused to abandon its rights and sent several thousand Germans over the frontier in very harsh conditions.

The Poles are alarmed because they have not sufficient guarantees of their "security". It is impossible to guarantee the security of the present Polish frontiers. If they are not changed by peaceful means they will sooner or later be changed by war, in spite of all possible protocols and pacts. One cannot bottle up the organic forces, and the attempt to do it can lead only to an explosion. Any "security" that is given to the present Polish frontiers can only be illusory, and it is desirable that the Poles should know that they are insecure. Then perhaps they may eventually become reasonable. They would be unwise to count too much on France. If Germany attacked Poland, as of course is impossible for many years to come, perhaps the French people would consent to fulfil the obligations of the Franco-Polish alliance. But, in the event of a war between Poland and Russia, any French Government that ordered a general mobilization to go to the help of Poland would not last twenty-four hours.

The Poles are in a vicious circle, from which they can escape only by surrendering territory to which they have no right and which they should never have annexed. The army is sucking the life-blood out of the country, but the Poles say that a strong army is necessary for defense, because they have enemies on every side. If they have enemies on every side, it is because they have made territorial arrangements that prevent them from ever being on friendly terms with their greatest neighbors. Poland is committing suicide to escape death. She can yet live and become a strong, happy, and prosperous country, if she will consent to become a smaller one by restricting herself to her true ethnological frontiers, and will renounce ambition to dominate other races and be a great military Power. They are no friends of Poland who urge her on a course leading to destruction. It is the duty of the true friends of Poland, — of those who, like myself, fought for Polish independence in the days when it was an unpopular and seemed a hopeless cause, — to do their utmost to induce the Poles to face realities.

# THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND CITIZENSHIP

PATRICK JOSEPH SHELLY

*THE Catholic school considers the immortal soul as of supreme importance, and while it does not disparage the ambition for material success, it seeks to inculcate in its pupils an ideal which is of necessity ignored by the State school, according to a Catholic father who here sets forth his reasons for sending his children to a Parochial school. It is difficult, he affirms, to understand how any fair-minded American can question the loyalty of any citizens whose education has been entrusted to these secular institutions.*

I AM aware that most non-Catholics have a prejudice complex against Catholic schools,—a prejudice for the most part based entirely on rumor without knowledge. Charged with the responsibility for the nurture, care, and education of my children, and exercising my right under the Constitution I am permitted to select the school which, as a citizen and parent, I consider will best equip these children to be good

American citizens and to be worthy of the spiritual destiny for which they were created. I send my children to Catholic schools. The Editor of THE FORUM has asked me to state the reasons for my choice,—a discussion of the value of parochial schools fitting into this magazine's attempt to arrive at the truth in the controversy "Is Roman Catholicism Un-American?" I am not presuming to represent officially the Catholic Church in this article, nor is it my intention to enter into any controversy as to the relative merits of the public schools and those conducted under Catholic auspices. I am writing as a Catholic layman, as a father of children, and as an American deeply appreciative of the blessings and opportunities which have come to me through citizenship.

I send my children to Catholic schools because I am convinced of the absolute necessity for religious training, particularly in the formative years of life; and because I further believe that the secular standards of the Catholic schools instil into the minds of my children the highest ideals of practical patriotism.

The argument is often set forth that the secular standard of the Catholic school system falls below that of the public schools. As I understand it, children in both cases must meet the requirements of the Regents of the State of New York. (I am, of course, speaking only for the Catholic schools of my own State.) Again,



admitting the value of the Catholic school in the development of character through religious instruction and in the promotion of the highest form of patriotism, it is still frequently objected to on the grounds that the Catholic schools even now are chiefly devoted to the teaching of religion and are, therefore, not efficient and practical from a secular standpoint. Our practical turn of mind in this modern age clamors for results. Elsewhere in this article may be found a tabulated survey of grade matter with the weekly time schedule. This weekly time schedule in use in the Diocese of Brooklyn shows that one half hour each day, one tenth of the total number of hours' study each day, is devoted to religious instruction. And yet there are those who say that the parochial schools give religious training only!

From close observation I am convinced that America has nothing to fear from my children who are taught the dangers of socialism, communism, and other radical and irreligious teachings which are opposed to the Constitution. I have no doubt whatever that should a time come, which God forbid, when the flag of this Republic is threatened, my boys will willingly go forth from my humble home, as thousands of parochial school boys have gone before them, with the benediction of a Catholic father and mother on their youthful heads. For the Catholic school places American history and respect and reverence for lawful authority high in its system of education. They pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States every morning and are taught that they owe allegiance to no other flag. They are constantly reminded that "obedience to law is liberty", and that in order to be worthy of the privileges and fully measure up to the responsibility of American citizenship they must be loyal to God, to home, and to country.

The State is handling the education problem in the only way in which the State can function in this regard. From the very nature of the complex problem with which the State is confronted, in so cosmopolitan an environment, more cannot be expected from our public educational authorities. But as a Catholic I am bound to send my children to a school in which material success is not the most important element. The Catholic school considers the immortal soul as of supreme importance, and the words of the Scripture, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world

and suffer the loss of his soul," are constantly kept before the eyes of the Catholic school child. The Church does not teach, however, that religion is incompatible with material success. She teaches her children that while being noble, pure, virtuous men and women they can also be successful and prosperous in the affairs of the world, and she inculcates in their youthful minds their relations to the State in the words of the Sacred Scripture, "Render, therefore, to Caesar, the things that are Caesar's and to God, the things that are God's."

The Church does not question the right of the State to educate her future citizenry, nor does she enter into any discussion as to its rights to determine the object it wishes to attain in its schools. But if the State fails to recognize the individual need for moral and spiritual development, I take advantage of the Catholic schools to supply the deficiency. It is a matter of regret that the Church and the Sunday School do not meet the requirements of a thorough religious training early in life. George Wharton Pepper, in *A Voice From the Crowd*, has said: "It is my earnest desire to express hearty approval of Sunday Schools and to record my admiration for much of their work. At the same time, however, I wish to register my conviction that they cannot be a final solution of the problem of Christian education. The Sunday School is, in the last analysis, an agency which attempts on one day in seven to repair the damage systematically done to the Christian theory of life during the other six. There should not be in a Christian community two coexisting educational systems, one developed upon the theory that both life and the universe are complete without God and the other upon the theory that both life and the universe are merely the sphere of God's self-revelation." It is estimated, and it is a source of regret to state it, that less than one-half of the 53,000,000 children of the United States have any religious instruction whatever. Religion and morality are the essence of sound democracy. Washington it was who said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports, and let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

The only safe standard and criterion by which to measure the patriotism and love of democracy of the Catholic school is the



lives of those who have gone forth from its doors to take their places with their fellow men in the affairs of the world. It is difficult to understand how any fair-minded American can question the loyalty of the product of these schools. During the World War, according to the statement of Secretary Baker, Catholics entered the service of our country in numbers far beyond their proportion of the population.

The curriculum of the Catholic schools is much the same as that of the public schools. From the first till the eighth grade these are the standard subjects taught, — the three R's, plus a half hour of a fourth R — religion; writing; spelling; geography and science after the third grades; United States history and civics; drawing and nature study and music.

Uniform tests are given at the end of each term in all Catholic schools by the Diocesan Superintendent. Each pupil is given a printed examination paper covering the material of his or her grade. A report card, showing the results of these examinations, is supplied to parents who sign and turn it over to the teacher. The high school course in Catholic schools for girls and boys includes, in addition to religious instruction, all the subjects prescribed by the State Board of Regents. All Catholic high school graduates must successfully pass the Regents' tests before receiving a certificate of graduation. Promotion from one class to another depends, as in public schools, on successfully passing these tests. In the Regents' elementary examinations held during the week of June 15, 1925, 23,191 Catholic pupils entered, of which 92 per cent passed successfully. In the Regents' academic examination held from June 15 to 19, 1925, 3982 Catholic students entered from eight Diocesan high schools of Brooklyn, of which number 87.6 per cent satisfied all requirements. The Catholic school is open to inspection to State officers of instruction. If it falls below the standard in imparting the general or special knowledge required for good citizenship, it should be closed until it can satisfy the reasonable requirements of the State. The difference is that the Catholic school insists on religious instruction.

But because the parochial schools do insist on this instruction, I send my children to those classes. Education which trains the intellect and the physical man to the exclusion of the will is, to my mind, incomplete. Patriotism presupposes character, and

character is life dominated by principles. The outstanding need of the times is, admittedly, strong, self-sacrificing moral character which can withstand the dangers and gross materialism of our times. Leaders of thought in the Church, regardless of denomination, statesmen and professional men, are agreed that something must be done to offset the prevalent disregard for lawful authority, the lack of respect for parents, the harmful ideas concerning the stability of the home and the sacredness of marriage, dishonesty in business life, the dangers of communism, socialism, and other radical teachings which are contrary to the principles of the Constitution. Socialism, communism, and Bolshevism have never found a place in Catholic education. My experience leads me to believe that religious training in the school is the best way to combat these dangers.

## WEEKLY TIME SCHEDULE

*Parochial Schools, Diocese of Brooklyn*

GRADE	Unassigned	Opening and closing exercises	Religion	English	Reading	Writing	Spelling	Arithmetic	Physical Training and recess	U. S. History and Civics	Geography and El. Science	Drawing and Nature Study	Music	Total No. of Minutes per week
1A	55	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	250	30		120	120	1500
1B	55	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	250	30		120	120	1500
2A	55	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	250	30		120	120	1500
2B	55	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	250	30		120	120	1500
3A	55	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	250	30		120	120	1500
3B	45	125	150	150	150	100	100	150	200	30	60	120	120	1500
4A	45	125	150	150	150	100	100	200	120	100	100	100	60	1500
4B	45	125	150	150	150	100	100	200	120	100	100	100	60	1500
5A	25	125	150	200	100	60	100	200	120	150	150	60	60	1500
5B	25	125	150	200	100	60	100	200	120	150	150	60	60	1500
6A	25	125	150	200	100	60	100	200	120	150	150	60	60	1500
6B	25	125	150	200	100	60	100	200	120	150	150	60	60	1500
7A	25	125	150	200	60	60	100	225	120	150	225	30	30	1500
7B	25	125	150	200	60	60	100	225	120	150	225	30	30	1500
8A	10	125	150	300	75	75	150	225	120	150	60	30	30	1500
8B	25	125	150	300	100	100	60	150	120	250	60	30	30	1500

Each class teacher shall draw up, subject to the principal's approval, a weekly program based on this time schedule. The program shall be framed and hung in the classroom.

Attention is called, in a particular manner, in the above table to the time given to the teaching of religion.



# THE PLEASURES OF LYING

CLEMENCE DANE

*T*HERE is pleasure in the wet, wet clay  
When the artist's hand is potting it;  
There is pleasure in the wet, wet lay  
When the poet's pad is blotting it;  
There is pleasure in the shine of your picture on the line  
In the Royal Academe;  
But the pleasure felt in these is as chalk to Cheshire cheese  
When it comes to a well made lie . . .

— Kipling

**I** WAS always sorry for George Washington. You remember the burden that was laid upon him even from his youth up. You remember his heart-broken confession, "Father, I cannot tell a lie!" Not *will* not, mark you; for to do him justice he did not bring his trouble upon himself; but *can* not tell a lie! The poor boy! He could not tell a lie, and he became President of the United States. It is a situation that does not bear thinking about!

Indeed the fall of the cherry-tree set a bad fashion. There is far too much truth-telling going on nowadays for comfort. Telling the children stories is growing an impossible business. The fairies joined the unemployed long ago, and now the Munchausens are following. What are you to do with a small boy who says politely, "I like *true* stories," when you tell him that peculiar treasure of your own childhood, the story of the whale whose interior Lucian explored, and found there a hut and a temple and a forest and a lake, not to speak of half a dozen warring tribes? You fall back weakly upon Jonah's whale which is in the Bible and surely creditable. But it fares no better. "I expect it was a submarine if all were known," says Kit, aged seven; and before you can return to the charge with *Perseus* and the *Three Grey Women* with one eye apiece, he has shifted the conversation to the family motor cycle. Extracting from you a confession of ignorance, profound, abysmal, utter, of its interior workings, he proceeds in his turn, with a certain gleam in his eye, to recount his experiences with it behind his father's back. He talks to you of ball bearings and gears, and the speeds he has achieved between the house and the gate, of his rout of oxen, his demoralization of peaceful passers-by and infuriated tramps, until — until —

is it possible that Kit, the blessed baby, is also experimenting with the pleasures of lying? Why not?

You ought not to be shocked! There's no harm in it; for the whole pleasure of lying, as Kit like Lucian before him has discovered, is in doing it for its own sake. Lie for gain, even for the mere unsubstantial gain of interested eyes and applauding voices, and it becomes the dirty business that everybody thinks it; but lie for the love of it, and the lie becomes a work of art, to be respected as such. The perfect liar doesn't ask to be believed; he only asks to be listened to! He is the father of the story-tellers from Herodotus to Ethel M. Dell. Blame? Who blames the proverbial lie of the proverbial fisherman? Should we not be profoundly disappointed in him if ever his latest catch were not stuffed into an unnatural portliness? Who expects a mother to be truthful about her children, or an author about his "statements"? What says Shakespeare?

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact!*

As we should put it: "Liars, every one of 'em!" Indeed, we all have our lying point. I, for instance, when I have secured a bargain at the sales, am incapable, — literally incapable, — of telling the inquirer the exact price I paid for it. I always take off half a crown; even though I have had a companion in the shop when I bought it. "Seventeen and six!" I say firmly, and when she repeats her trumpery truths about "Nineteen and eleven three!" I tell her that she is confusing my jumper with another jumper altogether: look at my change! and that if she doesn't believe me she can ring up the shop and ask them! If I can daze and bedevil her, if not into belief, into acquiescence in my lie, I am quite satisfied. I am lying, and she knows that I am lying, and I know that she knows that I am lying. But so long as she does not contradict me publicly when I next wear the jumper, the pleasure of lying is quite unabated. But she generally does contradict me, though how she can have the heart is beyond understanding. I'd as soon pop a Hyde-Park-Balloon-Lady's balloon, or break a child's daisy-chain, or open the oven door in the first ten minutes of the rise of a sponge cake, as shame a good liar in the middle of a good lie!

For how can he exercise his art and his pleasure in his art if



you rob him of his tools, — our faith in him and his faith in himself? And what would the rest of us do if the liars ceased from lying? The lie is the gilt on life's gingerbread. By the way, what *is* gilt gingerbread? Parkin I know, and nuts and jumbles, and the innumerable scented Christmas gingerbreads of Germany, the saffron, orange, chestnut-colored squares and oblongs, the dogs and horses and mandrake-humans with sugar faces and currant eyes; but gilded gingerbread I have not eaten! That is your born liar's moment —

"Gilt gingerbread? Eaten it dozens of times: old aunt of mine had the recipe: expensive, certainly, but she only made it for great occasions. I remember as a small boy, — the Queen's Jubilee, it was, — my aunt had a special batch made (had to send to London for the gold leaf: had to be pure, you see: she used to beat it up with white of egg and vanilla. Vanilla? Oh, prevents tarnishing in the baking!) and sent it to Windsor Castle. Had a letter of thanks by return. No, not from headquarters, curiously enough, from one of the little princes. Charming letter, round hand, had it for his tea, loved it, — gilt gingerbread, — yes! But she's dead now, poor old lady, and the recipe's lost. At least, not lost, but all her books were sold at Sotheby's; biggest price fetched for maiden lady's collection in twenty years; presentation copies most of them; knew Meredith and Edna Lyall. I was in China at the time, unfortunately, or I'd have bought in her cookery books. Now in China, of course, gilt gingerbread is comparatively common —"

Who could be so cruel as to interrupt that flow with the remark that "gilded" of course, has its secondary sense of "varnished", and that the bright, sticky surface of new gingerbread is the gilt referred to in the proverb? Who would take the gilt off a fellow liar's gingerbread in that fashion? No one, surely, who has once experienced the pleasures of invention. And who hasn't, poor George Washington always excepted? Why, from the days of Adam and Eve on, it is the lie, the trick, the false step, that has made history, has made at least the interesting half of history, which is story, the play, the novel, and the song. What would Homer and the Greek playwrights, let alone Virgil and Chaucer and a thousand minor singers, have done, had not Ulysses lied his way into Troy? A lie slew Antony: a lie made

Tristram and Iseult immortal. How did Othello win Desdemona?  
By, — not to put too fine a point on it, — a lie!

*A quite unwreckable lie!  
A most impeccable lie!*

A traveler's tale that couldn't possibly be confuted, nothing less than the amazing tarradiddle about the

*Men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders —*

followed, when there was difficulty with Desdemona's indignant father, by a more monstrous misstatement still.

*Rude am I in my speech  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace —*

says the man from whose mouth such heavenly beauties slip easily as —

*Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them!*

O innocence! O art! O Othello! O Will Shakespeare! What incomparable liars you were! And how skilfully you have lied us over, from the humors to the horrors of lying; and in those horrors, given us pleasure also, all by the excellent virtue of your art!

For is not the foulness and cruelty of Iago's lying doubled because it follows on the laughing picture of the middle-aged soldier pouring out his tall stories, out-imagining invention in his efforts to please the

*Maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blushed at itself —*

Who save Shakespeare could have imagined, much less dared, such a contrast between the pleasures of lying when

*These to hear  
Did Desdemona seriously incline —*

and its pains when, a few pages later, Iago pours his foul inventions into the ears of the happy man who had played so pleasantly at fibbing:

*She did deceive her father, marrying you. . . .  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming. . . .*

until, in his agony, his "O my soul's joy!" turns to "Damn her, lewd minx!"



And even then Shakespeare has not done with us. Back he must swing us to the terrified girl's foolish, needless lie about the handkerchief, and so on, through a very swamp of lying, Emilia's lying, Iago's lying, Othello's belying, until, like a sudden sword of light raying down through clouds on to a sacked and ruined city, comes the last lie of all, the loveliest lie in history, when the brutally murdered woman gasps out her vindication of the man who has killed her:

EMILIA            *Oh, who hath done this deed?*  
DESDEMONA    *Nobody, I myself.*

"*She's like a liar gone to burning bell,*" shrieks Othello, and with that word drives the audience, sometimes, into laughter, — I have often heard it in the tense house, — an unpleasant, overwrought cackle of laughter that is a greater tribute to the play and the actors than a wash-basketful of wet handkerchiefs. That hysterical outburst is unmistakable proof that the audience, — so strangely are we humans made, — sitting there half sick with horror, is nevertheless enjoying itself. For the manager and the playwright know that, tragedy, comedy, or farce, Othello, Lady Teazle, or Charley's Aunt, the lie in action is always a sure winner. Audiences never tire of its fascination! And they never tire because, though they may not be consciously aware of it, some secret self in each member of the audience knows that it is really watching the oldest drama of all, the drama of Lucifer, father of lies, going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down it. And the more the audience is upon the side of the angels, the more will it extract a fearful pleasure out of the spectacle of the eternal Liar doing his worst, and always in the end, inevitably, inexplicably, being cheated of his victory.

# COMMUNIZED EMOTION

CARL DREHER

*STANDARDIZED motor-cars are bad enough, but standardized grief and joy are a good deal worse. Several hundred thousand people listen to the same speeches every night and the same jazz bands, then at breakfast heave communistic sighs and shed communistic tears over the same calamities, at the bidding of the press. How many of us protest against such phrases as "entire nation bowed in sorrow"? What is the psychological effect of them on any man who really tries to preserve his own individuality?*

**S**TRONGLY as the majority of Americans believe in the sanctity of the institution of private property, it is undeniable that in their other attributes they tend toward communism. There is an intellectual and emotional communism just as truly as there is an economic communism, and it is far from being merely a theory. Thus, Rudolph Valentino is the communal lover of millions of romance-hungry females;

Woodrow Wilson was their communal Messiah and that of their men folk, a few years ago; Lenin, ironically enough, was their communal bogey to the day of his death.

In this egregiously Hamiltonian era, the series of adapted Jeffersonian dicta which make up this paper will probably be regarded as the menaces of a new variety of anarchist. In point of fact, the writer's hostility to emotive regimentation is based on a belief that it leads inevitably to disorder and lawlessness. No evidence need be adduced; one has only to look about one.

The newspapers, as one of the principal molds of communized emotion, offer a rich variety of specimens of this product for the analysis of the social philosopher. Descending into this convenient repository, we observe on the first level a glowing sample of romantic distortion in the following radio broadcasting of the Wilson funeral services, taken from "The New York Times" of February 7, 1924:

In broadcasting the funeral services in the Cathedral in Washington the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was enabled to reach the New England States only because of the heroic act of one of its linemen who prevented a break in the long line from New York to Providence. The lineman, C. H. Williams, working out of Providence, Rhode Island, was sent to a place along the line where a tree was reported to have been blown down by yesterday's storm. The limbs of the tree were encrusted in ice. It was partly blown across the land line over which the funeral services were being relayed from New

York City to Providence. Each gust of wind threatened to send the whole weight of the tree crashing through the wires.

Williams was alone when he found the danger spot, and he attached a rope to the tree, took several turns around a neighboring tree, and swung on the rope with all his might. The damaged tree swayed wildly in the gale, despite the efforts of the lone lineman. Williams clung to the rope from three-thirty o'clock, when the company began broadcasting the services, until five. When he knew that the broadcasting was over, Williams let go of the rope that held the tree. Robbed of its last support, the big tree fell across the line and snapped it. A rescue party then was sent out from Providence for the courageous lineman, who was benumbed by his long vigil.

To anyone familiar with the maintenance of wire lines, — to anyone with the common-sense of a longshoreman, — this press agent's yarn is incredible. What happened was, presumably, that the lineman attached a rope to the swinging tree, pulled on it tangent to the sound neighboring tree, very likely with a block and tackle, and then took a few turns around the anchorage, "snubbing" the rope in the fashion of a hawser holding a vessel by the friction of a turn or two of line on a capstan. But a lineman winding a rope around a tree and freezing his toes for a few hours is not copy; the lineman swinging gallantly on the rope, like the girl in the ballad, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night!" — that is copy, in an age when the excitement, intensity, and adventure of life must be supplied artificially to the citizenry of the modern industrial state.

The same extravagant emotionalism, in greatly elaborated and prodigal form, is applied to the deification of public characters. God himself, if He came to earth and spoke, by some ironic chance, in a church, would not affect the tone in which most ministers of religion habitually deliver their discourses. If He lived and walked among men, and His doings were reported in the newspapers of to-day, He could hardly get more space and adulation than the political and industrial supermen of our time.

When M. Clemenceau visited these shores some time ago, he chanced to meet Mlle. Cecile Sorel, the actress, in a hotel lobby. The New York "World" of November 21, 1922, reported this momentous encounter, and in a subheadline on the first page, *in nine-point caps*, gave the opening remarks of the two celebrities: "You look so well," exclaims Mlle. Sorel, kissing him. "You don't look so bad yourself," his reply.



In the text of the ecstatic daily articles about the ex-Premier were such minutiae as the exact time of his rising, as if he had been the sun, the fact that he ate two hard boiled eggs for breakfast, and how long they boiled.

Let it be noted that these were not the last details of the life of a world figure drawing to its close, but the trivialities of his daily existence in health and normality. There is a type of neurosis, in which the patient observes the beating of his own heart, his breathing, and the multifarious sensations of *coenaesthesia*, — *s'écouter vivre*, the French psychiatrists term it. So far the medical profession has not given due attention to the spread among American newspaper men of an extroverted form of this psychosis, the symptoms manifesting themselves, especially since the war, at the approach of a foreign statesman or generalissimo, however discredited the gentleman may be at home.

In the newspaper reaction to the death of a Wilson or a Harding or a Bryan there is an element as morbid as the adulation which followed him through life. On the death of Mr. Wilson "The New York Times", in its issue of February 4, 1924, devoted nine solid pages, less one column, to reports, biographical material, and comments deemed appropriate to the occasion. The total number of words was between sixty and seventy thousand. The length of Turgenev's novel, *Fathers and Sons*, is not much over fifty thousand words. From a humanistic standpoint, who is more important, — Wilson or Bazarov? Harding or Jacques Loeb? William Jennings Bryan or Charles P. Steinmetz? Loeb and Steinmetz, when they died, received a moderate, controlled, and decent recognition from the press. What did government ever do for men to warrant the mortuary fustian about "entire nation bowed in grief" and "world grieves over passing of war president", when a statesman dies? At best, governments and governors can maintain that they keep the world in order, — and a sorry job they make of it! If "space" is to be our guide to what is important, then a messenger from Mars would have to report that our most important concerns in recent months have been the Prince of Wales, the buried miner, the young lady who tried to swim the channel, Leopold and Loeb, the dog of Nome, the President's cat, and the leopard from the Paris zoo.

This newspaper emotivity occasionally becomes definitely

pathological in the great compensatory rites of the Unknown Soldier worship which took hold in the Entente countries after the war. A typical clinical picture is presented in an article describing the exhumation of eight bodies by the French connoisseurs of military emotion:

It was originally intended to disinter nine bodies, but in one sector of the front, — which the military authorities refuse to divulge, — German and French bodies were buried in common graves and are so closely intermingled that the officer in charge of the work of exhumation decided it would be unsafe to disinter a body there as the honor of burial beneath the Arc de Triomphe might quite as likely be afforded to a former enemy soldier as to a gallant *poilu*.

Symbolism this, symbolism that; only a specialist in hallucinatory patriotism can comprehend the difference between the residual calcium and phosphate compounds of a German and a French soldier. Furthermore, as in the private manias of an individual sufferer, the social vice of preoccupation with unrealities is that it is necessarily coupled with neglect of vital realities. Thus, while the lords and high captains in the United States were occupied with the exhumation, transportation, and reburial of the American Unknown Soldier, the thieves in the Veterans' Bureau were engaged, without let or hindrance, in looting the country of the money and supplies set aside for the rehabilitation of disabled men who were living and in bitter need of aid.

But where there are saints, there must also be devils. The press sells both. Although most of the rich men who get into trouble in the newspapers are palpably bounders and oppressors, and although one may disagree with the doctrines and deplore the exhibitionism of the radicals, it is impossible for any observer with a functioning sense of decency to stand by, without indignation, and see them mauled for actions which go unpunished among the general, simply to provide a good show for the three-cent bleacher patrons of the press. Yet there is a rude equality in the process. An emergent character is fair play, here all roads meet, and Upton Sinclair, Nikolai Lenin, Mitchell, and Bouck White all lie down together. The great undifferentiated mass is unified more solidly in support of persecutions than in any other activity. A touch of sadism makes the whole mob kin.

A comparatively small group stands aside from the saturnalia.

One meets men in every business and occupation who smile cynically and a little sadly at the extravagances of the press and the screen, who take no part in the communal hysterics about them, and try to live aloof from all such ferine manifestations. They love their country no less than the patriots of the security bonds, but do not feel the necessity for protestations of that feeling; all such declarations, they know instinctively, are in deplorable taste, like a man making a public proclamation of love for his wife. They are not social reformers; they have no urge to uplift, convert, or transform their neighbors. Although by temperament orderly and law-abiding within the limits of a healthy masculinity, they are not numbered among the assorted law fetishists of the States. More than the smallness of their numbers, their lack of vehemence and violence makes them impotent. The Ku Klux gentry, the prohibitionists, the fundamentalists, with all the other varieties of howling monkeys that pullulate in the native jungles of morality and conformity, rage around them unchecked.

The power and oppressiveness of communal emotion is of course merely an outcome of the fundamental gregarious instincts in man, and, in better times, may come to be looked back on as a perversion of those instincts. It is not a product of our age, although apparently intensified by modern improvements in communication, and the industrialization of amusement. A closely knit social body, able to carry on the processes of industry, without the intolerance and communal pressure of the present order, is indeed conceivable, but for its units there would have to be found a different variety of human being than *homo sapiens* as we know him. A radical change in human nature is not probable, for before it could come about man would have to see himself as he is, discarding his illusions of pride and malice. But man in large bodies shows no sign of such a tendency. On the contrary, the tendency of humankind in mass movements is normally toward preposterous egotism and violence. The situation is the same as in an individual psycho-analysis. No competent analyst will accept a patient who does not come of his own free will and initiative to be cured or assisted. If the will to dislodge the neurosis is not present inwardly, the disease will certainly keep its hold on the patient. The social body is not yet in a condition



where the mass of men wish to see the world, including the animal man, simply "as is", and to make indicated adjustments. Instead, sure of a moral guiding principle in all their coercions and communal tyrannies, they prefer to fight and rage and exploit one another, comforting themselves with illusions and ceremonies as manifold as their misdeeds. They must have bishops to awe them, magistrates to rule them, preachers to frighten and comfort them, politicians to flatter them, and for all these services they are willing to pay amply. Under these conditions, and under the rule of such witch doctors, the capacity for pity, tolerance, and civic decency, which does exist in human beings, can manifest itself only sporadically.

For convenience we have taken examples of communized emotion from the press, neglecting the newer institutions of mass instruction and entertainment, but without, it is hoped, any prejudice to the latter. It is unnecessary to remark that communized emotion is everywhere, and tends always to sink to the same level of unintelligence and brutality. From this view it is only another step to the conclusion that an intelligent man will not concern himself with communized motivation at all, but will withdraw to his ivory tower. A biological *non sequitur*, unfortunately. While seeing all existing social institutions and communal modes of thought, feeling, and action as psychological imperatives, the analyst is in no way relieved of the obligation to observe and understand these creeds and their effects. Sometime, somewhere, his observations may flower into effective action. His motives are also determined, and a Kempf or a Theodore Schroeder is as much a part of the cosmic process as a Hearst. So he will have his say, till he has done, even though, if events continue on their present course, it may become as detrimental to his social comfort as it will be powerless, in all probability, to convince the contemporary multitude.

# JUSTICE

LOUIS BROMFIELD

**T**HE specks of dust danced in the long sunbeams that fell across the dim courtroom. The judge cleared his throat. He was a lean man with a not unkindly face, but impersonal, mechanical.

"The case of the People against Michael Rooney!"

The shuffling among the spectators abated. The clerk fumbled among his dry papers, rattling a little, as if he too were dusty and dessicated. The prosecuting attorney, handsome, Jewish, urbane, with dark intelligent eyes, sat down by his table to run his pencil through the copy of the indictment. His manner said, "One among so many. I've forgotten the circumstances of this one." He was a trifle bored, a little weary, not in the least interested in sending Michael Rooney off to prison.

Below us, — the twelve good men and true, — sat the defendant Michael Rooney and his lawyer.

"Gentlemen," continued the judge in his polite, colorless voice, "the defendant Michael Rooney is charged with grand larceny in the first degree. The case should not require much time. It is a simple one. The evidence is simple. There are no complications. The defendant Michael Rooney is charged with having acted as lookout during the robbery of one Patrick Love on the night of June twenty-fourth." The judge, with an air of bringing his thoughts back from a great distance, rustled the papers before him. "He was indicted jointly with one Willie Fallon, who has already pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny in the first degree."

Feet shuffled nervously. The prosecuting attorney rose languidly. You liked him. He inspired confidence, a sense of bored impartiality. He addressed the jury.

Did any of us know him or the attorney for the defendant? Did any of us feel in any way prejudiced against himself, or the defendant, or the defendant's lawyer? Did we understand that an indictment implied no guilt whatever? That it was simply a means of bringing a charge? We had a moment to answer if we had any answer to make.

The machine rolled over us and proceeded.

I examined myself. I *was* prejudiced against the attorney for the defendant. I knew this, but it was not a thing that one could explain to the court. I had never seen him before. There must have been others among the twelve men who felt the same prejudice. The man was repulsive. He sat like a toad, like a crawling thing one might find under a stone, — oily, obsequious, with an air of pomposity. He scratched a precarious existence by being appointed to defend unfortunate men who had no money to pay counsel. Perched like a vulture, he sat about the court waiting for the judge to throw him a bone. A despicable creature whom it was impossible to respect. A shyster lawyer! Lawyers were bad enough, but a shyster lawyer. . .

“Did we understand that an indictment implied no guilt whatever? That it was simply a means of bringing a charge?”

I understood that. No doubt the other eleven men understood it. Yet? In the back of my mind a small voice kept saying, “There must be something in it. A jury believed enough of the story to bring a charge. It can’t be false altogether.” I bade that portion of my mind be still; but it would not be still. The doubt continued to stir.

About me in the jury box sat eleven men, — men whose minds were full of prejudices, of racial hatreds, of a thousand things; men, some of them, with minds like children. To some of them that small voice must be shouting.

The attorney for the defendant began the same set of questions. Again a slight pause in which to answer. It was monotonous, boring . . . these empty gestures.

The machine rolled on. More rustling of papers. A consultation. I fell to regarding the defendant Michael Rooney.

He sat with his cap in his hands, his eyes fixed upon a scrap of paper that lay on the table before him. He was an ordinary youth like a million others. He wore a shabby blue suit cut in the cheap Broadway fashion with a single button high above his slim waist. His hair was dark, reddish, and grew close to his head in a tangle of curls. His hands were strong and large, clearly the hands of one who has done hard work. There was nothing unusual about him, save perhaps the breadth of shoulder and the faint swagger concealed there.



He raised his head, looking straight at us, and I realized suddenly that there *was* about Michael Rooney something unusual. He was not at all like a million others. What was the difference, the distinction? Was it the smoldering, devil-may-care light in the blue Irish eyes? The slightly pointed tips of his ears? The indiscernible air of swagger? There was a spark, — something which only a few men and certainly none of us others in the room possessed. Who can say what it was? What marked him? What put him aside from the others? A gift, a flame, a zest which we lacked.

The bright sunlight, hovering about the bit of paper before him, slipped forward a little, away from him, and with a curious air of concentration he pushed the bit of paper forward until again it was bathed in that single spot of golden light.

Amid a dry rustling of papers the machine was moving again.

"The circumstances of the case are simple," began the prosecuting attorney. "On the night of June twenty-fourth, a police officer saw the defendant Michael Rooney and the co-defendant Willie Fallon enter a doorway with one Patrick Love who, it appears, had been drinking heavily. A moment later he says he saw the defendant Michael Rooney step out from the hallway into the street and look up and down. Then the officer crossed the street and entered the same hallway. He discovered the co-defendant Willie Fallon with one hand in the trousers pocket of the complainant Patrick Love. At his approach, Fallon withdrew his hand and two quarters fell to the floor. The defendant Michael Rooney, so the police officer says, was standing by. As the case progresses you will hear the stories of the various witnesses."

The case progressed.

The complainant Patrick Love stepped into the box. He was a man of perhaps forty, seared, bloated, savage in appearance, who sat with his hands pendant between his bandy legs in the attitude of a bewildered chimpanzee. He spoke with an appalling brogue. He did not understand the simplest questions. The machine terrified him. The questions had to be repeated again and again.

He was a laborer, he said. He had been in the city about five weeks. Before that he worked in St Louis. He went where he could find work. Sometimes a strike-breaker. On the day of the robbery he had been to Celtic Park to see the football matches.

He had had many drinks, so many he couldn't remember the number. At seven in the evening he had gone to the neighborhood of Ninth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street where he heard there was a dance. No, he never got to the dance. He stopped at a saloon to have more drinks. How many? He did not know. Did he receive the proper change in return? He did not know. He could remember nothing save that he left the saloon and started up Ninth Avenue. He had in his pocket, he thought, seventeen dollars. No, he wasn't sure, but he remembered changing a twenty dollar bill some time during the day. Did he know the defendant Michael Rooney? No. Had he ever seen him before? No. Had he seen him on the night of the robbery? He might have. He couldn't say. He remembered nothing. He was drunk.

The prosecuting attorney questioned, and the lawyer for the defense protested questions, asked that they be struck out. The stupidity of the little toad! Even a layman could see that his protests were idiotic. A toad trying to halt a steam-roller. The judge, curt, dignified, bored, denied his protests; but one could see that they fed the shyster's sense of importance. He was forcing himself upon the attention of all those people in the courtroom; he was being important before a man who wore the robes of a judge and sat on a throne. Each time he rose to protest, he was for a second at least the centre of attention. (I must not feel prejudices against that man.)

He too questioned the complainant, Patrick Love. The story remained the same. Patrick Love had been robbed; the money had been taken from his pocket. He did not know how, when, or where. He did not even know whether he had any money. He was drunk, simply drunk. A dustman, one gathered, might have swept him up and dumped him into the river with no loss to anyone.

I looked again at the defendant Michael Rooney. Did he know the complainant? Had he robbed him? Who could say? Nothing in Michael Rooney's face gave the faintest hint of the truth. He sat watching that precious speck of sunlight, moving slowly across the table away from him, slipping down one leg of the table out of reach where it could no longer fall upon the bit of paper. The shoulders remained squared, a little defiant in the face of the machine.

Police officer Redmond stepped into the box. Red-faced, hair *en brousse* like the comb of a fighting cock. Turned-up nose. Pale blue eyes. Awkward manner in face of the machine but young and eager to make a name for himself. Some day . . . some day he might be Chief of Police. He told his story.

It followed closely the outline of the prosecuting attorney. He had found in the pockets of the defendant Rooney and the co-defendant Fallon the total sum of one dollar and sixty-five cents. Together it was all they had. No, they could not have taken more than that amount from the complainant Patrick Love. Yes, it was all they had, both of them, together. He was certain of the identity of the defendant Rooney and the co-defendant Fallon. He saw them enter the hallway with the complainant Love between them. Yes, there were other men standing near the hallway. Three or four, he couldn't be certain. No, he was certain that the defendant Rooney had been implicated. He was not simply standing in the doorway. The time? The hour was ten minutes past two. "I had just happened to look at my watch. I seen it happen from the opposite corner of the avenue."

You could see that Officer Redmond thought well of his testimony. It was all in order with no holes in it, — the proper sort of testimony for a policeman who would one day be Chief of Police. The case of Michael Rooney might prove a step up.

Being interested in something besides the flow of words, my attention stole back to Michael Rooney. He had forgotten the fleeing sunbeam; indeed it had quite escaped him now and slipped across the dusty floor. He faced Police Officer Redmond boldly. The light in his blue Irish eyes flamed a little higher. The shoulders squared more defiantly. Not the proper attitude for a prisoner. No cowering. More like a leopard shut up behind bars. He alone had no proper respect for the ponderous machine.

The machine creaked on.

The defendant Michael Rooney took the stand. With hand on the Bible he swore the oath that every witness swears and some must break since all cannot tell the truth. He sat down, still twisting the cap in his hand. The light was still in his eye. For a moment it dimmed but quickly flared up again. He did not cringe. His body did not sag. The faun's ears seemed a little more



pointed, the red hair a trifle more ruffled and unruly. One hated and envied him for his defiant recklessness. One could feel the hatred and envy in the very air of the dusty courtroom.

Yes, he was arrested at Ninth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. He was on his way home. He had taken a girl home from a dance and was passing the corner when the officer arrested him. He lived with his sister and brother-in-law. He did not rob Patrick Love. He had never before seen the co-defendant Willie Fallon. Yes, he lived in the same block with Fallon. Had lived there for five years. And still did not know Fallon who had already pleaded guilty to the charge? No, had never seen him until they were arrested together. And the girl? He was not going to tell her name. Call her Nellie Rand if they liked. He was going to marry her some day when he had enough money. He didn't want her dragged into this dirty business. Where was she now? He didn't know. She didn't make any difference anyway. Hadn't anything to do with the case. He had known her three years. They had met on a street corner.

I began to wonder. Nellie Rand! Was she a real person? Was she a woman at all, or just a symbol of all women to whom a man like Michael Rooney was irresistible? Michael Rooney with the air of a cock among hens, — with that free swagger, that sense of wildness, and that light in his eye. A man born to live wildly. A man born free. . . .

The defendant Michael Rooney stuck to his story. He had not stepped into the street. He had not aided in the robbery of Patrick Love. He did not know the co-defendant Willie Fallon.

Presently the machine had done with him and passed on. He got down and went to sit by the side of that sniveling toad, his lawyer.

Another pause. More rustling of papers.

The block in which Michael Rooney lived rose before me. Rows of filthy old brick houses with fifteen people living in three rooms. Streets littered with garbage, flying dust, and old newspapers. Filth. Sweat. Hardship. Poverty. Five years in a block where men and woman and children fought desperately simply to live. Oh yes, I knew it.

The machine was rolling on again.

The co-defendant Willie Fallon stepped into the box. He too,

like the complainant Patrick Love, Police Officer Redmond, and the defendant Michael Rooney, swore to tell the truth. He wore pants of khaki and a blue shirt open at the throat. Tousled brown hair. Blue eyes close together. Manner bewildered.

He had been on the corner on the night of the arrest. He had picked the complainant Patrick Love out of the gutter where he had been lying in the filth and dragged him on to the sidewalk. He couldn't walk, so he had dragged him into the hallway and propped him against the lowest step. He (Willie Fallon) had been drinking himself and could not remember quite clearly what happened, but he did remember loosening Love's collar. He could not remember having robbed Love. He supposed he had done it, if the policeman said so.

The polite voice of the judge interrupted the questioning. It Willie Fallon pleaded guilty only because the police officer said he committed the crime, the plea must be changed. A man could not plead guilty unless he knew he had committed the crime in question.

"Mr. Clerk, change the plea of the co-defendant Willie Fallon to 'Not Guilty'."

In the box, the co-defendant Willie Fallon sat wooden. It was all the same to him. He understood none of it. He too had a lawyer who made a living by hanging about court and waiting for scraps.

The questioning began again. No, he did not know the defendant Michael Rooney. Had never seen him up to the night of the arrest. He had lived in the same block, but only a month. He had been out of work for two weeks. He had been out of work off and on ever since he left the army. Why didn't he rejoin? Hell! Nothing could get him back into the army! And for the only time a light appeared in his stupid eyes.

"That will do, Mr. Fallon."

The co-defendant Willie Fallon shuffled off, led through a barred runway by a guard.

In his chair Michael Rooney sat upright, the cap clutched desperately in his hands. He was looking again at the bit of paper, but the spot of sunlight was vanished now even from the dusty floor.

One more witness. Giovanni Sardi, blacksmith. Character

witness. Short, powerful, swarthy, with white teeth that showed in a pleasant smile. Dressed magnificently for court in a palm beach suit and a panama hat. Very broken in English.

"A blacksmith, you say?" queried the judge with a twinkle in his indifferent gray eyes.

"Yes . . . blacksmith . . . my card." He leaned over and handed the judge a card.

"Wagon repairing," read the judge to the court. "Iron work, etc." He leaned toward Giovanni Sardi. "You don't shoe horses?"

Sardi grinned. "No shoe horses."

"I'm glad of that. Then you're not a real blacksmith. I'd hate to think of a real blacksmith in a palm beach suit."

The courtroom laughed as it always does, no matter how bad the joke made by the judge. A judge is a great man.

Giovanni Sardi testified that the defendant Michael Rooney worked for him as a helper. Four years ago. (Four years was a long time . . . the testimony was not strong.) Four years ago. Yes. Good fella . . . Good fella . . . Everybody like him . . . Always maka da joke. Bad fella for the girls.

The palm beach blacksmith, grinning, confused, vanished.

Again a pause. A rustling of papers. The wall was closing in.

The prosecuting attorney and the attorney for the defense dispensed with summing up. Such a simple case. No need for it. Get it over as soon as possible. The judge turned toward the twelve good men and true. The object of the trial, he said, was to prove the innocence or the guilt of Michael Rooney. The presumption in our courts was that a man was innocent until proven guilty. We must remember that. An indictment meant nothing, no indication of guilt. Our problem was to determine who was telling the truth. Was it probable that the defendant Michael Rooney happened to be on that corner of all corners at the moment of the crime to which the co-defendant Willie Fallon had already pleaded guilty, — or, at least, said he must be guilty if the police officer said he was? We must be satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt. If the defendant Michael Rooney stepped from the doorway to shield and protect the co-defendant Willie Fallon, he was as guilty as if he himself had taken the money from the pocket of the intoxicated complainant Patrick Love. We must remember that. The amount of money charged in the



indictment (the judge rustled his papers wearily . . . he had forgotten how much), "one dollar and sixty-five cents," had nothing to do with the case. The charge was that a man had been held up and robbed in the night-time. That was what made the affair serious. We must not allow the so-called crime wave to influence our judgment. If the defendant Michael Rooney was innocent, he was innocent whether or not there was any crime wave.

He told the twelve good men a great deal more, a list of things we must do and must not do in reaching a verdict. But all the while his instructions seemed to mean quite the opposite of what he intended. All the while they seemed to draw in the net about Michael Rooney, sitting there, handsome, swaggering, and defiant, his bit of sunlight long since vanished. The speech was gently cynical, ironic,—unconsciously so beyond all doubt. He must have said the same things many times.

And at last with a great shuffling of feet, we rose and filed out. I saw the eyes of the defendant Michael Rooney following us, wistfully. I thanked God I was not in his shoes. He still clutched his cap. The swagger had diminished a little, but there was still defiance in his bright blue eyes,—defiance for the great, creaking machine and for all of those in the courtroom who hated and envied him for his wild freedom.

The twelve good men and true were shut up in a little room with a barred window at one end. We sat on twelve chairs about a long table. The room was bare. Nothing to distract our minds. Justice, pure and unalloyed, was our goal.

Silence. A thin, stooped, middle-aged man with a long nose and timid eyes, a clerk beyond any doubt, cleared his throat officiously.

"Let's get the business over. I've work to do. It's the first time I've missed an hour from the office in ten years."

"To begin with," I suggested, "we might take a vote."

The foreman stood up, plump, goggle-eyed, kindly, and a little half-witted. "Gentlemen," he asked, "how do we stand?"

We stood evenly divided, six for conviction, six for acquittal. I, with five others, remained seated.

One of those standing, a big man with a bull neck, in a checked suit, glared at me, hard, as if I were the accused in question.

"The fella's as guilty as hell," he shouted. "Did you see him cringing in the box? He couldn't look you in the eye. That's the way you can tell every time." (Amazing, the power of man to believe what he wants to believe!)

Another attacked the six seated jurors. A little man, full of importance, with jowls and furtive eyes. He spoke with a rich accent. Man of property. Cloak and suit business. Worked his way up by any sort of means.

"It iss our duty to act, gentlemen . . . to protect society. Noboddy iss more soft-hearted than me. But if we let this fella go there'll only be some more hold-ups, some more robberies. Think of what the fur trade has lost in loft robberies alone. Something must be done. A fella ain'dt safe to walk a block at night-time. You remember the judge pointed out it was night-time. It's our duty to send this fella away."

I began to protest. I recalled to them what the judge had said, how he had counseled us to be fair, thoughtful. The guilt or innocence of Michael Rooney had nothing to do with loft robberies and crime waves.

One of those seated, — a fat, good-natured old fellow, — supported me. "It's a serious charge . . . grand larceny in the first degree. They can give him a hard sentence."

"By God!" ejaculated the bully in the checked suit. "They ought to give him the limit."

In the back of my mind a small voice kept saying, "He's guilty. You know he's guilty." And yet, was he guilty? Who could say? Besides, what difference if he was? One dollar and sixty-five cents stolen from a drunken animal. I kept seeing the block where Michael Rooney lived. I kept seeing Michael Rooney, free, wild, red-haired, and blue-eyed. And Nellie Rand. Did she exist?

A little, insignificant man, one of those who had asserted himself for conviction, found an opening. He began to relate a long, tiresome story of the perils of the street at night-time. He worked in the night-time. Every night the policeman on the corner escorted him home, because he was sure it wasn't safe to go alone. A lot of fellas like this Rooney running around loose. You could tell by the way the fella swaggered in the witness box that he was a bad one. Not at all the proper attitude toward the court and the jury. What chance had a little fella in the night-time

against a guy like Rooney? And what the blacksmith had said about the girls, "Bad fella for the girls!" The little man couldn't swallow that. He even became sentimental. It was the classic, age-old cry of vengeance, the enmity of the weak for the strong, the hatred of the little man for one bigger and freer than himself.

Others related similar incidents. The clerk who had not missed an hour from his office in ten years looked at his watch, eager to be back in his chains, terrified, nervous at his strange freedom.

"We might take another vote," suggested the mild foreman.

This time only two of us remained seated, the irresponsible fat man and myself.

"They haven't proved anything," I persisted, "not a thing. It's pretty hard to send a fellow away on such evidence."

The bull-necked gentleman turned on me savagely. "Ain't you got any intelligence? It's plain as day."

In his wake the cloak and suit business followed up the attack. He was polite, oily. "Just look at that fella's face. Ain'dt it enough? Maybe some day you'll be robbed, eh! It ain'dt safe, I tell you. It ain'dt safe."

The little fellow who was escorted by the policeman interrupted. "That other fella — Fallon. You heard what he said about the army. A fine way to talk! No patriotism. No coöperation. That's the kind they are."

"You could see Fallon was trying to shield him," contributed a heavy man who had been sitting half asleep during the argument. "Anybody could see that. Saying he didn't know Rooney. A lot of bunk!"

Again the foreman's monotonous voice. "Gentlemen, we might take another vote."

This time I was deserted by my fat friend. He stood up, willing to please. Slowly I too rose to my feet. What was the use? What chance had Michael Rooney? What chance would he have with twelve more such good men and true?

The cloak and suit business heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, that's done! Gentlemen, I congratulate you. We haff done our duty. If there was more citizens like us business would be safe."

The timid little man regarded his watch. "It only took us ten minutes," he said. "Maybe the judge wouldn't like such a quick verdict. Maybe we'd better wait a little while."



"Sure," agreed the complacent fat gentleman. "We might enjoy another smoke before going in."

So we sat and smoked and talked of the crime wave for ten more minutes. We did it in order to impress the judge with our profundity, the depth of our deliberations.

When the twelve good men and true returned at last, the courtroom was still. We took our places. The roll was called.

"Michael Rooney, face the jury and hear the verdict!"

The defendant Michael Rooney turned toward us. He looked at us squarely. His knees trembled a little, and his face grew a shade paler. It was the only sign he gave of betraying what lay beneath the swagger. But the light did not go out of the blue eyes nor the defiance from the broad shoulders. He regarded scornfully the suit and cloak business, the fat good-natured old man, the nervous little clerk eager to be back at his desk, the timid little man who was escorted by a policeman at night-time. He looked at me . . . and slowly I succumbed to a feeling of relief, even of pleasure; for the eyes of Michael Rooney did not scorn me. They seemed to say, "You understand it all. I can see that." I was flattered. . . .

Somewhere behind him the attorney for the defense regarded us with an oily smile, rubbing his hands all the while. His manner took us into his oily embrace. It said, "Gentlemen, don't think I'm in sympathy with the prisoner. I'm only appointed to defend him. I myself am a good honest citizen, — one of the best!"

"Foreman of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

And I looked away from Michael Rooney. The blue eyes seemed now to accuse me, — of what? Of doing my duty? Simply that? Nothing more? Of betraying him to those others, the nervous clerk, the bully, the suit and cloak business, the timid little fellow . . . ?

"Do you find the defendant Michael Rooney guilty or not guilty of grand larceny in the first degree?"

"Your Honor," and the voice of the foreman, awed by his responsibility and by a sudden self-consciousness, trembled a little, "we find him guilty of grand larceny in the first degree!"

My eyes sought the figure of Michael Rooney. He stared at us, pale but unmoved. And then, without warning, the stillness of

the courtroom was broken by a low moan. It did not come from Michael Rooney. It came from the back of the room, from among the spectators where a sudden commotion occurred. I saw Michael Rooney's eyes flash with a wild light. He started as if to spring up and leap the rail. And then I knew what had happened. Nellie Rand was real. She did exist. There in the back of the courtroom, she had fainted. She had been there all the time, waiting. . . .

I never saw her. They carried her out, and all I was able to distinguish was the slight figure of a girl with black hair.

And Michael Rooney. He stood before us still, his jaw clenched tight. The cap dropped from his hands, and the light, which had persisted through everything, went out of the blue eyes. We had killed Michael Rooney. The thing which was Michael Rooney, the essence of him, the fire, the wildness, the swagger, the light in his blue eyes . . . this we had slain, for stealing, if he did steal it . . . one dollar and sixty-five cents from a besotted animal. What we had slain was rare and precious, for among all the others in the crowded courtroom it did not exist.

The whole affair had been finished in an hour and ten minutes. One must hurry. So many cases. Five years. Ten years . . . Michael Rooney after that.

More papers rustled. The machine was rolling on again. The judge in his polite, dry voice dismissed us, without comment. I heard Michael Rooney answering questions in a low voice. "First conviction . . . Twenty-five years old . . . Parents dead . . . Single. . . ."

Twenty-five plus five . . . Twenty-five plus ten . . . One dollar and sixty-five cents. . . .

"Bertha Michaels to the bar!"

The perfect, infallible machine was rolling again. . . .

# WHAT IS THE SENATE?

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

*United States Senator from Pennsylvania*

**A**S designed by the framers of the Constitution, the Senate was to be a deliberative rather than a legislative body, — the brake on our governing machine. What it is becoming under external pressure the senior Senator from Pennsylvania (Republican) describes in crisp phrases as he recounts the daily activities of a Senator. Readers will find it interesting to note the degree to which he corroborates Donald Wilhelm's views of the pressure of the lobbyists as expressed last month in "*The Washington Soviets*".

**I** ALWAYS think of the Senate as the reason why desirable things don't happen," — thus an intelligent woman, exasperated by the failure of a measure in which she was deeply interested. At the moment her view is shared by multitudes of people who overlook the fact that occasional obstruction may be outweighed by continual performance. The truth is that an observer can find in the personnel and proceedings

of the Senate of the United States the very thing that he is looking for. There is enough mediocrity among Senators, enough perversity in their doings, and enough that is exasperating in their methods to satisfy the critic who needs only a modicum of truth to justify an arraignment which on the whole is false. Most Senators are able and patriotic. Most of what they do is wise and salutary. Most of their procedure is admirable in operation. Moreover the Senate is an essential part of our structure of government, and it is here to stay. What *is* the Senate?

The Senate is a body of men, composed of two from each sovereign State, and charged with several important duties, among which is the duty of acting as a check upon the President and upon the House of Representatives. The Senate is a court for the trial of impeachments; but happily it is seldom necessary for it to discharge this function. The Senate can originate most kinds of legislation; but all that it can do in that regard can also be done by the House. Its function as a check upon executive and legislative action is its most distinctive function. This means that the Senate can seldom enjoy popularity. To reject a treaty or a nomination submitted by a popular President is an ungracious task. To obstruct or defeat legislative measures approved by the most numerous branch of the Congress is to invite



wide-spread criticism and protest. If, however, Senators fail to think for themselves or fail to carry their thought into action, they are not giving the Constitution of the United States a square deal. Their independent thought and action is essential to its integrity.

A body which can thus assert itself in almost every important transaction of government is necessarily an influential body. Even if never loved and seldom liked it must always be reckoned with. The constitutional functions of the Senate were intended by the framers to be performed by men of marked characteristics. They were to be few in number. They were to represent the States, as such. They were to have long terms. They were to be such men as a legislature might choose, even if they were not "good mixers", and would fare badly in a popularity contest. It was altogether in keeping with this conception that Senators, as individuals, should develop a tendency to take themselves rather seriously. Unrestricted debate necessarily had its place in such a scheme. Even the use of unlimited debate as a weapon for obstruction was natural enough in a body whose very existence was a standing invitation to self-assertion.

Senators are still few in number. They still have six year terms. But they must now be the kind of men who can win in a State-wide primary and in a general election. Moreover, their procedure is expected to be such as to facilitate action and to make obstruction impossible. The Senate of to-day best pleases the country when it converts itself into an additional cylinder in the executive and legislative engine and becomes an accelerator instead of a brake. The woman whom I quoted in my opening paragraph is not interested in brakes. She wants to step on the gas.

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Visitors in the Senate gallery gaze down upon the Chamber somewhat as their like in big cities are wont to gaze by the hour into the excavation for a big building. Down in the excavation the individual Senators, each according to his temperament, are obviously more or less sensible of the presence of a cloud of witnesses. Those who have the capacity to entertain the gallery are constantly tempted to perform. Those who lack this capacity

are frankly contemptuous of their performing colleagues. All this is obvious even to the casual observer. It is, however, by no means easy for him to perceive what is back of it all. If a spirited debate is in progress or if a record vote is being taken it is simple enough. If, however, a solitary Senator is monotonously reading a speech to empty chairs the visitor wonders, not why the chairs are empty, but how the speaker has the nerve to persist. The visitor should reflect that the speaker's reward comes after the magic of the official stenographers and of the Government Printing Office has turned out a neat pamphlet containing his words of wisdom. The pamphlet is then secured by him in quantity and at very moderate cost and is franked through the mail to the Senator's more or less appreciative constituency. There are three possibilities in the incident. It may help his chances of reelection. It may prove a costly political blunder. It may merely augment that mountain of unread printed matter which hopeful advertisers and long-suffering taxpayers are always coöperating to pile up.

If a proposed Act of Congress is under discussion, the visitor may feel sure that the measure has already had a long preliminary history. Either a member of the House or a Senator has had an idea. It was the child of his own intellect, or he has agreed to father the intellectual offspring of another. That other may be the head of an executive department of the Federal Government eager for needed legislation, or an important group of constituents who readily identify their desires with the public good, or the indefatigable executive secretary of a single-track organization which has reduced its hobby to legislative form and has given the Congressman or Senator no peace till he has consented to start the bill on its legislative journey.

Before reaching the Senate calendar the measure, if it be a House Bill, must of course have passed the House and must have been "messaged" to the Senate by the dignified House Clerk who suddenly appears at the doorway opposite the Chair, and who as suddenly disappears after handing the document to the equally ceremonious Senate Clerk. Whether it is a House Bill or a Senate Bill that is under debate, it must have been referred to the appropriate Senate Committee where its period of incubation may have been tranquil or turbulent and brief or prolonged. Once

reported out by order of the Committee, it has appeared upon the Senate Calendar. Optimistic friends accordingly look for prompt passage. The more sophisticated shake their heads. There are many more bills on the calendar than can be considered and acted upon. Some system of priorities must be resorted to. The majority party, responsible for the organization and functioning of the Senate, must through its steering committee report a suggested order of immediacy and importance. The bill which our visitor is observing must have commended itself to the steering committee, or else the Senate itself, by a majority vote or by unanimous consent, must have agreed to begin its consideration. At any rate it is now before the Senate, and speeches for and against it are being made.

Perhaps the bill is one favored by a majority of the Senate. Perhaps it has been considered in party conference by Republican Senators or by Democratic Senators. Possibly the Republicans have determined to support it and the Democrats to oppose it. The hopes of the parents of the measure now run high; the supporters are clearly in the majority: the bill will surely pass. Again the more sophisticated smile at this assurance, for they have perhaps scented a minority filibuster. This means that a resolute minority have agreed among themselves to talk the bill to death. They accordingly inform our visitor that the bill is likely never to reach a vote.

While our visitor waits with interest to see whether or not a filibuster against the bill will actually develop, it may be worth while to remind him of the vast amount of work which has been done upon the measure by the Committee which has had it in hand. It will be little short of tragic if all this work goes for nothing. These standing committees, thirty-three in number, are the agencies through which the Senate does its hardest work. When the Senate convenes each day at noon many committees have been meeting during the morning hours. Sometimes the meetings continue while the Senate is in session. Sometimes there are evening committee meetings. There are often open hearings. Subcommittees are appointed to consider and report upon particular measures. There is sometimes filibustering at the committee meetings as the result of the determination of a minority to prevent a favorable report from the committee to the Senate. The



committee chairmanships are positions of influence. They are by custom allotted to Senators of the majority party by the joint operation of the principle of seniority of service and the rule that no Senator shall be chairman of more than one committee at a time. The seniority principle is often challenged. Here, as always, it would be better if possible to substitute an ideal system which should always result in the choice of the best man. The practical question, however, is whether the frictionless operation of seniority is not on the whole to be preferred to a free-for-all contest in which success might readily perch on the banner of a lovable incompetent or of a liberal maker of political promises.

While the debate proceeds the visitor may notice that the Senators present treat their colleagues with varying degrees of respect. He may be led to inquire what makes a Senator influential. Influential Senators derive their influence from several sources. The most productive of these sources, however, is undoubtedly faithful and intelligent attention to committee work. The man who knows his subject commands the attention and respect of his colleagues whether he has or has not the qualities that make the headliner.

Committee assignments are sufficiently varied to insure to each Senator a wide range of interest. I take my own case as typical. The work of the Committee on Banking and Currency requires attention to many phases of national finance. The Committee on Naval Affairs is constantly at work on the legislative end of the nation's naval problem. The Committee on the Library is concerned with the treasures of the Library of Congress and with the art of the Capitol. The Committee on Foreign Relations is constantly occupied with a study of the dozens of treaties which the President through the State Department is always negotiating with other nations. The Senate Committee on Revision of the Laws is charged, in coöperation with the House Committee, with the heavy responsibility of assembling, in a single volume for convenient reënactment, all the general legislations of Congress since 1789. As Chairman of the Committee on Printing I must specialize on the Government Printing Office, the greatest printing enterprise in the world. Each Senator must be informed to some extent about the work of committees other than his own. It follows that the life of a Senator who takes his job

seriously is not lacking in intellectual variety. For him there is no leisure.

A working Senator's most difficult problem is to utilize scraps of time and to remain serene amid constant interruptions. My colleague, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, expressed it by saying that a Senator is expected to do simultaneously the work of a college professor and of a bell-hop. Visitors from one's own State are numerous, if the State is large and near at hand. They are, and ought to be welcome; for, after all, the visit is a compliment to their Senators. When a Senator leaves the floor upon receiving a visitor's card he may find that the call is purely social, or that the visitor covets a seat in the Senators' gallery, or is the bearer of an invitation to speak at a banquet, or desires to press for action on a pending bill, or is willing to make the supreme sacrifice involved in accepting a salaried job. Often the visitor is the representative, paid or unpaid, of an organization which exists to promote or to obstruct a particular measure. The number of organizations of this sort is very great. They maintain a steady and, occasionally, an effective pressure upon those whom they select as hopeful prospects. Calls to the long-distance telephone in the cloak-room come many times a day. So do requests from newspaper men to repair to the appointed trysting place outside the chamber and there answer interrogatories respecting a pending bill, a proposed speech, a rumored appointment, or the reason for a visit, paid or to be paid, to a Cabinet Officer or to the White House. There are days when it is literally impossible to remain in one's place in the Senate for as many as five consecutive minutes. A Congressman is a privileged visitor, and it is an agreeable part of a Senator's duty to discuss with him some pending measure in which both are interested, or some matter of political concern in the State from which both of them come. Colleagues stop as they pass one's chair to make a request or drop a summons to the cloak-room for consultation. When there is a momentary lull in the interruptions the Presiding Officer, seeing that you are in your place, may send a request that you take the Chair for a while, in order that he himself may keep an engagement.

In addition to the committee meetings there are the party conferences and caucuses. If a caucus, it is understood that all who participate will subsequently act on the floor of the Senate

in accordance with the majority vote in the caucus. By the action of a conference nobody is bound. The Democratic Senators make large use of the caucus. Meetings of Republican Senators are nothing more than conferences. There is too much independence of thought and action among Republicans to permit of the use of the caucus by them.

The Senator's office is his work-shop. To each Senator rooms are assigned in the Senate Office Building. The assigning body is the Committee on Rules, which applies the seniority principle in allotting rooms of varying degrees of desirability. Each committee chairmanship carries an additional room, or suite of rooms, and these committee rooms are for the most part in the Capitol. The way in which the Senator's office is run is, of course, determined by his previous training and by the volume of his business. The office of a Senator from a large State is besieged daily by callers. The mail is heavy, running up to several hundred letters a day during the sessions of Congress, and maintaining a considerable volume all the year round. The Government allowances made for secretarial service and clerk hire are wholly inadequate to meet the expenses of such an office. There are Senators who lay out twice the amount of their salaries in keeping their offices up to a standard of reasonable business efficiency.

In his office the Senator begins his day. Reading and answering such of the mail as his secretary submits to him and receiving callers keeps him busy till half past ten when there is usually a committee meeting or party conference. After this he goes to the floor of the Senate, the Senate remaining in session until, say, five o'clock. When the pressure of business is especially great the Senate sessions may continue throughout the evening and into the night. After a session of normal length there are more visitors to see and the mail to sign. I deem it a short day if I get away from the office by six. The evening is marked either by preparation of a speech or of a committee report or by attendance on some formal social function.

One of the interesting phases of a Senator's life is its opportunity for contact with the members of the Cabinet, of the Diplomatic Corps, and with the President. Apart from visits paid in company with constituents who have various reasons for calling, there are many occasions for visits of a more or less formal sort.



There are constant contacts between the Senator's office and each executive department and with the diplomatic representatives of other governments. The President is wont to consult the Senators from a State in which an appointment to office is about to be made, if it happens that the Senators are of his party. A Senator desiring to press a constituent upon the President's attention with a view to appointment calls on the President for that purpose. Occasionally the President sends for the members of a committee with a view to conference. There are informal breakfasts at the White House to which groups of Senators and Representatives are invited and, at stated intervals, formal evening receptions. Senators differ in the frequency of their calls upon the President. Speaking generally, it is a serious handicap for a Senator to get the reputation of constantly running to the President with his problems, or out of a desire to pose as one of his confidential advisers. It is somewhat like the college student who after class tries to cultivate relations with the professor in the hope that thereby his chances of academic salvation will be the better. In the case of a shrewd observer like President Coolidge, such a course undoubtedly appeals to his sense of humor but is most unlikely to achieve the senatorial purpose.

While the two Houses are entirely distinct in organization and operation there are frequent contacts between a Senator and members of the House of Representatives. He may be from time to time a conferee on the part of the Senate respecting the legislation as to which the Houses are in disagreement. He may have occasion to consult the chairman or members of the House Committee corresponding to his own. He may be the chairman of a joint committee of the two Houses. The Congressmen from his own State have close personal and official relations with him both in connection with political matters at home and legislation pending in Congress. A State is fortunate when the relations between its Senators and its Congressmen are such that together they do team-work in its interest.

Of course a most agreeable part of the Senator's life is his daily association with his colleagues. There is enough of the boy left in even the oldest Senator to give to the Senate something of the quality of a class in school. There are a very few enmities, some temporary estrangements, many lasting friendships, and a

genuine esprit de corps. In my own case the day's work is made delightful by association with a colleague whose companionship is stimulating and whose friendship is a thing to be prized. Senators can take one another's measure with something like exactness. The respect of the Senate is a priceless possession. The contempt of the Senate would be a terrible thing to face. Death and political disaster have made wide breaches lately in the senatorial circle. In not a few instances the sense of personal loss has been so keen as to leave life for the time being gray and sombre.

I have never seen a body of equal size composed of men of such distinct types. No two Senators are alike. Differing in ability as in other things, it yet soon becomes evident in each case how the Senator happened to arrive. There are very few political accidents in the Senate. The average of ability is undoubtedly high as a man may ascertain for himself if he goes into serious conference with his colleagues or ventures into a debate with them insufficiently prepared. It is impossible to make a just comparison between Senators of to-day and those who loom large in Senate history. It is much like the attempt to measure modern lawyers against the legal giants of the past. We select a few great names and forget the abundant mediocrity. Two things are certain. One is that the problems with which Senators must nowadays wrestle have not decreased in number or complexity. The other is that the Senators to whom these problems are presented must divide their time between the task of solution and the political work essential to success in open primaries and in State-wide elections. The result is that Senators are much more closely in touch with the life of their constituents and more responsive to their will. Whether in the end this makes for better government and sounder statesmanship is a question which each citizen must answer according to his conviction. At present it is a purely academic question. The open primary and the State-wide election were necessary parts of the modern revolt against abused authority. It is too soon to affirm whether or not the change is salutary and permanent. However this may be, it is certain that the Senate is no longer Mount Olympus; but it is also true that Pennsylvania Avenue is a very different thoroughfare from Main Street.



## THE HOME LIFE OF A FISH

WILLIAM BEEBE

**I** HAD made probably forty submersions in my diving helmet, and on my last ascent sat shiveringly on the dripping thwart and with water-wrinkled fingers scrawled damp notes on what I had seen. About this time I became obsessed with an unendurable impatience, when I thought how relatively little of cohesive value I had obtained during my two score descents; what slight correlation I had observed among all the submarine activities. I tried to parallel that day's notes with corresponding items which a Martian, dropped into Fifth Avenue or Regent Street, might glean in a few minutes' time:

Descended eighteen feet and sat on a volcanic block as large as an automobile, covered with great round patches of orange and purple sponge; little fish swam curiously around me and dived into grottos just out of reach. I could not move about much for there were patches of long-spined sea-urchins everywhere. A school of small lady-fish and wrasse came to a bit of crab-meat which I held. Twice a great hieroglyphic fish poked his head out of his crevice and rolled his

Landed on the edge of a machine as large as a small ether-cycle, with glaring posters of strange, beautiful women plastered on its side; news-boys crowded around, and swarms of people dashed into holes in the ground and poured out of places called Exits. There were spikes on the top of a park wall and "Keep Off" signs so I could not walk about freely. A curious old man opened a window and peered down at me once or twice. Two lovely ladies passed but



eyes up at me, and then a golden grouper swam slowly by, like a wandering ray of the sun. A fish new to me was a large wrasse, green in color, with two longitudinal black lines, broken up into elongated dashes. A tiger shark watched me suspiciously, and came so near that I stood up and took hold of the ladder, although I knew I had really nothing of which to be afraid.

did not look at me. One of them had on a most wonderful sea green dress shot with glints of wine color, which came and went in the murky sunlight. A little distance away a policeman watched me intently, and then came toward me with such evident suspicion, that I rose slowly, yawned, stretched, and walked slowly away.

Observations such as these, while having an accumulative value when sufficiently numerous, give little or no idea of a complete picture. My Martian might better have concentrated on some artisan or laborer or any interesting person whose dress and actions and general life revealed some fundamental purpose, or method or reason of existence, — of reasonable relationship to all the host of objective phenomena which composed his environment.

I made up my mind that the next time I dived, I would bring back the image of a personality, the *raison d'être* of some fish. That afternoon the first fish which caught my eye when I reached the bottom rung of the ladder was a yellow-tailed surgeon-fish, and I seized upon him to point my moral and adorn my tale. It was a literal seizing for I harpooned him forthwith and carried him up to the well in the boat. He was one of about seven or eight hundred which were so busy grazing that they paid no attention to the abstraction of their comrade. These blue cows, as we called them, are fish from a foot to eighteen inches long, weighing from one to four pounds, and are by far the most abundant of this medium-sized class. Their bodies are very deep and compressed, like most of the surgeon-fishes, and their thick pouting lips and protuberant eyes make them look absurdly like some stout people I see from time to time.

Ninety years ago Valenciennes named this fish *Prionurus laticlavius*, but the exigencies of priority demanded a shift, and to-day it is known as *Xesurus laticlavius*. It is an appropriate name, and freely translated it means the Side-striped Scraping Tail.

They are a uniform slaty-blue in color with two broad bands of black. The tail is bright greenish yellow, and a streak of this color reaches forward beyond the base, outlining on the sides the three

poisonous, file-like spines. The great numbers of these fish show that they are successful wagers of life, and their conspicuous pattern and coloring combined with their absolute fearlessness indicate that they have some adequate defense against the creatures on every side, who would gladly devour them. The mouth is absurdly small, with wholly inadequate teeth as far as biting is concerned, so as to the method of defense these submarine cows are on a par with the grazers of the land. They have no long, strong tail to lash, nor have they the static defense of the funny little box fish, and their flesh is not at all poisonous, but delicious eating, as we proved more than once. So we must fall back upon their caudal armature as the crux of the matter.

Much has been written about these "murderous, poisonous" spines, but as far as I know no definite experiments have been made as to the latter quality. In the first place the defense of our *Xesurus* is comparable rather to irregular, sharp-ridged, hooked files than to spines, so that there is no possible chance of actually disabling any assailant large enough to kill and eat them. Even the force of numbers can be of little avail in any initial attack, and eight hundred *Xesuri* crowding about an attacking shark or barracuda could do little more direct harm than to hamper his movements and partly smother him.

I made four experiments to prove the venomous quality of the mucous about the spine or of any liquid which might be operative in connection with it, and I obtained decidedly positive results. I took a live *Xesurus* and, armed with thick gloves, I bent its tail slightly around and rasped the sharp files against the scales of three species of fish, one a much larger form, *Seriola dorsalis*, and two smaller than the surgeon-fish, a *Pomacentrus arcifrons* and an *Evoplites viridis*, both of which live in the same locality as the *Xesurus*. I had no large carnivorous fish, but it is unlikely that the results would have been different. In each case I had a number of other individuals of the same species, as controls, all living well in our aquariums. I watched the fish carefully, but after the excitement was over, due to my taking them from the tank, I saw no symptoms of discomfort, the abrasions themselves being quite negligible. The following morning all of the four subjects of the experiment were dead, their fellows, without exception,

being still in perfect health. There was a slight discoloration of the flesh about the slight rasped wound, but no other lesions.

In the case of a butterfly protected by nauseous juices, every inexperienced bird and lizard has probably to catch and taste for himself, — the race of butterflies winning immunity at the sacrifice of one of their number. Turning to the life and death problem of *Xesurus*, from a general point of view there seem to be only three methods of correlating the various possibilities and factors. Corresponding with the case of the butterfly and the lizard, we must first imagine every shark and barracuda, moray and grouper, as taking toll for himself, and furthermore assume that the action of the spines and poison is, in their case, only an exceedingly disagreeable and distasteful, not a fatal, one; or, second, we must believe that every assailant is poisoned and dies immediately, when the result would be simply how soon all the sharks and groupers would be dead from eating surgeon-fish; or, third, we may imagine an instinctive knowledge of the dangerous qualities of the yellow tails on the part of sharks and others, induced by the gradual elimination of *Xesuriphagus* individuals.

Once the tremendous interest of this problem became apparent, I was always on the lookout for some hint of a bout between these grazing cows and their enemies, but never did I see a menace or a defense. Their lives were lived calmly, with dignity, and wholly superior to the terrors and fears which marked the movements, the activities, and the habits of most of the fish around them.

Our name of cows was given because of their everlasting grazing, nibbling, nibbling, nibbling at the plant and animal fodder which covers the rocks. The habit of going in such enormous schools, and crowding closely together made them a spectacular feature of every island where I dived, and their manoeuvres were astounding. Several hundred approached, swimming slowly along, when, as if at a signal, all would stop, and if over a rather flat bottom would up-end like ducks and begin to graze. From a long, crowded mass of blue fish, they changed, as one, to an army of banners, — a maze of fluttering, golden flags, all crowded close, all furling and unfurling, lighting up the flat spot where the surgeons fed, as a clump of goldenrod will catch and glorify a sun's beam and toss it back to rejoice our eyes.



They were the most fearless of all the fish of these waters, and when a few moved over to look at me one by one all the rest shifted, and the first had to move on if only to make room for the scores pressing up. Once when I was surrounded by a herd of yellow tails I chose a comfortable seat and deliberately studied their architecture with appraising eyes. Every line and profile and character seemed a perfect adaptation to their feeding habits. The high, compressed body almost surrounded by fins, with an extremely mobile, caudal peduncle, allowing the tail to turn at right angles to the body, all helped to sustain or to shift the fish quickly against the surge or to hold it steady while the grazing went on. I never realized so fully the stiff, immobile quality of the whole body of the fish. It could roll its eyes, twist its tail, and bend very slightly, but the teeth and jaws were without other than vertical movement. The entire lack of a neck made it necessary for every fin to help with each bite, pressing and holding it firmly while the teeth scraped and closed, then drawing back slightly while the food was ingested and swallowed, immediately shifting slightly to one side or below, and ahead again for another scrape.

The teeth were perfectly adapted to their work, — remarkable little scraping machines which cleaned the growths from the rocks as a hoe cuts the weeds from sod. They are the strangest looking teeth in the world and at first glance recall a double row of the tiny ivory hands on long sticks which the Japanese carve so exquisitely. Under the careful scrutiny of a lens, another absurd, and this time a perfect, simile forces itself upon me. There are nine on each side, both above and below, thirty-six in all, and to the smallest curve they are not like hands but feet, — thirty-six little soles, with five well-graduated toes on the tip of each, a graceful in-curving arch, and a delicate heel.

The comparative lack of enemies of the *Xesuri* seems to be accounted for, in part at least, by the very considerable variation existing among them. In a large school I saw some which were exceedingly deep in the body, and others a full third lower; the lateral line might be present or absent, and comparison of pectoral fins of different fish showed very marked variations in size and outline. Fish which live very strenuous lives, whose numbers are kept down to low limits, and which are beset by

numerous enemies, exhibit little variation from the normal, — they keep to the narrow, sharp line of sheer existence, and every character tells. Any latitude in one or another direction might well wipe out the whole race.

Again and again they came to the crab meat, but I never saw them nibble at it. The attraction seemed only that of curiosity, — they were like city strangers looking through the window of an automat. They fed at all hours. Twice at night, by the aid of a water glass and my electric flash in shallow water, I have seen a small school scraping away as though it were day or at least moonlight. In this non-curtailement of meal hours they differed widely from carnivorous fish and resembled their dietetic relatives, — sheep and cows.

Once, and once only, I took one on a small hook, baited with crab meat, so I suspected they were not wholly vegetarian in their scrapings. I sought confirmation in the examination of a number of stomachs. About sixty per cent contained solid masses of green, succulent algae, and in the others there were in addition bits of rock and shell, and remains of crabs, shrimps, sea-urchins, worms, and all the odds and ends of animal life which find shelter in the short seaweed fur of the rock surfaces.





*The Story of "The Homecoming" was told the author by a Norman fisherman. Ghosts, of course, cannot cross water*



## THE HOMECOMING

**I**N Normandy on All-Saints' night  
The fishing boats are always light  
Of nets and tackle, and they stand  
Sterns against the darkening land.  
All the crews in silence sit  
About the time the stars are lit;  
All their eyes are out to sea,  
Nor landward would they look, were she,  
Mary Mother of fishing men,  
Coming crowned to hail them then.

When the petals of old day  
Are showered down the West away,  
The boats begin to settle low  
In the water, and the slow  
Bells in far towns murmur deep,  
Speak to God, and fall asleep.  
The water rises to the rails,  
A lonely breeze fills out the sails;  
But not a living man would turn  
To see who crowd from waist to stern.

They are the soldiers bound for home . . .  
The boats move out, the starlit foam  
Is under every bow, a sound,  
As though a great host sang around  
A corner of the world, comes clear  
As England rises near and near.  
Such singing can bring down the tears  
Or snow young hairs with many years.  
Under the cliffs the swift boats flock  
To land before the crowing cock.

They are bound home for Devon lanes  
And April's opalescent rains,  
Hampshire calls them, high with trees,  
The summer honey of the breeze  
Of Kent. These men returning late  
All dear English things await,  
The lark that goes to meet the sun,  
Rooks that tell the day is done,  
Candles under the thatch that flower,  
And peace below each ancient tower.

— *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

# THE YOUTH OF HAVELOCK ELLIS

ISAAC GOLDBERG

**T**O his many admirers in the United States, Havelock Ellis seems to have been born into artistic maturity. There are, apparently, no early works, no "periods". Conversely, he seems never to have aged. There is, indeed, in his pages an ageless wisdom, like himself nurtured in our day and generation, yet transcending the limits of a single epoch. His writings, for those who have steeped themselves in that rich and varied lore, have become a mellow presence rather than a collection that dates; by that same token they are for to-morrow as well as for to-day.

Yet Ellis, like the world, once too was young; he wrote his many poems, his little novel, and made a rare attempt at musical composition as an outlet for his inexpressible emotions. If his readers, not in America alone but in his native England, have not been wont to think of him as young, it is largely because he himself has, until recent days, withheld from public gaze the work of his youth. Yet *Kanga Creek*, published in 1922 just as it had been written more than thirty years before, showed no signs of immaturity; and the sonnets that comprise half of the recent book of poems, printed without revision exactly as they were set down between Ellis's seventeenth and twenty-fifth years, make a remarkable epitome of the life and labors to which they were the prelude. Similarly, the illuminating episode on conversion in the chapter on Religion in *The Dance of Life* goes back to the author's later 'teens in Australia. Something of the reticence that characterized him as a youngster seems to have made him hesitant about printing his early pieces in a book. Then, too, he had formed the conviction that to publish before thirty was to risk immaturity. Living strictly up to this ideal, he did not issue his own first works until 1889, the year of both *The New Spirit* and *The Criminals*.

If little is yet known about his youthful writings, still less is to be had concerning his ancestry. Here again, a certain leisureliness seems to have conspired with reticence. The Ellis family, though in possession of many documents, does not appear to have done much investigation into its origin. Ellis himself, in

fact, until his fortieth year shared in this indifference. Yet just as the youthful poems proclaim with an almost uncanny prescience the aims and accomplishments of the man, so in his ancestry do we find strains and traditions that may unconsciously have influenced him and in a measure determined the nature of his pursuits.

Havelock Ellis was born on February 2, 1859, at Croydon, Surrey, in a little flint-built house close to its olden church; he was the first child and the only boy in the family, being followed by four girls. His father, Edward Peppen Ellis, was thirty-two at the time; his mother, born Susannah Mary Wheatley, was three years younger. Through both, similarly, he came into remoter strains that reached into ecclesiastical and scholastic careers. Strangely enough, though he is ancestrally an Englishman in the very narrowest sense, tracing his descent back along various lines through the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, Ellis himself has been taken frequently for a member of some other race. Thus, though there is no definite indication of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, or Cornish ancestors, he has been asked in Paris whether he were Russian or Flemish. Even Russians in England have mistaken him, from his appearance, for one of their own. "Have you Norse blood?" someone asked him only the other day. "You have the air of a Viking." That he looks like a sailor is an old story. Indeed, regarding himself as a typical Englishman in the most restricted sense, he would qualify that statement by adding, Englishman of the sea, not of the land.

Edward Peppen Ellis was born of a father who devoted his life to officialdom in the London Docks; all the sons were in the Docks, too, except Edward. In his youth considered as the flower of the flock, he chose to go to sea, and the sea he followed for fifty years. None of your modern steamships for him; he captained the sailing vessel of the good old tradition. He was a simple, lovable, genial personality, retaining almost to the end a vigorous health. "I have had a good innings," he said to his son Havelock when, in 1914, he felt that his life's voyage was drawing to a close. A good innings, indeed; dying, he was far more concerned for the suffering in the trenches than for his own spent self.

Ellis's mother was the daughter of a sea-captain who had given up the sea at the earnest solicitation of his wife. In this sailor



family were many soldiers, too. The only brother of his mother had set forth on his first voyage and never was heard of more. "Never marry a sailor!" old Wheatley would say to his daughter. Yet that was just what she did, rejecting all other suitors. She might, at the time, have taken for her motto one of the Spanish folk songs that Ellis has translated in his latest book *Sonnets and Folk Songs*:

*My father was a sailor,  
My brother a sailor was he,  
And the man who would be my lover  
A sailor must he be.*

Ellis's parents were persons of singularly beautiful character; his debt to them is immense. They could hardly be said, however, to possess intellectual instincts. The sea-captain's only reading in poetry was Pope; the mother, who adhered to the Evangelical school of the English church, brought up her boy as a devout Christian. The wisdom of this couple, then, was such as is learned of experience rather than out of books. Intellectually, but intellectually only, Ellis is far more the child of his father's father and his mother's mother. His paternal grandfather seems to have reacted from a large family, and from a wife who could not rise far above the numerous demands made upon her by this excessive domesticity, in the direction of a vast scientific and intellectual curiosity; he had a slight taste for art, too, and was of an inventive mind. Ellis's maternal grandmother, who died thirty years before Havelock was born, may have had an even greater influence upon him. The only girl of a large family, she was adored by her brothers. She had a large and successful girls' school in a beautiful old home just outside of London; it was only recently destroyed. Marrying when she was well over thirty, she continued her educational activities until her death some years later. Fond of books, she had a real intellectual taste; her library included not merely the English and French titles of the curriculum, but works from both these literatures chosen with personal independence. It was in these books, handed down through his parents, that Ellis as a boy discovered new worlds. Some of them he still cherishes. About this lady there was nothing of the schoolmarm; of great charm and vivacity, she mingled in society, was fond of dress, and even was something of a woman of fashion. Her personality made a vivid and lasting impression upon Ellis.

The only exception to the statement that there is, in Ellis, none but English blood, is found in the Peppen family. On both the paternal and maternal sides Ellis has a great-grandmother who was a Peppen. The name is the same as Pepyn or Pepin, found in northern France and Flanders; it was preserved in the family, as we may see from the middle name of Ellis's father. Early in the sixteenth century the Peppens were already to be found on the Suffolk coast; just when they crossed from the Continent is not known. In Suffolk they remained, following chiefly the Church from father to son, until the eighteenth century, when they died out in the male line. The name Havelock comes to Ellis through his great-grandfather Wheatley, who married a Havelock. His grandfather thus became first cousin to the English hero, Sir Henry Havelock, after whom Ellis was named by his mother. So naming her child, however, Mrs. Ellis had in mind not the military exploits of the man, but his lofty character and religious nature. In boyhood, the future Sir Henry had revealed his intellectual leanings, for he was early nicknamed "the Philosopher"; to Ellis himself that nickname came much later in life.

I have mentioned the colorless paternal grandmother of Ellis. Her own mother, however, married to a prosperous yeoman-farmer in the Isle of Wight, of the name of Gray, was a remarkable woman who stands out from the other near ancestors of Ellis. Despite the huge family that she tended, she was by nature a sort of mystic. Lacking the culture of the schools, she nevertheless worked out for herself ways of independent thinking and feeling that linked her to the processes of mysticism. A little biography of her was published after her death. Going farther back, Ellis traces his descent, through both father and mother, to a host of seventeenth and eighteenth century churchmen. There were, for example, the Keble brothers, William and Richard, who belonged to the days of Charles I. The one an ecclesiastic, the other a lawyer, they took opposite sides in the struggle between King and Parliament; each adhered to his party out of a stout independence, regardless of personal fortunes. William, indeed, paid heavily for his Royalism; he was persecuted, robbed, and driven out of his living, yet does not seem to have harbored any vindictive feelings. He died just before the Restoration, and his funeral sermon was preached by the noted Puritan divine, Fairfax. His

brother became an eminent judge; when the Lord Chancellorship was abolished he was appointed a Commissioner of the Privy Seal.

William's daughter Susannah married a Peppen. The Peppens intermarried with the Powles, thus bringing into Ellis's ancestry, again on both sides, another group of churchmen; among these, but not himself in the church, was Paul, a troublesome, if interesting, personality, who at least was excommunicated for simony. His descendant, Susannah Powle, married Richard Peppen; their son, Powle Peppen, an inconspicuous farmer, had two daughters, the one noted for beauty as the other was for cleverness. The beauty married an Oliver of Bury St Edmonds, the wit married an Ellis of Sudbury; each thus became a great-grandmother to Havelock Ellis. It is interesting to note that one of the Ellises, who were substantial burgesses of Sudbury where they had long been settled, had owned the Sudbury Inn, later brought into the *Pickwick Papers* by Dickens and standing until recently. The Ellises were not a churchly people; they belonged, incidentally, to the same chapel with the family of the painter, Gainsborough, and were closely associated with them.

Ellis, then, is on each side half of old Suffolk stock; of the remaining two quarters, the paternal quarter is old Isle of Wight stock, and the maternal, old Durham. In this combination the Danish and Scandinavian elements preponderate. Ellis himself regards the Suffolk stocks, found on both sides, as being especially deep and influential in his constitution. It is not a question of environment, as these ancestors left Suffolk two generations ago. Against any influence of tradition, Ellis would without doubt have rebelled; at any rate, his family had forgotten its own history. He has expressed these varying ancestral forces in his own independent manner. Thus the religious strain has turned upon itself in an analysis of the religious spirit; thus the blood of the seafarers has, in his veins, urged him on to adventure in spiritual seas.

Early circumstances made of Ellis a shy and bookish child. With no brothers and only younger sisters, he was thrust much upon his own resources. At the age of six he is already a seafarer, sailing under the captaincy of his father to Sydney, Australia, upon the American-built ship, *The Empress*. They left Queens-town, Ireland, with a cargo of two Bishops and a great number of priests and nuns; to one of these, whom Ellis still remembers



as pretty sister Agnes, the teaching of little Havelock was entrusted during the voyage, so that by a smiling irony his education may be said to have begun in a floating convent. Between her ministrations and the kindly interest of an intelligent German steward, who showed him fascinatingly illustrated books on natural history, the child was richly entertained, while he found in the ship's library and read with joy Hans Andersen and Marryat's *Masterman Ready*.

From Sydney the course was turned to far-away Peru, — to Callac and the Chincha islands for guano, where, as Ellis has told in an essay on Joseph Conrad, he and a fellow navigator of the same age went exploring among the rocks in a dinghy for starfish. A day with his father in Lima introduced him to the first of the great foreign cities that he was to see; the impression proved ineffaceable, and we may well discover here the beginning of that intense interest in things Spanish which in time created *The Soul of Spain*. Another vast leg of the voyage brought him to Antwerp, thus concluding a twelve months' cruise. Here Ellis first set foot upon Continental Europe; here, more memorably, he paid his first visit to a circus.

He might have had a worse preparation for his schooling as a day-boy in London, where he pursued his studies up to his twelfth year. There was no precocious interest in sex, such as might have been expected in view of his later investigations; long before this arrived, his fondness for books had been definitely established. Already in his early school days he was making attempts to write; very soon he had concluded his Opus 1, a little book entitled *The Precious Stones of the Bible*. What could have been the motive behind this juvenile ambition? The subject came to him spontaneously; the books available to him for such research were few. The likeliest explanation is that his inborn abilities were reaching out tentatively for expression. I am sure it is not without significance that this childish work sought to gather into a unified collection what had till then existed in a scattered state. Look forward to that beautiful book *The Dance of Life*; what, indeed, has Ellis done there if not to collect the precious stones of life itself, which for most of us lie scattered aimlessly in the blurred pages of the puzzling text, and arrayed them in a new beauty that derives from the unity of the separate juxtaposed beauties? *The*

*Precious Stones of the Bible* is a characteristic literary beginning; in it the sensitive child established his first contact with scholarship.

There was a love-affair at the age of twelve, — a remote, idealized passion, — the pangs of which sought solace in verse. Ellis's sonnets, however, belong to a later lustrum; in the meantime he was occupied rather with the problems of religious adjustment. He was never that anomaly, a "pious" child. He gave little or no thought to a personal God. What interested him immensely, — and here again we come upon an early forecast of his later investigations in psychology, — was the problem of living the religious life. By religious life he understood, even then, not the rigmarole of ritual, but that broad, unsectarian adjustment of self to the universe which finds its fulfilment in truth, honor, and unselfishness.

He early became interested in music. He avers that he played badly, yet Beethoven's Sonatas were often at his finger tips. At eighteen, out of dissatisfaction with his playing, he gave it up. Music itself, however, remained with him deeply. His sonnet on "The Unfinished Symphony", written in 1883, merges the poet, the musician, the mystic, the psychologist, and the biologist that are Ellis in a harmonious blend. The hero of *Kanga Creek*, which is partly autobiographical, is not only a poet who shouts verses to the winds, but also a passionate lover of music. Does not one of Ellis's greatest works conceive, too, of life as a glorious Dance?

*I shudder at the awful airs that flow  
 Across my soul; I hear crushed hopes that wail,  
 And flutter their brief wings, and sudden fail,  
 Wild tender cries that sing and dance and go  
 In wonderful sweet troops. I cannot know  
 What rends within my soul what unseen veil,  
 And tells anew what strangely well-known tale  
 Of infinite gladness and of infinite woe.  
 Was I long since thrust forth from Heaven's door  
 Where in that music I had borne my part?  
 Or had this symphony its birth before  
 The pulse of Nature turned to laws of Art?  
 O what familiar voice, from what far shore,  
 Calls to a voice that answers in my heart!*

Ellis, who was educated privately and never attended a college, went into teaching at the age of sixteen quite by accident. It had

been decided to send him, for the sake of his health, on another voyage to Australia under the captaincy of his father. Not that there was any active disease; it was simply thought, — and, as later results showed, very wisely, — that the Australian climate would make him more robust. Inasmuch as emigrants were being carried, no passengers could be taken; wherefore Ellis was entered on the ship's articles as "captain's clerk". At Sydney, however, Havelock was left behind; Calcutta, for which the vessel was bound, struck the ship's doctor as being a place unfavorable to the boy's constitution. A friend of his father found a post for him as assistant master in a school, where he remained for a few months before going to Carcoar. We find him tutoring in a family of the Bush; in 1877 he has a private school of his own; the following year he is at Sparkes Creek, New South Wales, — the *Kanga Creek* of his short novel, — in charge of a government school under the Board of Education.

Here it is that his poetic instincts find fruition, and that his nature undergoes the conversion described so graphically in the chapter on Religion in *The Dance of Life*. It was at Sparkes Creek that the idea of studying medicine occurred to Ellis, as if by sudden inspiration. Already the scheme of working out the sex problem had been planned, but there had been no thought of medical studies as a preliminary. One evening, as he lay on his back on one of the hard forms of his little schoolroom, he came upon that passage in Ellice Hopkins's *Life and Letters of James Hinton* wherein is chronicled the resolve of that ardent and free-ranging soul to study medicine. Like a flash it came over Ellis that this, too, was what he must do. He leapt up from the bench as if an electric shock had passed through him. From that moment the issue was decided. Here he was, without money, without any special aptitude for the profession, and surely without any particular desire to earn his living in such a way. What had appealed to him, then, was the necessity of a biological foundation for the work that he had chosen as one of his major interests. As it proved, that training was absolutely essential. As soon as it had served its purpose he dropped it.

Back in London, Ellis entered upon his medical studies in the St Thomas's Hospital. An occasional poem shows that he had not yet utterly abandoned Erato for Aesculapius. He felt clearly,



however, that medicine was not his vocation, as did his new friend, Olive Schreiner, whose acquaintance he had made some time in the year 1884. Perhaps the youthful author of *The Story of an African Farm* perceived this all the more clearly since she herself had wavered between letters and medicine. Writing to him on the 29th of July, 1884, she jumps from a consideration of Ibsen's *Ghosts* to the subject of Ellis's examinations: "How is our exam going?" she asks. "It's this dry-as-dust part of the work that must be so horrible, especially, you see, if you don't think in your future life of making the practise of medicine the central point, — and I feel most distinctly that your 'call' is to literature, just as mine was, in spite of my medical longing.

Hinton's influence at this time was considerable, although Ellis has never looked upon himself as anything like a disciple of the man. In 1882 the youth had written a pair of sonnets called "A Pioneer". That pioneer was James Hinton. It was, as we have just seen, a passage from Hinton's life that pointed out to Ellis the medical foundation of his studies. Very early in his friendship with Olive Schreiner he must have introduced the work of Hinton to her, for we find her writing to him, on June 30th, 1884, "Don't think too much of Hinton. Your nobler, many-sided self must not be crushed by him, or rather I should say warped, for it *will* not be crushed." Her fears were hardly warranted. If to-day the world, — a tiny part of it, at least, — knows Hinton, it is chiefly through the labors of Ellis and of his wife, Edith, whose last published book was devoted to his career and philosophy.

He who would know the whole Ellis should know intimately *Kanga Creek*, and more particularly, the Sonnets. In these poems, as I have said, the life-program of the man is announced with a clearness that is paralleled only by the fidelity with which he has adhered to the beautiful aspirations of his youth. Their poeticality is so much a part of his very thought-process that it has given to his prose a distinctly poetical flavor; many of the random passages in his series of *Impressions and Comments*, and even in some of his literary studies, are in all but outward form, poems. Rarely, in a modern author, has the child been so remarkably the father of the man. Age to Ellis, is a serener youth. It is a question whether our time may show a finer exemplar of what Mr. Bertrand Russell has lately called "the good life".



## THE PEARL of LOVE

H.G. WELLS

**T**HE pearl is lovelier than the most brilliant of crystalline stones, the moralist declares, because it is made through the suffering of a living creature. About that I can say nothing because I feel none of the fascination of pearls. Their cloudy lustre moves me not at all. Nor can I decide for myself upon that age-long dispute whether The Pearl of Love is the cruelest of stories or only a gracious fable of the immortality of beauty.

Both the story and the controversy will be familiar to students of mediaeval Persian prose. The story is a short one, though the commentary upon it is a respectable part of the literature of that period. They have treated it as a poetic invention, and they have treated it as an allegory meaning this, that, or the other thing. Theologians have had their copious way with it, dealing with it particularly as concerning the restoration of the body after death, and it has been greatly used as a parable by those who write about aesthetics. And many have held it to be the statement of a fact, simply and baldly true.

The story is laid in North India, which is the most fruitful soil for sublime love stories of all the lands in the world. It was in a country of sunshine and lakes and rich forests and hills and fertile

valleys; and far away the great mountains hung in the sky, peaks, crests, and ridges of inaccessible and eternal snow. There was a young Prince, lord of all the land; and he found a maiden of indescribable beauty and delightfulness, and he made her his Queen and laid his heart at her feet. Love was theirs, full of joys and sweetness, full of hope, exquisite, brave, and marvelous love, beyond anything you have ever dreamt of love. It was theirs for a year and a part of a year; and then suddenly, because of some venomous sting that came to her in a thicket, she died.

She died, and for a while the Prince was utterly prostrated. He was silent and motionless with grief. They feared he might kill himself, and he had neither sons nor brothers to succeed him. For two days and nights he lay upon his face, fasting, across the foot of the couch which bore her calm and lovely body. Then he arose and ate, and went about very quietly like one who has taken a great resolution. He caused her body to be put in a coffin of lead mixed with silver, and for that he had an outer coffin made of the most precious and scented woods wrought with gold, and about that there was to be a sarcophagus of alabaster, inlaid with precious stones. And while these things were being done, he spent his time for the most part by the pools and in the garden-houses and pavilions and groves and in those chambers in the palace where they two had been most together, brooding upon her loveliness. He did not rend his garments nor defile himself with ashes and sackcloth as the custom was, for his love was too great for such extravagances. At last he came forth again among his councilors and before the people, and told them what he had a mind to do.

He said he could never more touch women, he could never more think of them, and so he would find a seemly youth to adopt for his heir and train him to his task, and that he would do his princely duties as became him, but that for the rest of it, he would give himself with all his power and all his strength and all his wealth, all that he could command, to make a monument worthy of his incomparable, dear, lost mistress, — a building it should be of perfect grace and beauty, more marvelous than any other building had ever been or could ever be, so that to the end of time it should be a wonder, and men would treasure it and speak of it and desire to see it and come from all the lands of the earth to visit



it and recall the name and the memory of his Queen. And this building he said was to be called the Pearl of Love.

And this his councilors and people permitted him to do, and so he did.

Year followed year, and all the years he devoted himself to building and adorning the Pearl of Love. A great foundation was hewn out of the living rock in a place whence one seemed to be looking at the snowy wildernesses of the great mountain across the valley of the world. Villages and hills there were, a winding river, and very far away three great cities. Here they put the sarcophagus of alabaster beneath a pavilion of cunning workmanship; and about it there were set pillars of strange and lovely stone and wrought and fretted walls, and a great casket of masonry bearing a dome and pinnacles and cupolas, as exquisite as a jewel. At first the design of the Pearl of Love was less bold and subtle than it became later. At first it was smaller and more wrought and encrusted; there were many pierced screens and delicate clusters of rosy-hued pillars, and the sarcophagus lay like a child that sleeps among flowers. The first dome was covered with green tiles, framed and held together by silver, but this was taken away again because it seemed close, because it did not soar grandly enough for the broadening imagination of the Prince.

For by this time he was no longer the graceful youth who had loved the girl queen. He was now a man, grave and intent, wholly set upon the building of the Pearl of Love. With every year of effort he had learnt new possibilities in arch and wall and buttress; he had acquired greater power over the material he had to use, and he had learnt of a hundred stones and hues and effects that he could never have thought of in the beginning. His sense of color had grown finer and colder; he cared no more for the enameled gold-lined brightness that had pleased him first, the brightness of an illuminated missal; he sought now for blue colorings like the sky and for the subtle hues of great distances, for recondite shadows and sudden broad floods of purple opalescence and for grandeur and space. He wearied altogether of carvings and pictures and inlaid ornamentation and all the little careful work of men. "Those were pretty things," he said of his earlier decorations; and had them put aside into subordinate buildings where they would not hamper his main design. Greater and

greater grew his artistry. With awe and amazement people saw the Pearl of Love sweeping up from its first beginnings to a superhuman breadth and height and magnificence. They did not know clearly what they had expected, but never had they expected so sublime a thing as this. "Wonderful are the miracles," they whispered, "that love can do"; and all the women in the world, whatever other loves they had, loved the Prince for the splendor of his devotion.

Through the middle of the building ran a great aisle, a vista, that the Prince came to care for more and more. From the inner entrance of the building he looked along the length of an immense pillared gallery and across the central area from which the rose-hued columns had long since vanished, over the top of the pavilion under which lay the sarcophagus, through a marvelously designed opening, to the snowy wildernesses of the great mountain, the Lord of all Mountains, two hundred miles away. The pillars and arches and buttresses and galleries soared and floated on either side, perfect yet unobtrusive, like great archangels waiting in the shadows about the presence of God. When men saw that austere beauty for the first time they were exalted, and then they shivered, and their hearts bowed down.

Very often would the Prince come to stand there and look at that vista, deeply moved and not yet fully satisfied. The Pearl of Love had still something for him to do, he felt, before his task was done. Always he would order some little alteration to be made or some recent alteration to be put back again. And one day he said that the sarcophagus would be clearer and simpler without the pavilion; and after regarding it steadfastly for a long time, he had the pavilion dismantled and removed.

The next day he came and said nothing, and the next day and the next. Then for two days he stayed away altogether. Then he returned bringing with him an architect and two master craftsmen and a small retinue.

All looked, standing together silently in a little group, amidst the serene vastness of their achievement. No trace of toil remained in its perfection. It was as if the God of Nature's beauty had taken over their offspring to himself.

Only one thing there was to mar the absolute harmony. There was a certain disproportion about the sarcophagus. It had never

been enlarged, and indeed how could it have been enlarged since the early days? In that sarcophagus was the casket of lead and silver, and in the casket of lead and silver was the Queen, the dear immortal cause of all this beauty. But now that sarcophagus seemed no more than a little dark oblong that lay incongruously in the great vista of the Pearl of Love. It was as if some one had dropped a small valise upon the crystal sea of heaven.

Long the Prince mused, but no one knew the thoughts that passed through his mind.

At last he spoke. He pointed.

"Take that thing away," he said.

## THE BLUE ROOM

**H**ENCEFORTH, whatever color it assume,  
Only unalterable blue  
Is on the wall of this illumined room.  
And in a vase blue columbine shall bloom  
Close by the place where you  
Have entered with your eyes, eyes that have given  
Of their imperishable blue  
To every corner of the room and even  
Commanded here an azure dart of heaven  
To come and pierce it through.

— *Witter Bynner*



## PUBLIC OPINION

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

**T**HIS is a fable; don't imagine that anything like it could really happen.

On Sunday morning, April 24, 1926, the Reverend Edward F. Nubbin of Toledo, preaching on Sabbath Observance (his favorite topic), decried Sunday golf and added parenthetically as an afterthought, "I wish our old State laws were enforced once in a while, to remind a generation of golfers that Sunday was made for the soul, not the body!"

Mr. Nubbin's sermon lasted twenty-two minutes, and the parenthesis occupied less than twenty-two seconds of it.

But that morning a reporter from the "Dispatch" was in the church, not worshipping, to be sure, but testing out a private theory that you can always dig news out of a sermon; and the next day, to his intense satisfaction, the "Dispatch" carried a column story headed:

### PASTOR FLAYS SUNDAY GOLFERS WOULD INVOKE BLUE LAWS

That same day the city editor of the "Evening Courier", scanning the "Dispatch", confided to a reporter, "Looks like a dull day, Joe. No murders, no collisions, and only one juicy divorce-case, — and that one two weeks old and beginning to turn sour. If some chorus girl doesn't shoot a Yale man pretty quick we'll have to start something ourselves. Say, what are these blue laws, anyway? Joe, you look 'em up and write a story showing what would happen if this Nubbin tried to enforce 'em. You know — Local Golfers Aroused by Blue Law Threat."

Said the city editor of the "News", at four p.m. as he read the "Courier", "Bet we can get up a good scrap over these blue laws. Hey, Jeffries! Go out and get some ministers and golf club officials to talk. Don't waste time on the reasonable ones, — pick the wild birds, like that guy Cuttle that preaches against lipsticks. Play it up as a big fight."

The Sunday editor was standing near.

"Not bad," said he. "Only leave the attorney-general to me

for a Sunday story. It's going to be a wow, — proving that if Nubbin gets the public on his side the cops won't let you swing a club on your own lawn on Sunday. How's that?"

During the week eleven other Sunday editors in various cities heard of the Nubbin controversy, as it was beginning to be called, and wove eleven romances of a war to the death between religion and sport. The Governor of the State read one of them, said to himself with an inward smile, "Here's where I nail the Baptist vote," and in a speech before the Haberdashers' Convention deplored the virtual passing of the old-fashioned Sabbath. Four legislators, seeking easy publicity, introduced anti-Sunday golf bills, which were promptly buried in committee but were good for front-page space. The matter having reached a stage where editorial comment seemed called for, sixteen papers editorially lamented the rising tide of intolerance, at the very moment when their reporters were goading into intemperate speech the most intolerant members of the community. And a certain bishop read some of the editorials and debated with his publicity men whether or not to come out for the spirit of true religion, this spirit to be manifested by letting golfers subscribe to a sportsman's chapel in his new cathedral.

Presently the magazines swung into the fight. For magazines must be timely, and to be timely you must take up the questions of the day, and if you keep reading about Nubbin and Sunday golf in the newspapers, doesn't that make it a question of the day? So the "New Republic" lamented the recrudescence of dogmatic emotionalism; "Liberty" wrote up "Mrs. Nubbin and the Kiddies"; the "Literary Digest" contrasted the Omaha "Bee" (pro-Nubbin) with the Boston "Globe" (anti-Nubbin) and printed a cartoon from a Rochester paper showing a golfer on the tee shouting "fore" to a Puritan in the fairway. The "American" gave Mr. Nubbin's ideas on success; the "Atlantic Monthly" presented "Shall I Play Sunday Golf? — An Adventure in Ecstasy"; THE FORUM published a debate, "Is Golf Anti-Christian?"; and the "American Mercury" printed an article (originally written for the "North American Review" but now garnished with bad language) showing that John Quincy Adams Geezer, original blue-law advocate, was convicted of bigamy in Kentucky in 1842 and was as dirty a hypocrite and as *unanständig* as the

rest of us. In short, everybody was quite sure that a big controversy was going on over Sunday golf, and everybody jumped in.

In fact, things reached such a point that for several weeks it was tacitly understood in newspaper offices that anything about Sunday golf was good for space. If you interviewed Secretary Mellon or John McGraw you asked him about Sunday golf; if Barney Baruch got off an ocean liner you asked him what he thought about Sunday golf in Europe; and if you were Bebe Daniels's press agent you saw that she addressed herself to the universal topic. Meanwhile Mr. Nubbin was annoyed because the movie photographers kept getting in his way when he gave his Wednesday evening Bible talks at the Parish House.

At first, when the newspapers and the politicians had had things to themselves, it had been hard to find anybody who could get up any real excitement over the question of blue laws. But by this time quite a number of people decided that a subject that met their eye constantly must be very urgent, and they argued at dinner-parties about the Constitution and liberty and what we were coming to and whether the rotogravure pictures of Mr. Nubbin were good-looking.

Then suddenly (July 2, 1926) a man in Bayonne killed all his wife's relatives, a psychologist said he had a universal complex in an exaggerated form, and straightway editors, reporters, politicians, and publicity men forgot Sunday golf and went in for complexes. All through the summer of 1926, therefore, the right of way was given to mothers-in-law and murder instead of to Sunday golf and blue laws, or evolution, or cross-word puzzles, or Leopold and Loeb, or the Stillman case, or Tut-Ankh-Amen, or let's see, what came before Tut-Ankh-Amen?



## CAN PROHIBITION BE ENFORCED?

NO:

*SAYS Don Seitz, and the proof lies in the fact that General Andrews has been given super-powers to relieve the courts. Why should the courts be "relieved" from their sworn duty unless the law has broken down? It has. What we face to-day is open rebellion and Civil War.*

\* \* \*

YES:

*Says Grant M. Hudson, chairman of the sub-committee of the House Committee on Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, which has been investigating the success of the enforcement of the Volstead Act. The conspicuous measure of success already achieved will be greatly increased when the Federal and State Governments begin to use the full force of their power.*

### I — OUR SUMPTUARY CIVIL WAR

DON SEITZ

**C**IVIL war is endemic in these United States. It began with the signing of the Volstead act, and grows in violence. This law is the enabling force behind the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, upon which depends the enforcement of Prohibition. It is widely disregarded, and all the force of Federalism is at work in a vain effort to subdue human desires.

While treason has always been regarded as pertaining to political conduct, the use of the Constitution for sumptuary regulation transfers rebellion to another field, quite distinct from affairs of State. So a civil conflict results that has within it far-reaching consequences.

That States and communities could, and did, prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors in their precincts, is true. But the proposition was not Federal. There was always a legal avenue of escape. If residents of non-license towns and Prohibition States felt oppressed, they could go elsewhere and invite their souls. It was left for industrialists who wished Labor to work up to one hundred per cent, and moralists who made their living by adjusting the

ways of others, united in the fervent days of making the world safe for democracy, to force upon the country a gigantic mistake which has led to internecine strife.

The Eighteenth Amendment passed as the result of common American hypocrisy. Men who did not believe it possible for the article to win voted for it as a social sop, believing that others would defeat it. The others did not. They voted the same way, under the same impulse. The result is our pretty mess. There is and should be a sharp difference between politics and morals. Political principles change with conditions. Morals are what sentiment and common-sense accept. The crimes of one era have often become misdemeanors in another, or faded out as peccadillos. England once had a list of two hundred and one offenses for which men and women could be hanged!

One of the great irritations of Prohibition is its lack of proportion. The drink evil was too small a foe to be fought with so large a weapon as the Eighteenth Amendment. I know many towns of three thousand inhabitants in which there were not three people who drank to excess, and this scant number was steadily becoming less. Casual drinkers were many; regulars, few. About as much money was spent at soda fountains as in saloons, where probably the carbonate of lime in the gas caused more cases of kidney stone than liquor did of delirium tremens. Yet, the country was impatient of drunkenness and irked by the saloon.

Here came the rub. The saloonkeeper was a persistent law-breaker. He would keep open after hours and make unlicensed sales. He corrupted the police in petty ways and meddled in politics. The business was not especially profitable and there was great competition. In cities the brewers were responsible for pulling down their own house. They controlled the saloons and in pushing the sale of beer, encouraged breaking regulations. This was the great provocative force that put Prohibition over. People hated the saloon, not what it sold, and the Anti-Saloon League received solid support from men who never even dreamed of Prohibition. They wanted to close the dirty doggeries, shut up the evil holes, get rid of the thug-faced saloonkeeper. They did not desire to do away with orderly places of refreshment, or even plate glass bar-rooms. The saloon overdid it and was tripped up. So was the public.

Saloons were not respectable, and in the very nature of things could not be made so. But this single phase of the situation did not call for Prohibition by Constitutional enactment in ineradicable form. Wise old England and her Daughter of the Snows make no such mistakes. There the door is always left open. I, personally, believe the British workman would be better off without his beer. It is miserable stuff anyway, — bitter soapsuds without body, and of a bad smell. But the British workman is the person to decide this, not some moralist bent on doing him good. Nor is he required to do this *en masse*. Time and a sour stomach would work the cure. But for one class to prescribe for another is to incite civil strife, such as we now enjoy in the highly organized U. S. A., — the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, — which it distinctly *is not* under Prohibition.

I am willing to concede one triumph. Prohibition has materially uplifted the morals of the police in our cities. The returns from conniving at rum running are so rich, that the cop no longer has to blackmail pushcarts, or filch funds from a prostitute's stocking in order to pay two hundred dollars a month for an apartment and keep an automobile. The base and degrading has been taken out of his career and he has been placed on Easy Street. Poorly paid coast guards have also been accorded affluence in proper consolation for lonely lives on remote sand bars. The scantily rewarded fishermen of our coasts share likewise in these riches. A cargo of Scotch is far more profitable than one of mackerel, though the price of fish has gone up comfortably under the competition. Thus all the consequences are not gloomy!

That workmen are better off because of Prohibition can, I think, be disputed. When the saloon took much of their money it hurt, because the supply was small. Men earning nine to eighteen dollars a week found even five-cent schooners expensive, and not much was left for the savings bank. But with common laborers getting \$6.50 a day in the country, and eight dollars in the city; with former three dollars a day carpenters and bricklayers earning twelve to fifteen dollars now, there is a big margin to play with. This can stand movies and Ford cars, and still fatten bank books. High pay, not Prohibition, is the cause of their prosperity. They can even afford imported Scotch. But the truth is, most of them make home brew and swill more than ever, but less expensively.



The countryside is stripped each season of dandelions, berries, and wild grapes to ferment in the cellars of the toilers. California sent 55,000 carloads of grapes East last year. The price was more than a hundred dollars a ton. It used to be around twenty dollars, and hard to get at that. Eastern vineyards are equally prosperous, and their number is always growing. There is a market for everything with kick and flavor in its midst.

The reaction is at its worst among that part of the population rich enough to pay income taxes. Here we have a genuine decadence of morals. It is not possible to call on once temperance households without being tempted to fall from teetotalism. Homes where liquor was unknown as a stock on hand in pre-Prohibition days, reek with smuggled Bacardi and bootleg booze. Cocktail shakers have taken the place of egg beaters in mother's kitchen, and hooch is the consuming topic. The hip-flask is in thousands of pockets that never knew it before. Sellers of grape juice deliver it to homes in casks with directions that make it claret, sauterne, or Burgundy in six months. This comes into the cellar as innocent of alcohol as Wayne B. Wheeler. An open bung-hole does the rest with the aid of a little leaf-sugar. Silently, swiftly, secretly, the germ of ferment, which an all-wise Providence has seen fit to insert in things sweet or green, develops a twelve-point kick. Good women who once shone in the W. C. T. U. boast of the potency of their dandelion wine. No lawn is safe from their depredations. It is a strange shift for the plant from "greens" to stimulant.

If all stopped here we might cheer up, but it does not. The country has now been divided into twenty-four semi-military districts, where General Lincoln C. Andrews, an army officer of merit and intelligence, seeks, with super-powers, to suppress the sale of strong waters. State lines are disregarded and Federal powers are supreme. It is proposed under this system to "relieve" the courts. Why the courts are entitled to "relief" from their sworn duties is difficult to understand, unless we are prepared to believe that the law has broken down. This is the exact truth. The States are in revolt, and force is now invoked to take the place of legal processes. Tacitly we have accepted rebellion and civil war.

On the sea we have given up what we once fought for, the

sanctity of vessels outside the three mile limit. We have extended the boundary to twenty miles, and our coast is blockaded more or less from Maine to Florida. Armed vessels hold up shipping, use their guns freely, and imperil public peace by arbitrarily upsetting what were once precious privileges. All this to prevent the thirsty from getting supplies of spirits! A great revenue has been taken from the Government and given over to the bootlegger. Across the Canadian border the traffic in Government-vended wines and liquors is saving Canada from bankruptcy.

In the face of all these evils and their dire consequences, the United States goes blindly and cheerfully on its hypocritical and inconsistent way. We wonder at the skill with which Great Britain evades perils and recovers from disasters. The reason is that she so seldom stands by her mistakes. We Americans take pride in our blunders and hold fast to them with stout hearts. We have three Constitutional amendments aiming to make the Negro equal to white folk, but they do not do it, and we have never yet repealed the article in the Constitution that legalized human servitude. Our idea of liberty is to do as we please with somebody else.

Both political parties are dishonest in dealing with the situation. The National Democratic Committee, during its last Presidential campaign, maintained a magnificent bar-room in the Hotel Belmont, New York, at which all visitors were welcome to wet their whistles, but shrank from becoming again the party of Rum. Democrats have an irking memory of Horace Greeley's taunt, when he denied having said that all of them were saloonkeepers. What he had remarked was that all saloonkeepers were Democrats! The Republicans, feeling respectable enough to do anything, shout for the law in public and evade it joyously in private. Not long since, at a dinner party strictly G. O. P. (except myself) I was deeply moved to hear between libations great praise of Prohibition, as bringing about steadiness on the part of workmen and greater profits to the trusts. Protection, Prohibition, and Prosperity was their happy cry. The prospect of making the issue partisan is dim, indeed. Failing, therefore, to receive political attention the problem becomes one of civil revolt.

Clear-sighted patriotism has never been an American characteristic. Our elections are largely sporting events, with the candidates selected by themselves. No intelligent attempt was

ever made to deal with slavery. We fought a long and ruinous war to pay for lack of wisdom or statecraft, and failed to exert any real moral influence to head off the great World War, with its calamitous consequences. The national method is to correct indifference with impulse when its results become unbearable.

Were it possible to restore to the Constitution its original purposes, defining the powers of the general Government, and ridding it of fads, the future of the country would become safer. As it is there is a prospect that it will continue to be used as a means for coercing minorities by the use of Federal powers with real rebellion as the final outcome.

The extra-Drys mock at the sad sight of Nicholas Murray Butler going about with his tongue hanging out, seeking a cocktail. They consider it a Sorry Spectacle and insist that he should be ashamed of himself. The same thing was said of George Washington, of Benjamin Franklin, of Thomas Jefferson. It was even held that they were eligible for the scaffold. Yet the tyranny they resisted was picayune beside that which one part of our people have imposed upon another.

"Be patient," urge the Prohibitionists. "In half a century or so, a new generation will have come up that does not know the taste of intoxicants and this great evil will automatically vanish from the world." In so saying they miss the point. The manifestations against Federal Prohibition do not come from appetite, but from what Whistler called "an undue sense of right." What the Drys are really aiming to kill is not the love of liquor, but the love of liberty.



## II — MIRAGES SEEN BY THE THIRSTY

GRANT MARTIN HUDSON

**M**R. SEITZ has probably done as well as any man can in presenting the case for the anti-prohibitionists, in view of their present lack of facts that are either adequate or important. It is disappointing to one who would like to come to grips with the question, however, that he has so little to offer



beyond the stock arguments and rather time-worn worries. His single fresh contribution seems to be the fear that Prohibition will bring on civil war, and this is merely what the newspapermen call a "new angle". One rubs one's eyes, makes sure that civil war is really what Mr. Seitz is talking about, and then begins to wonder whether he is not suffering from shell-shock. The idea of the Whiskey Rebellion being duplicated on a national scale seems to belong in a comic opera.

The fact is, of course, that Mr. Seitz is merely using an hyperbole so exaggerated as to be grotesque. He must know, and if he does not a few days at the hearings of our recent committee of inquiry would have convinced him, that a full seventy-five per cent of our people are running along in their accustomed channels of industry and trade, home-making and rearing of families, without a serious thought of this bloody strife of the Great Thirst Rebellion. If the paid liquor propaganda could be shut off, almost nothing more would be heard of the war. Is it possible that so astute a newspaperman as Mr. Seitz has been taken in by this propaganda? For, of the minority who are interested in liquor, part are satisfied with things as they are, and a larger part are merely anxious to make things still drier. The number who would really think of turning over their hands, much less oiling up their guns, in behalf of strong drink, is minute indeed.

It is told of General Sherman that, when interviewed on his retirement as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he summed up his life as follows: "I am an old man, and have suffered in my time from many troubles, losses, griefs, even disasters. I have learned one important thing from them, — most of them never happened!" If Mr. Seitz by any chance really believes the half of what he writes about a War for Wetness, he must be suffering severely from General Sherman's complaint.

Seriously, except for this war idea, most of Mr. Seitz's article is disappointing as the best that a man of his ability and sources of information can do in presenting the case against Prohibition, for there is a real case. He uses many unsupported assertions, arguments based on "general belief" of the eastern cities, — which is far from being the general belief of the whole country, — and some appeals to emotion, but he offers no new facts. I had hoped for better when I agreed to reply to him, for it would be well

worth while to get any possible new light on a very serious situation, now beclouded by a profusion of bunk. And let me admit that there has been bunk from both sides. Some of the dry fanatics and cheerfully optimistic idiots have tried to mislead the public as badly as have any of the wets. It is only by candor that there is hope of any real solution.

After all, the whole argument of Mr. Seitz and other wets comes down to this: That Prohibition has not prevented a great deal of drinking, and that it has brought great evils. These are chiefly smuggling, moonshining, floods of dangerous home-brew, increased drinking among certain classes, especially well-to-do young people, and most of all corruption that has rotted the police and national law enforcement services, has reached many prosecuting officers and in some cases perhaps the bench itself. They demand some remedy for this but avoid counter-criticism by offering none, — at least Mr. Seitz offers none. Some of them are offering the alleged remedy of permitting light wines and beers, but this would in no way mitigate the present evils, however comforting it might be to some people who enjoy those beverages. They add to their criticism a good deal of "emotional appeal" on the merits of the Prohibition policy, on the reasons which led to the Eighteenth Amendment and the methods which brought it, and on some other matters, not one of which has any bearing on the question as it stands to-day.

The real question is one of fact, not argument, or at least of getting some adequate facts in hand before the argument can be either very intelligent or very useful or at all conclusive. And there are no such facts. There is a lot of "general belief" but no wide agreement even as to this. No adequate survey has been made; even that of my own committee was far from sufficient, for we had neither the funds nor the time to go much below the surface. The Church Survey suffered from this, and also from limited field, if not from bias. Most of the magazine efforts have been mere scratches, — some badly biased; others only a mighty wind. It is my hope that Congress will presently provide for a real inquiry, under a mixed committee, and adequately financed. The facts ought to be known.

Even on the basis of "general belief", however, and without adequate facts, Mr. Seitz and the other wets have failed so far to

make out a good case against Prohibition, — though they have given cause to take the whole present situation under careful consideration. Their case can only stand up if, instead of trying to measure the results by what was actually hoped and intended, they are allowed to measure them against some ideal of Utopian perfection. It may be freely admitted that Prohibition has not brought Utopia, and even that conditions may be very serious indeed, without affecting the real question of whether it has made conditions better or worse than they were before, and whether conditions are now growing worse or better.

Before we take up Mr. Seitz's and other wet charges in detail, then, let us recall what the purpose was. It was not merely to stop drinking; it was to end the traffic in intoxicating liquors, with all the evils that attended it, including drunkenness, drinking, the saloon evil, the alliance between the saloon and the criminal elements, waste of money, the constant corruption of police administration and of local, State, and National politics, and the open system which led to the constant creation of new drinkers, new wastes, new drunkards, and new corruption, — all, of course, as a matter of private profit. The question is not whether this was the wisest way to attack these evils; it is whether it has mitigated them, or has produced new ones that are worse.

The first of Mr. Seitz's charges against Prohibition is that it is "sumptuary", and an interference with personal liberty. To be sure he uses the word outside the technical meaning, but that may be passed. His charge is that it so far infringes on the American ideal of personal freedom that it has caused a revolt of an "undue sense of right" and is producing an automatic and instinctive resistance, quite apart from any desire for profit or craving for drink. This, he argues, is tyranny.

This is a common charge of the wets, and an effective one, but when examined it falls down at all points. In the first place Prohibition aimed not merely at a personal habit which "has nothing at all to do with the political welfare of the State" but at a traffic which was seriously damaging the political welfare of the State. This is not by any possible definition "sumptuary".

Again, all government interferes with personal liberty. To charge the dries with aiming to kill "not the love of liquor but the love of liberty" is to stretch the idea of liberty past the breaking



point. Freedom to injure either others or oneself is constantly denied to every individual by society for the sake of the larger good of society and the individual himself. "Personal liberty" insures only the curses of license, but civil liberty, of the kind guaranteed in the Constitution, insures the blessings of freedom. It is folly to talk about "the tyranny . . . which a part of our people have imposed upon another." It is impossible to cite any law, human or divine, that in the minds of some does not work hardship or impose tyranny. The idea of personal liberty, if logical, leads straight to philosophical anarchism. The struggle of humanity has been for human freedom, not for personal liberty.

Finally, in every question of principle, the anti-liquor law is absolutely on all fours with a law which no one dreams of attacking as "sumptuary" or "an infringement of liberty", — the law against the traffic in narcotic drugs. That law is aimed at a traffic, that law interferes with personal habits, that law imposes the general will on a reluctant minority. Every argument against Prohibition *on principle*, can be used equally against that law. The only point for debate is whether the damage from the liquor traffic was great enough to warrant a similar law against it.

The American people decided that it was. Mr. Seitz speaks of the "common American hypocrisy" of the Eighteenth Amendment, but contradicts himself a little later when he says it was the law-breaking saloon that "put Prohibition over". He must have forgotten, — and all who make this charge against the Amendment find it necessary to forget, — the great evils of the saloon and the whole liquor traffic, the resentment they aroused in the people, and the long, heart-breaking fight the people had made to end those evils before they finally resorted to National Prohibition. There has never been a more deliberate, carefully considered, fully proved expression of the popular will. The vote was overwhelming; the Amendment was adopted by the largest majority of any amendment to the Constitution.

Moreover, the Amendment was adopted in the face of the most powerful and most corrupt machine that has ever operated in American politics. The Anti-Saloon League is accused of using undue influence, "dragooning" representatives, of outwitting and overwhelming the popular will. It may have done all those things without exerting a tithe of the power of the whiskey and beer

interests. The charges of hasty action, hypocrisy, subservience to a well-organized minority, and general incompetence in the Amendment are the most vicious of all the various kinds of wet poppycock.

Almost as vacuous is the plea that the States should have been allowed to continue to handle the liquor situation unaided. Mr. Seitz, by the way, in this plea, undermines his own case as to "sumptuary legislation". The fact is that the States were unable to enforce their own dry laws, because the liquor traffic, so long as it had a legalized base of operations anywhere, was able with almost complete impunity to violate every State law. It did just that. The dry States turned anxiously to national Prohibition to supplement and support their own laws. I am not arguing that National Prohibition is more efficient than State Prohibition was; but I do assert that without National Prohibition, State Prohibition could not be effective, — Mr. Seitz seems to think this was a good thing! — and that State Prohibition *backed by National Prohibition* can be made the most effective system yet devised. It is undoubted that there has been a certain laxity on the part of some States which were previously enforcing their own laws, — a tendency to "let Uncle Sam do it", — but this is a charge against the States involved and not against National Prohibition.

Although the sumptuary civil war exists only in Mr. Seitz's excited mind, it is quite true that there is a kind of war going on over Prohibition, — a new skirmish in the age-long war of decency and honesty and sobriety against greed and lust. There is always war against the enforcement of any law, especially those which seek to curb any human immorality, such as the laws against illicit sex relations. It may be, though it has not been proved, that there are rather more people fighting the liquor law than there are fighting the sex law and others like it. But what we really have is not war in the sense that Mr. Seitz uses, but sneakery on a large scale.

The talk of a rebellion against Prohibition, even in the political field, has not only been always absurd; it is growing more so every day. Doubtless many men who drink do vote dry, whether politicians or private citizens. This is not always dishonesty. In some it is a desire to save their children from a thing which has been a snare and pitfall and curse to themselves; in others it is merely a

recognition of the popular will and a response to public opinion, which every politician must give if he wishes to remain a politician, and which is a fundamental principle of our form of government. That is hardly hypocrisy.

And on the matter of public opinion there are a few facts at hand which the wets find it expedient to forget very completely. In spite of all their agitation, and all the talk of public revolt, each Congress elected since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted has been drier than the last, and each State election where the question has been raised has given heavier votes in favor of Prohibition. Even Labor is being converted to going without the beer it once demanded so loudly. The pro-beer resolution has disappeared from the annual proceedings of the Federation of Labor; Labor congressmen and State legislators are no longer agitating along that line. My own election to Congress proves the point. In my district there are some twenty industrial plants, with about 200,000 employes. At the gate of each one I told my story; that I was running for Congress to help make sure that the Volstead Act should not be weakened. And I was elected by over 140,000 majority! That does not look as if Labor were wet.

Mr. Seitz, — and the wets generally, — give their whole case away when they admit the evils of the saloon, as has now become their custom. The saloon had to be killed, they say, which is exactly true. But they object to the method used. The fact is that no other method remained. Everything else had been tried, — every system that the brain of man could devise. All failed. It was not the individual saloon keeper who was so dangerous, but the great whiskey and beer interests which stood behind each one. These interests had proved themselves utterly lawless. No legislation could curb them. They respected neither public opinion nor public authority. It was these interests that had to be destroyed, and National Prohibition was the only possible method.

There was and is no "lack of proportion" in the remedy used, either. The evil was nation-wide; the remedy had to be. And it is not true that the Federal effort is either exaggerated or futile, though it is far from being entirely successful, and it does loom large. It took the dry States many years to secure even approximate Prohibition and it is not at all surprising that the Federal Government has not been able to develop perfect methods and



machinery in a bare five years. Moreover, the millions the Federal Government spends are certainly no more, and may be much less, than the total of the cost of all the efforts made by the different States and local Governments a few years ago.

Mr. Seitz challenges the claim that Labor is better off because of Prohibition. Maybe not, but, as I have shown, Labor itself thinks it is. Such economists as Roger Babson and Professor Carver of Harvard declare that Prohibition has been an important factor in Labor's present prosperity. At any rate evidence is overwhelming of the better conditions, in every way, which are now to be found in the home of the worker. Mr. Seitz says this is due to post-war conditions. Perhaps; admittedly there are not yet enough facts at hand to permit assured conclusions.

But in his next charge Mr. Seitz conveniently forgets the post-war conditions, though they are at least equally important here. This charge is that drinking has increased among people of the more prosperous classes. This may be true; it has not been proved, and probably cannot be. But whether true or not, the general decline of morals in every way, and not merely in drinking, is as definite a post-war condition as is prosperity. English papers are to-day making the same charges against the same classes that Mr. Seitz makes, but over there they have no such excuse as Prohibition. Heaven only knows how bad conditions might have become in this country if Prohibition had not imposed some restraint, even an incomplete one!

As to the "sacred rights" that have been invaded: the question of State's rights was settled long ago; they cannot longer be permitted to stand in the way of the will of the whole people. The South called it tyranny then and Mr. Seitz is welcome to the term to-day. And certainly America never fought to maintain a three-mile limit for the benefit of law-breakers! If there have been invasions of any real domestic rights, as I believe there have been, they have been by individual States, and not by the Federal Government.

It is not quite fair of the wets to charge off the widespread support of Prohibition among employers entirely to their desire to increase efficiency in their employes, although that does not seem a very heinous crime. Labor, by the passage of the Workingmen's Compensation Acts, forced all industrial employers to take

steps to protect themselves. They could not afford to carry the whole cost of accidents and loss of life due to drunken or sobering-up employees!

It may easily be admitted that there are floods of dandelion wine and other kinds of home-brew. It may be admitted, also, that they cause some drunkenness, and thus evade one of the intents of the law. But it is only one of the intents; they cause none of the evils of which the liquor traffic was the source. And who can believe that they now or ever will begin to equal in volume the hundreds of millions of barrels of spirits, wine, and beer produced before Prohibition?

The greatest and most serious of all the evils that have followed Prohibition, we drys believe, is corruption. Further, we believe that it is much more serious and not nearly so funny as Mr. Seitz makes out. It goes far beyond policemen, and has reached high enforcement officers and others in whom great public trust has been placed. It is a national menace, endangering the whole safety of our government. But again Mr. Seitz forgets; there was graft and corruption before Prohibition. The liquor slush funds were proved to have been enormous. The grafting policeman was already almost a national institution in those days. And the corruption went higher than now, for liquor "owned" Congressmen and Senators then, while no one has yet charged any member of either house with being a tool of the bootleg ring! It is of course impossible to measure the evils of one period against those of the other, for statistics on graft are hard to compile, but certainly there is ample ground for believing that this menace, great as it is, has not been increased by Prohibition, though it may have been shifted a little.

All these evils of Prohibition can be admitted. All are true to some extent, though it is doubtful whether any one of them, except the corruption, is as great or as widespread as Mr. Seitz charges, and there is as yet no evidence that any of them, including corruption, is nearly as bad as before Prohibition. But they are far from being the whole story of Prohibition. It has already won great triumphs.

In the first place drinking, the whole liquor traffic, has been made illegal — outlawed. To be sure this has for the moment increased "lawlessness" by creating a new kind of offense, but in the

long run the moral effect will tell heavily. It is telling already. But the day when there was a lawful saloon on every corner has gone; no man and especially no boy, can get drink without a special and risky and *illegal* effort. This is the greatest triumph. Another is the complete divorce of the government from the liquor traffic. That dangerous, degrading, corrupting, and criminal trade can no longer claim recognition and protection. These two, of course, are moral triumphs. The wets will not appreciate them.

There have been others, more concrete. The old liquor traffic has been destroyed and the bootleg organizations that have replaced it are far less dangerous; the saloon has been banished and the pocket flask is comparatively a very small evil. No one doubts that the actual amount of drinking has decreased enormously. Public records show a decline in jail commitments, reductions in violent crime, in other offenses usually associated with drink, and in social vice.

Along with this has gone an increase in general health, and especially at points where liquor acts, such as in alcoholic insanity, together with a decreased death rate. The increase in savings accounts, in life insurance policies, and in other forms of popular thrift and prosperity are too well known to need repeating. Prohibition is perhaps not wholly responsible for any of these things, but it has undoubtedly helped in all of them.

We drys do not feel, therefore, that there is any cause to be discouraged; far less even to begin considering a change of policy. These results, secured with inadequate enforcement machinery, show what can be expected when the Federal and State governments use their full power. We know that we have behind Prohibition the support of the vast majority of citizens, and if there should ever come anything resembling Mr. Seitz's civil war, it will be when that vast majority rises to crush out the grafters, bootleggers, and law-breaking citizens who persist in defying the will of the people. If Mr. Seitz could take time to leave New York for a few days, and visit the United States, he would find that out.



# THE ERROR OF FASCISM

COSMO DE BOSDARI

**F**ASCISM, as an idea, is understood well and widely. Its translation into action, during the time that passed between its origin and the re-convocation of a Parliament, is well-known; and, it is to be hoped, fully appreciated. And with that it may be dismissed from what is no more than a sketch of the present course of Fascism.

For it is the privilege of spectators of the making of history to be ungrateful to those who make it. To the elector the past achievements of a political party will, to a certain extent, be the basis for the estimation of the future merits of that party, and will even be the subject of high-flown language embodying a sentimentality that deceives no one: they will never influence the casting of votes. The elector cannot know gratitude; because a party has benefited him in the past he will not permit it to ruin him in the future. The first application, in practise, of Fascism "the Idea" must therefore be left to the judgment of history.

It is otherwise with the present course of Fascism, in which contemporaries are intimately involved. They will reprint formulas of blessing or malediction, will shout "Long live Mussolini" or "Death to him, *Evviva* Lenin", and then, — without prejudice or predisposition, — will consider Fascism in the light of their several personal interests.

They will see at once that Fascism is no longer a Gospel unalloyed. There are personalities. Ideas have been substituted by men. Where there has been one Idea and one Great Man, there is now one Great Man and many lesser ones.

Much can be read in the press of the continual presence of the danger of revolution, of "subversive tendencies". This is written to make up for the absence of them. With the reason for the existence of Fascism gone, it becomes a necessity to justify its continuance. Were it to become a political party like any other there would be no such necessity; but it prefers to remain a militant one. The lesser men therefore describe themselves as intransigent and write of possible revolution; the one great man evolves a new idea.

This second idea, which probably formed no part of Fascism as originally conceived, is an expression of the idea that not democracy, but a selected governing class is the best form of government, but it is the expression that one would expect from a militant religion. This century is the age, if not of democracy, at any rate of the eulogy of it, and it therefore brings with it the first realization of a stage yet further advanced. Every thinking man will agree on the superiority of a selected oligarchy over democracy, as a method of government; and every idealist, rather every sincerely religious man will say that a workable method of selection will one day be realized. Unfortunately, the method of selection recommended and employed by Fascism is — Fascism, and nothing more. Once again one must appreciate, — to the full, if possible, — the originality of the man who has first attempted the advance beyond democracy; and regret that he has achieved only a means of keeping his party in power.

Ideas are exhausted: there remain the men. Mussolini is the one man: his importance is absolutely paramount. He is an orator, a leader of men, a politician, and, for work, a titan. History will probably judge him a statesman as well. Combined with the impetus, the driving force of a genius, he has genius in the second degree, — the power to hold those qualities in control. In this respect he is like an actor whose range of expression is very wide and who can vary that expression at will, — only that, for Mussolini the stage is all the world, and the acting, action. Striking emphasis is given to his importance by the well-nigh comical tug-of-war carried on for possession of him between Fascist and anti-Fascist press, — one side adducing instances of his continued intransigence, the other, of his disapproval of it. He himself is above these squabbles; a man who directs Foreign Affairs, the Army, Navy, Air Force, Cabinet, "battle of the lira", "battle of the grain problem" — has, one humbly supposes, time for little else. He is the Great Man.

His assistants are little men. It is striking to consider the number of changes in the Ministry since its inception; even more striking to consider the fact that no other individual has stood out from the Fascist rank and file. It is evident that as long as violence is in fashion persuasion by force has a great advantage over peaceful, over intelligent persuasion. The pen is mightier

than the sword only provided a policeman is in sight. Perhaps this explains why the next most prominent figure should be that of the secretary of the party, — not a Minister, — a man who in any other country of to-day would pass as a demagogic tub-thumper with a most reprehensible tendency toward violence. But it does not explain the entire absence of individuals distinguished for qualities more elevated than those of vituperative power and bombast.

The error of Fascism has been its failure, while heralding the normalization of the country, to normalize itself: for insistently it has remained militant. That error will become a crime. Fascism owed the possibility of its existence to an historic necessity, — it was an antidote. Just as surely it is now creating the necessity for another antidote. In other terms, it has remained so intransigent and so violent, that it has excluded the possibility of its being relieved peaceably by one of the constitutional parties. These latter from the fact of their being constitutional work only with peaceable means; and those means are precisely the ones which are of no effect against a party which imposes the use of such means on others while retaining for itself the sole right to exceed them when it so pleases. Fascism, therefore, as it stands at present and so long as it remains intransigent, will be removed, not relieved, — and by violence alone. It is making the rules to suit itself, as the game proceeds: it will only be beaten by a cheat.

There is no necessity that this should occur immediately. If Fascism were to change front and adopt a more conciliatory attitude toward the Social-Democratic parties there would be no necessity for it to occur at all. Failing such a change, — a change of which there is at present no sign visible, — then the period of chaos will come on the death or breakdown of Mussolini. Very many, who are untouched by gratitude to a party, will remain spell-bound by the magnetism of an individual: many more, — even of those who are opposed to the Fascism of to-day, — will prefer to see in power a stupendous genius rather than try a match, with him on the other side. Probably the most accurate though rarely admitted diagnosis of present day Italian opinion would be: "If only Mussolini were not a Fascist! but as he is, let Fascism continue."

After him, the deluge!



## DOES THE KU KLUX NEED THE JEW?

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

**N**O less a person than Lord Brougham tells us in his memoirs that he was saved from obscurity by the fact that his father, instead of marrying Mary Whelpdale, and thereby "materially enriching the Saxon blood", went North for his bride and selected the Celtic daughter of the clans of Struan and Kinloch-Moidart.

The famous statesman and reformer is a little hard on the long line of Saxon ancestors "who played the part of respectable mediocrity", according to his own statement; but when a man after a life of scholarly and political achievement sits down at ninety to write his autobiography we are bound to assume that his judgments are mature. Ninety would seem to be a very good age for a man to write his life and opinions, and while we would miss some very amusing books if ninety were the general rule, there should be some limitation to men writing books at twenty when they know nothing, and more encouragement to men to write books at ninety, when it may safely be assumed that they have learned something.

Particularly at this time a few books by men of ninety would be valuable; but Brougham has merit other than his maturity. He knew history, he had an understanding of the demands of humanity and, despite the scoffing of Bagehot and others, he was a great Lord Chancellor, — from the point of view of the statesman if not from that of the lawyer.

Above all he was the opponent of intolerance, as bitter in this as was our own Theodore Roosevelt, whom he resembled in many ways. The law reforms, the political and the social reforms that Brougham accomplished in the early part of the last century, and the reforms that Roosevelt accomplished in this century are all opposed in spirit to the temper of the movement which the leader of the Ku Klux Klan, in this issue of *THE FORUM*, openly champions.

What the Imperial Wizard of the Klan writes would not be so important, were it not for the fact that the Editor of *THE FORUM* seems to interpret the Klan writings, leadership, and

*John*

movement as even more potential in American political life than most of us have hitherto conceived possible. Speaking as a scholar, the Editor naturally proclaims the Klan doctrine of intolerance as contrary to American traditions, but many will be astonished that so broad-minded a man is able to visualize a political party, — in this country, day, and generation, — in which an organization advocating intolerance will be a component part.

Even if such a party were possible, how could the Republican party become the white Protestant party when all its traditions are sympathy with the black man and antagonism toward the intolerance of the South out of which comes this very Ku Klux Klan? Nor does it seem very likely that the Democratic party will become the Catholic party, when its organization and control are in the hands of those who, if not members, are in sympathy with the Klan.

No, — none of the old parties will reorganize with the Ku Klux Klan as an important element, though they will both continue to do business with it secretly while trying not to alienate the Catholic, the Jew, the tolerant Protestant, the Negro, the foreign-born, and so forth. If the Klan has any political future at all, it is as a minor party, — doing as much damage as it can to either or both parties till one of the old parties begins to disintegrate. If that ever occurs, it will be in an America very different from the America of to-day, for it will mean that the influence of Theodore Roosevelt, — and of Lincoln, — will have passed entirely.

What the Klan needs is to take a page from the memoirs of Lord Brougham, and mix with its Nordic White Protestantism a little of some alien strain. Brougham says that his destiny would have been "respectable mediocrity", had it not been for the mixing of the strains. Working as it is now, the Klan will bury in disrepute the Protestant faith. Some one has said that the Klan will never be successful until it gets a Jew to manage it, and, following out Lord Brougham's idea, it will be doomed to obscurity unless it gets a few Irish Catholics to put a little humor into its campaign. The time is long gone by when you could successfully drive a band-wagon behind a series of public funerals.

In 1826 there sprang up an anti-Masonic party in this country, as the result of the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan,

who was about to expose the secrets of the Freemasons. Some such incident might start an agitation to-day, but even more thrilling occurrences in our day fail to shake the allegiance of the people to the very thoroughly organized parties.

No one who has made a study of American politics will be able to visualize an avowed Klan party of any importance. No American of any considerable stature will ever be found willing to associate himself openly with a movement that makes a religion of intolerance. President Coolidge has recently expressed himself very forcibly, and this in the face of the belief of many deluded Klansmen that he would never take so stiff an attitude.

Moreover, while the Republican party to-day is dominated by the conservative element, there are still within the lines of the party vast numbers who regard Roosevelt as the soundest and most inspiring political philosopher and leader of our time. That element, if not militant, is certainly potential. Toleration was a cardinal principle in the Roosevelt philosophy. It should not be forgotten that when an attack was made upon William Howard Taft, because of his own Unitarian belief and his Catholic affiliations, Roosevelt wrote one of his memorable letters on religious freedom, declaring his belief that some day, when the right man appeared, this country should have a President who was a Catholic, and, in time, a Jew.

Looking at the situation calmly and in the light of political tendencies, I should say that the increased and open political activities of the Klan will probably result in the election of a Catholic as President at a time nearer to the present than even Roosevelt dreamed.



# POETRY

EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

*In accordance with our policy in the Poetry Section, to give space to varied types of poetry, we have published examples of lyrics, narratives, and free verse. This month we present another kind of grouping; humorous verse has its innings, — even though one man's humor is often another man's choler.*

## LOT'S WIFE

**T**HERE'S a lady known to fame,  
Guess she didn't have a name,  
Lived before Miss Lucy Stone,  
"Lot's wife" is the way she's known.  
There's no mention made of other  
Labels for this wife and mother.  
Once when Lot was moving down  
Out of Sodom, of renown,  
What's-her-name, who also went,  
Had a little accident.  
Lot specifically told her  
Not to look across her shoulder.  
But he didn't give a reason.  
She for reasons started teasin'.  
Lot, he said he didn't know,  
Said the angels told him so.  
Wife, the angels couldn't brook,  
Guessed she'd sneak a little look.  
Surely 'twasn't such a fault.  
Then she got turned into salt.  
Seems the old man was devouter,  
Kept right pluggin' on without her,  
Didn't even look around,  
Glued his eyes right to the ground,  
Thinkin', "Well, by gosh, I warned her.  
Now the Lord has gone and corned her."  
What befell this woman next  
Isn't in the Bible text.

— Charles Leslie Overstreet, Jr.

## A TIP FOR CUPID

**C**UPID, if your ruling passion  
Still is, as of yore, the chase,  
Buy yourself some togs in fashion;  
Your old get-up's a disgrace.

Scrap your antique wings and quiver;  
Buckle on a belt and gun;  
Learn to drive a speedy flivver;  
Get a mask and flash-light — run!

Next, Friend Eros, I am arskin'  
What about a costume, son?  
Your disreputable b'ar skin —  
Well — it simply isn't *done*.

Then — you're blind they tell me, "bow boy",  
Try an operation, do!  
Goodness gracious! don't you know, boy,  
All our welfare hangs on you?

Gee! our marriage failures, maybe,  
Might be all traced — here's the tip —  
To your punk equipment, Baby,  
And your rotten marksmanship.

You're a go B. C. model;  
Hunt some socks and B. V. D.'s;  
Want to catch pneumonia? Toddle!  
Summer's gone, and this ain't Greece!

— *Julia Boynton Green*

### CONJECTURE

**L**ORDS of the earth, you say,  
Men, in the image of God?  
I have seen a thousand to-day —  
Peas in a pod!

Chosen to rule the land,  
This unclean race?  
These to command  
In God's place?

When we see Him, then,  
Shall we scan  
(Complacent men!)  
The face of a man?

What a jest it would be  
If we found our God  
With the form of a tree,  
Clean roots in clean sod!

Or if we should see,  
Deep-nosed in a heavenly plant,  
Our God with the wings of a bee, —  
Or the brotherly mien of an ant!

— *John Russell McCarthy*

### THE AMBIGUOUS ARMADILLO

**T**HE ambiguous armadillo  
Uses his tail piece for a pillow,  
Wrapping his tummy with his head  
To make a cozy trundle bed.  
Heels over head and head on heels  
His thoughts revolve like circus wheels;  
Shut in himself he has no view,  
He's hide-bound and self-centred too.  
Don't blame him overmuch, I pray,  
For people may be built that way —  
I'm not: Are you?

— *Dorothy Cutler*

### SHORT STEPS TO KNOWLEDGE:

#### PATRIOTISM

**O**N small Annette, adopted child,  
The Muse of History fondly smiled,  
For, being British to the bone,  
Her Country's cause she made her own,  
And backed its doings, wrong or right,  
With patriotic appetite.

On "Rule Britannia" she pinned  
A faith far wider than the wind;  
The sea was England's — that she knew;  
"And every shore it circles" too.  
So taught, she let her fancy run:  
"England shall reign where'er the sun!"

In National Anthems, too, her taste,  
Was quite unchangeable and chaste;  
"God Save the King!" absorbed her praise;  
She "could not stand the Mayonnaise";  
When "Hail Columbia!" was sung,  
The patriot put out her tongue.



Till chanced the day when Uncle John,  
With his Crimean medals on,  
Happened to call; and as Annette  
So sang, in smiles his face grew set,  
And "What?" he cried "my little wench,  
Didn't you know that you were French?"

Then while Annette stood glued to earth,  
She learned the secret of her birth:  
Naughty Papa had been indeed  
No "bull-dog of the British breed";  
And poor Mama, her name disguised,  
Not native, only naturalized!

But presently with native pride  
She rallied to her country's side;  
Its patriotic strain of praise  
She ceased to call the "Mayonnaise";  
And when "God Save the King" was sung,  
The patriot put out her tongue.

— *Laurence Housman*

#### ON THE UNIVERSAL APOLOGIZER

**T**HERE are some kinds of men that rouse my heat: —  
The kind that sifts the pipe ashes in your eye;  
The kind that tells you just what he can eat,  
(Or what he can't) and how and when and why;  
The kind that tells you how he caught that bass;  
The rooter for the Titans and their scores;  
The auto crank; the golfing super-ass —  
My word! what troops of blighters and of bores!  
But the worst kind is he who will endeavor  
To extract the better from the plainly worse;  
Who will not grant your strictures, but forever  
(Apologizer for the universe!)  
Chants, when he sees your scornful lips are curled;  
"*It takes all sorts to make this blessed world.*"

— *George Meason Whicher*

#### THE DREAMER

**I** DREAM of ships that sail the sea  
All graceful, swift and stout;  
Not one of mine comes back to me —  
I've never sent one out!

— *Allen Jacobs*

# FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

## PROPAGANDA ONCE MORE

**N**OT long ago I received a singular communication from a man in Oklahoma. The purpose of his letter evidently was to get me to sign a creed of "Christian Citizenship", which was enclosed, and in signing to "pledge my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor". Well, there was nothing very singular about that. The author of the creed was probably getting up a little private Klan of his own and in a moment of aberration picked me for a "joiner". The really singular feature of the communication was a *separate slip*, giving the name of a book I had once written and requesting me to fill in the name of the publisher. *But* — at the bottom was an additional blank line with the direction, "Write your name here."

Long accustomed to smelling rats, I began to sniff. Propaganda perhaps? With facsimiles of signatures? Why ask *me* for the name of a publisher that could be found through ordinary methods? Further, why invite me to sign the slip?

I at once thought of the Society for the Extension of Christian Truth. It was not long before I was seated in the office of the odd little man, who with the silent old woman in the back room and the silent young woman in the front room appeared to comprise the entire working force of the re-named Anti-Imposition Society.

"A very common game," said the little old man, when I showed him the communication. "You are probably right in your conjecture that this man wants to get the signatures, for facsimile, of you and other people he flatters by calling 'leaders', and that, if you won't sign his creed, he intends to get your signature, anyhow, on the little book slip. I'm surprised you weren't vain enough to sign the slip; most people would be."

"I think I should have if the book were not out of print! But what made me suspect was his desire to know the publisher of a dead book which has no possible connection with his 'Christian Citizenship' program."

"Yes, he made a mistake to send both slips in the one envelope."

"But it's preposterous — fraudulent!" I cried, somewhat surprised that the little man took my detective genius so quietly.

"Oh, we don't know that it is," he answered. "He may just have a morbid passion for signatures." His eyes twinkled; then he turned suddenly solemn. "It's a very serious matter, this fomenting of religious and political discord through propaganda. It's really all of a piece, the use of propaganda. The simplest form is advertisement; the most insidious form is found in religious and political circulars."

"But I supposed there was more smoke than fire in such things," I put in.

"Of course there is," he said. "Fire might purge; smoke suffocates. But very dangerous fires may break out, — you follow me?"

"You said the other day," I replied, "that propaganda might get people into a state of passion, but rarely into a state of mind. Is that what you mean?"

He seemed pleased that I recalled his phrase. "Precisely," he said. "People do fervently wish someone would supply them with an idea. Now of course a lot of them can't hold an idea, and this lot are the peculiar victims of propaganda. They can't think, but they can feel, so you must give them something which looks like an idea, — and then blow gently on the embers.

"Propaganda may have a few legitimate uses, but it is generally the weapon of prejudiced pleaders. They do not want the truth; they want victory. It is a dishonest method from the ground up, even though the users of it may honestly think they are telling the truth. What is more, though some have good motives and others bad, though some keep within the law and others violate it, the methods used by most of them are identical. Look at this letter I have just received from the Anti-Saloon League, asking for funds to carry out their program of 'education, legislation, and enforcement.'"

"Yes, I received one," I said. "I threw it in the waste-basket."

"To be sure," said the little man. "If you want liquor, you throw the letter in the waste-basket; if you want prohibition, you send them a cheque. In neither case do you really stop to consider what they are doing. But who appointed *them* to legislate or enforce? Were they nominated and elected by regular procedure?"



Were they appointed by public officers so elected? When the Ku Klux Klan sets out on a campaign of education, legislation, and enforcement, you are horrified or amused. They are more violent; they are not quite so respectable; they are rather grotesque. But they have just as much *right* to enforce as the Anti-Saloon League. The degree of turpitude may vary; one propagandist may be working for a good cause, another for a base; but the method, that of stampeding the public through their feelings, is the same throughout; and, as I said, it is a fundamentally dishonest method."

"You believe, too," I asked, "that this tendency of people to swallow almost anything is fundamental?"

"Very nearly so," he replied sadly. "It's terribly so among women."

"How about the saying that 'a woman convinced against her will —'"

He interrupted me with a laugh. "You don't convince them *against* their will. You convince them *with* their will."

"But older women — surely," I began.

"Alas," he cut in, "look at the *matinée* lecturers! They fatten on older women."

"I must confess," I said, "that I don't like or agree with your estimate of women."

"I don't care whether you like it or not," he replied. "I am concerned with fact. But there are plenty of men-victims, too."

"But if the purpose of such organizations is good, why should they not influence legislation?"

"Well, the method is so evil that I find it hard to believe the purpose will remain good. But waive that; assume that it will. There is still the further reason that their type of legislation is always *prohibitive*. Now prohibitive legislation is one of the chief functions of an autocracy; but it is a contradiction of free government. The only possible excuse for our wasteful form of government is to teach the people to govern themselves. It is potential, prophetic, — a challenge in place of a decree. But every regulative statute which expresses only the will of a minority or of a bare majority is a step towards anarchy or autocracy; and with every such step, education in self-government becomes more difficult."

"But how can you possibly fight this growing evil?" I asked.

# Chimes

## *A Novel in Six Instalments — II*

ROBERT HERRICK

### SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER

**O**UT in the Middle West, a new industrial city rises mushroom-like from the encompassing prairie. The American thirst for progress and education for the masses causes a new seat of the higher learning, The University of Eureka, to be born amid these unacademic and drab surroundings, — founded by a lumberman with an urge; its first president and presiding genius, the business-like, stocky, Dr. Elmer Harris. To this institution from the effete East, from the academic haunts of Harvard, comes young Beaman Clavercin, cultured, fastidious, with literary ambitions, to head the department of English and General Literature. He has been recommended by his friend Beckwith, also of the East. The energetic, resourceful Mrs. Crandall, Dean of Women, — for of course, Eureka is co-educational, — becomes his guide to the personalities and idiosyncrasies of Eureka. Living with her is Jessica Stowe, of the department of Sociology; slender, blonde, intelligent, aloof, she arouses Clavercin's interest. He becomes a part of the life of this (to him) strange educational "factory", enmeshed in its web of intrigue and "politics". One escapes from the uninspired and benumbing routine to Flesheimer's, to drink with kindred spirits, occasionally to drink too much. When Dr. Mallory captures the alluring Jessica Stowe, his colleagues give him an engagement party at Flesheimer's. Some of the things that take place on this too hilarious occasion are reported to the university authorities. The ringleaders in misbehavior are summoned to the president's office. Dr. Harris with characteristic generalship, recognizing Beckwith's influence among the younger professors and instructors, instead of dismissing him promotes him to a position of responsibility, — "and so the Flesheimer days ended."

### CHAPTER TWO

#### I

**T**HE squat figure of Dr. Harris on a low bicycle, his baggy trousers clipped tightly around his fat calves, his broad brow above the gold-rimmed spectacles bent earnestly over the handle-bars, was grotesque. These early, before-breakfast bicycle rides were one of the Eureka president's devices for "getting in touch" with different members of his growing faculty. His secretary sent out the cards of invitation, beginning alphabetically with assistant professors and working downwards through the list of instructors and teaching fellows. Clavercin came early on the list, thanks to his promotion at the time of his marriage, — which was due, he felt sure, to Mrs. Crandall's kindly

insistence. His desire to laugh at the funny figure ahead of him was controlled by a flattered awe at the invitation to accompany the president on this golden October morning.

It was characteristic of the man, part of his general hearty friendliness, something of the drummer's indiscriminate sociability with an eye on possible business. The president would casually introduce a young instructor, or even a student whom he chanced to meet on the station platform, to an eminent citizen, say Samuel Gorridge, the steel man: "Clavercin" (taking him familiarly by the arm), "I want you to know Mr. Samuel Gorridge, President of our Board, — Dr. Clavercin of our department of General Literature," and so forth. President Harris was aware that while this introduction might mean

little more to Gorridge than a passing tribute to his local importance, being as he considered himself this young man's employer (having the final say on his appointment, promotion, emoluments), it meant much more to the obscure young man, making him acquainted with this prominent citizen, giving him possibly, — if he happened to make a good impression, — an invitation to the Gorridge house on the North Boulevard and other agreeable connections, which might prove advantageous to him personally and also to the institution of which he was an humble representative. Thus a shrewd egoism, mingled with an impulsive kindness, gave the university president the reputation of being truly "democratic".

The two pedaled industriously into the empty Park, past the few remains of the great Fair. These monuments gave the president his conversational clue.

"It is only in America, — only I may say in this most typically American city, — that such a magnificent evidence of civic pride could have been carried to a successful conclusion. The public spirit of our leading citizens made the World Fair possible, as it is making our university what it is destined to be, — the greatest in our country!"

Dr. Harris, for all his bonhomie, which was quite sincere, had a purpose in all his words. Clavercin understood that he wished to impress upon this recruit from the aristocratic and condescending East the challenge of the new West. He listened respectfully to the impressive facts that the president was throwing at him over his shoulder while he worked the pedals, about the ready sacrifices made by rich men when the panic had threatened the existence of the Fair. Presently the topic veered to what the same leading citizens had done for the university, what might be expected from them and from "our graduates" in the future.

"Think of the Campanile!" he exclaimed, referring to a recent gift announced at the opening of the autumn term from a milk-paste millionaire. "Such idealism! A beautiful beacon to soar above the roofs of the university buildings, to be seen far out upon the broad waters of this great lake. Something of pure beauty," he stressed for Clavercin's benefit. "You know it is given in memory of his son, who

would have entered the university had it not been for that untimely boating accident."

From the Campanile they got to the topic of the many races of people gathered within the far-reaching city. This was suggested by the smoking chimneys of the steel works south of the Park. At the edge of the waste land, which reached on into the cloudy distance about the steel chimneys, they got off their wheels to rest. The president wiped his glasses, adjusted his soft felt hat, and extended a thick hairy arm from a soiled cuff.

"Have you seen Professor Gartner's remarkable monograph on the foreign populations of this city? He finds sixty-seven distinct peoples, — think of it! Sixty-seven groups coming here from distant lands, each with its own tongue, its own religious organization, meeting here and merging into one. Think of the population that will centre one day around this great inland sea, the offspring of these alien peoples who have come hither in the desire for better things for themselves and their children! It will be our opportunity, our duty, to educate this enormous population . . . a great privilege."

The young professor, remembering the pile of student essays on his desk awaiting correction, thought there might be some limits to this privilege. Nevertheless he listened respectfully to Harris's panegyric on opportunity, with the baffling sense of the ridiculous checked by admiration that the words and the gestures of this extraordinary man so often aroused in him. There could be no doubt of the sincerity of the emotion which the spectacle of the great stretch of flat waste land, the mouldering ruins of the Fair playground, the brooding gray lake, and the smoking chimneys of the steel mills gave him. The President of Eureka saw imaginatively all this raw land peopled by an industrious contented population, in tens of millions doing well by themselves and reading books and prosecuting higher studies in their odd moments. Just as the energetic men on his board of trustees were busy in building and directing these mills and their attendant miles of brick tenements to make steel for the coming millions, so Dr. Harris was busy in gathering his tribute from them to erect the "plant" for "higher things", building "libraries



laboratories, and museums" in which to educate all those millions about to be spawned. It was all part of one process, the cosmic process of growth, and Harris, like Gorridge and Larson, got exhilaration from being part of it. The young professor nurtured in a less glowing atmosphere might have doubts about the ideal, but he recognized that it was this quality of emotional imagination that gave the stocky man wiping his glasses, — without them he had the appearance of a queer blind owl, — and gesticulating, his strong appeal to the rich leaders of an industrial democracy.

"The doctor," as they would say, "could do our job too!"

They pedaled back to the university, passing on the way the new school of education, gift of a neurasthenic young man, the new commons into which a number of pale youths were streaming for breakfast, the foundation of that tower of beauty that was to dominate the campus and the city, — the Campanile (variously pronounced, most often as if it were in three words Camp-a-Nile!). Quite pardonable, the young man thought, if the assembling cause of all this took pride grandiosely in his achievement, and planned more blocks of stone and mortar, thinking he was making a university!

"There ought to be a chime of bells in that great tower," Clavercin suggested idly, "to ring out night and morning."

"Fine idea!" Dr. Harris agreed. "We must put in the bells," and Clavercin could see the busy man dictating to Miss Wex, "Memo: a chime of bells for the Campanile — sound Mr. Lexoll (the milk-paste donor) on this."

They parted at the president's house, a new brick affair in much adapted Gothic. A large woman was standing on the porch, the morning newspaper in her hand, looking up the avenue inquiringly. She gave Clavercin a short, blind nod, and remarked to the president, "Your breakfast is waiting for you, doctor!"

The stout little man ducked into the house like a belated schoolboy. Clavercin, realizing that the president would have asked him in for a cup of coffee if he had dared, went his way grinning softly. There was one place at least where this Big Barnum was mere man!

## II

Beyond the president's new house was the Woman's Quadrangle where Mrs. Crandall reigned like a busy bee. If to some of the members of the faculty, with belated ideas as to woman's sphere, the presence on the campus of this extensive pile of stone solely devoted to the less intellectual sex was an offense, it was a humming hive, — and it would be difficult now to oust the women from the university. Clavercin had to admit to himself that many of the cleverest students in his advanced course on the drama were women, keener and more cultivated than the men. "That's because the best men won't compete with women," as some one said, but Clavercin no longer felt his first instinctive dislike to teaching women. "You are becoming feminized," Beckwith jeered, "like all of us, — it's so easy to put it over women!" Not always!

As he passed the entrance to the Woman's Quadrangle, Mrs. Crandall dashed by in a cab, a bunch of mail in one fist, her eyes rapidly perusing a letter as if she were sucking its contents in one gulp. Already at this early hour she was off for a train to make some engagement several hundred miles away! The young man answered her friendly smile and nod, envying this busy woman who made life so full of drama for herself and others. Over her hurried breakfast she had no doubt already confessed some bewildered girl and set her straight on the track, smoothed out the puckers in an angular graduate's brow over her dissertation, arranged for the necessary credits for another aspirant, and now was on her way to stir the languid imaginations of the Dubuque Woman's Club over the thrilling adventures in the laboratory for their daughters. Like Dr. Harris, her skilful hand was at work in every corner of the institution, patting, mitigating, combining, making possible ways in dark places. She might be superficial as her critics said, too fond of good society, too tactful, — all that, — nevertheless she was anything but flabby, purposeless. Eureka, Clavercin realized again, would have been a very different place, perhaps intolerable, if it had not been for her magical touch. It was rumored that latterly Mrs. Crandall and the president were becoming less intimate, that he dis-

liked her influence with the trustees and the more important people of the city, — he heard her quoted too often, — and that presently the Dean of Women might be granted that long leave of absence she so richly deserved and — never come back. Clavercin hoped this was gossip, for which Eureka, like all self-contained communities, was a hotbed.

As he passed down the suburban avenue now properly paved and quite well filled with detached houses, Clavercin recognized the more settled aspect that a few swift years had brought to this slice of prairie wilderness. In these comfortable, roomy brick houses, with little strips of lawn in front, little yards behind, that peculiar institution so often discussed as "the American home" was developing luxuriantly. Not merely for the few prosperous members of the faculty who could afford to live in their own houses, but for professional and business men whose families liked the "advantages" and "refinements" of a university neighborhood, as the real estate agents put it. Indeed, the latter outnumbered the former and were rapidly filling in the empty squares.

In front of the Fentons' large cream-colored brick house a fat girl of twelve was pushing a small baby carriage.

"See my baby!" she cried out to Clavercin proudly, uncovering the face of a waxy, unhealthy infant. "It isn't really ours, but maybe it will stay with us!"

"Whose baby have you run off with now?" Bayberry asked, coming across the street to join them.

"It's the Dexters'," Constance replied, with a bubbling smile. She tossed back the thick blond pigtail from her neck and took the baby out of the carriage, in an expert manner, to exhibit it to the two men.

"Its mother's sick, and we are taking care of it, 'cause Mr. Dexter's got too much to do over at the laboratory. It hasn't had enough to eat, mother says," she continued breathlessly, kissing the pasty face. "Mrs. Dexter's sick, — she lies on her bed all day."

The two men looked away: it was one of the minor scandals of the university that the wife of the professor of anatomy, a very able man, took drugs and was often "not herself". It was rumored indeed

that Dexter must find some other place, if he could, "or send his wife away somewhere." The fat girl purred on, "Mother says college people shouldn't have so many babies, but the babies can't help it, poor things, can they?"

"No," the men agreed gravely.

Mrs. Fenton called down from an upper window, "Constance! It's time to feed the baby . . . bring her in!" And she added to the men, "Did you ever! She can't let 'em alone, — steals 'em."

"Are you going to college when you grow up?" Bayberry asked the Fenton girl.

"Oh, no, I'd rather have babies," she replied thoughtfully. A university to her was a lot of solemn looking men with books under their arms, a lot of draggled looking women with wan babies. She did not think highly of it.

The two men watched her carefully pull the carriage up the cement steps.

"Another mother for the university," Bayberry chuckled. "She will be wheeling us all in her baby carriage one of these days!" He shambled back to the bleak house across the street, nicknamed the Monastery, where he lived with Norman Beckwith and two other bachelors. From the window of his bare study he had watched Constance Fenton, with her thick blond pigtail and fat legs, busy about the block, first wheeling dolls and now babies.

The Mallorys' new house was on the next corner, a full three-story box with a big white balustrade around the roof. As Clavercin passed, Mrs. Mallory was just leaving the house, a portfolio under her arm, on her way no doubt to the new psychology laboratory where she had a private den. She no longer taught classes: it was not considered quite seemly that the dean's wife should teach, especially when the family did not need the money; but she had kept up her studies and was said to be conducting some interesting experiments in psychology under the direction of Rudolph Sheimer, a recent acquisition from the University of Zurich. Mrs. Mallory gave Clavercin a cool examining gaze, then a slow nod, and briskly set off for the morning's work, joining in the stream of day students that were coming up the cross street from the railroad station. At the corner she met



Sanderson, also armed with a big bag of papers and books, and the two walked on together. Probably Mallory had gone to his office long ago, the Dean being a very active man. It was already noted in university gossip that the Mallorys did not often "appear" together, — they were both very much occupied in a number of ways, and Mrs. Mallory was having a child, so the women whispered, although Clavercin could see no evidence of the fact in the trim, erect, slender figure striding along in step with the burly Sanderson.

There was another very coming man, like Mallory, though more inimical to "the culture crowd". Already he had managed to elevate his subject, geography, to the dignity of an independent department, and now was "putting through" a scheme for a college of "Business Administration", of which he would be the head. As if there were any need of teaching business to the Eureka! But the idea had appealed to the trustees and business men of the city as "practical": it elevated their own occupation to the dignity of the learned professions. The same sort of spurious scheme had been urged upon Dr. Harris for a separate department of journalism. American journalism in a university, God save the mark! Yet their competitors were teaching journalism, along with philosophy, science, and mathematics, in obedience to the popular demand for "practical" subjects. If Clavercin could bring himself to favor this converting the university into a conglomeration of trade schools, he too might obtain the headship of the department of journalism, prestige, and a larger salary. It was a sore topic.

He watched the two until, having reached the campus, Sanderson raised his hat in a sweeping bow to the dean's wife and made off in the direction of the president's office, striding along like a conqueror. It was long since the days of Flesheimer when Sanderson had been induced occasionally to sip a surreptitious glass of beer and listen to the ribald criticism of Barnum's Show! Since then he had become editor of a new series of school geographies that a well-known firm of text-book publishers was pushing into all the western States, and had made, so report said, a great deal of money, — on

work done largely by graduate students and assistants. Many of the faculty, who had not managed to marry rich women or fit themselves into administrative jobs, eked out their small salaries by doing text-books. The manager of a large text-book company lived in the house next the Mallorys in order to cultivate friendships with the faculty. All this hack work was of course pure waste for the university, but what could one do? And still the younger men were criticized if they did not "produce" something in pure scholarship. Every term the president's office demanded from all heads of departments a list of "scholarly publications" to the credit of their members. These lists were published in the president's annual report, as evidence to the world that Eureka was contributing vigorously to higher learning.

Mallory, to be sure, had not made large contributions to the list, but he was "in administration", a sufficient excuse. And Mrs. Mallory was very industrious, having half a dozen items to her credit of articles published in scientific and semi-scientific journals and some reviews. But the Mallorys belonged to the fortunate minority in the faculty who had their own houses and did not have to worry about the size of the salary cheque.

His imagination went back to that trim, alert, silent figure which had always intrigued him. What was she really like? He wondered if Mallory knew! The marriage had taken place the summer before Clavercin had joined the faculty, at the Stowe's Adirondack camp, and had been properly noted in the newspapers, — "the only daughter of Senator Simeon B. Stowe of Stoweville, Connecticut and Washington, D. C. (of the Stowe International Thread Co.) with 'Dr.' Edgar Lane Mallory of the faculty of Eureka University." Clavercin, reading the notices in the New Hampshire boarding house where he and Louise were spending their modest honeymoon, wondered why the young bride had not insisted on having it printed, "Dr. Jessica Stowe of the Sociological Department." He was sure that if she had had anything to say about the announcement it would have been so worded, suppressing any mention of the senator and the famous thread works.

Well, Mallory had won the prize: it was obvious from the first glance that he



would, — he was the prize winning sort. And he had had Mrs. Crandall's efficient support. "So entirely suitable," he could hear her saying genially, "this romance between two scholars, interested in the same subject, an ideal marriage." Was it? Mallory had given up all professional work, and Mrs. Mallory was, apparently, transferring her interest from sociology to the new department of experimental psychology that Dr. Sheimer was rapidly creating, — it was hinted, with some of the thread money contributed by Mrs. Mallory.

But it was already late, — he must gulp a cup of coffee and hurry back to his morning class. He had promised Mallory to do the text for a musical comedy to be given as a benefit for the Settlement, and the first rehearsal was this afternoon. And there was his article for the next number of the "Modern Language Journal". He had not touched it for a month. It would have to go over until the summer vacation, which he hoped to spend in Europe with Louise. They had planned this first trip to Europe since they were engaged. It was the one reward of their profession, these European vacations, and some day when he was full professor he could spend a year in Europe on half pay . . . and then he would do that book on the mediæval drama, if some one had not got in ahead of him on the field. Beckwith was in Europe with Walter Snow this winter. Now and then alluring picture cards came from them from out of the way spots, not especially noted for academic renown. If that rubber plantation would only begin to pay instead of call for hundred dollar assessments, — or he could manage a text-book, like Sanderson.

Louise met him at the door, her dark eyes dancing with excitement.

"Oh, Bea, just think! Mrs. Sailer has asked us to-night for dinner and the symphony, — won't it be fun?"

Clavercin frowned dubiously. He had reserved this evening for some special preparation he must make for his "seminar" to-morrow and an overdue book review. But Louise would be so disappointed. He was very much in love with her, and apologetic for the little diversion he could offer her in Eureka. She was quite pretty, dark, with glints of gold in her chestnut hair, a softly molded white neck.

She had already made herself liked in university circles and, thanks to her vivacious chatter, her "cunning" personality, was attracting invitations from those city people who patronized the university.

It meant, whenever they were asked out like this, either a long ride on the suburban train, a tram car and a walk, or the expense of a hired carriage which was formidable and not to be indulged in every week. The late hours made Clavercin headachy and nervous the following day. They had been going into the city pretty often; when he demurred Louise proved to him triumphantly that it was advantageous for him to become known and seen in the company of influential people like the Sailors and the Mudges. There were comparatively few of the faculty who were invited into the city, except of course the Mallorys and Mrs. Crandall. It was a kind of aristocracy worth striving for. She already dreamed of buying a lot on Beechwood Terrace, quite a nicely settled street near the campus, and some day having their own house, — oh, quite small, but *chic*, — where they could ask people Sundays and for occasional dinners. While he shared to some extent this ambition to be known, to meet interesting and influential people, — and knew that such social opportunities helped unduly in the university, — he had an uneasy feeling that this was not the road to high scholarship and to consideration by real scholars.

On the ground floor in this cheap apartment building lived such a scholar, John Goodwin, head of the German department, a sallow, baldheaded, middle-aged man, who had married in his later youth a German girl out of the *pension* where he lived while he was studying for his doctorate. Mrs. Goodwin, who still spoke English with a strong accent, did all the housework, including the washing, and her highest festivity was the family Sunday dinner, to which the Clavercins had once been invited. The dingy apartment furnished in green plush, smelled of strong cooking and children.

"Impossible!" Louise sniffed when they had escaped. "How can he stand it!"

All the same, Goodwin, as Clavercin well knew, was one of the foremost publicists in the university. The Goodwins went to Europe (second class) almost every year for three months, Mrs. Good-

win spending the time with the children in some remote Saxon hamlet while her husband traveled, attended linguistic congresses, bought books. Of course the Goodwins did not count socially in the university or the city, but scholars knew Goodwin all over the country. And Clavercin felt the humorous contempt of this older man for university professors who "tried to keep up with the 'bourgeoisie'," as he put it. Scholarship was enough for him, and the scholar's lean life. Wisely he had taken the sort of woman who was content to cook and wash, bring children into the world and look after them, and asked nothing better. Was any other sort of wife possible for a scholar?

"What kind of a companion can she be for an educated man?" Louise had commented.

Clavercin, who had felt the affectionate tone of the household, thought that the large Saxon-born lady probably had been just the sort of companion a man needed whose specialty could be understood by only a handful of scholars the world over.

"And, Bea," Louise chirped on, considering the Sailors' invitation settled, "you really must order a new dress suit. I've been trying to get that spot off, and it won't come out. Besides, it's so worn and shabby, like a pauper's."

"We are paupers!" Clavercin responded a little less jovially than usual.

"Oh, not as bad as that," his wife corrected spiritedly. "Wait until you are a head professor and Uncle James Osgood has given me that legacy and we build a house on Beechwood Terrace and give nice parties."

"Wait until . . . oh, hell, I forgot this is the night of the departmental meeting. Caxton spoke to me about it particularly yesterday, wanted to know if it was convenient."

"Oh, Bea-man!" Louise wailed. "I am sure the Mallorys are asked too!"

A crisis threatened, how profound only Clavercin knew.

"You must see Mr. Caxton this morning and make him put it off!"

"Must I?" Clavercin replied, a little tartly. "And what if he won't?"

### III

Most of the classes were held in the factory-like Founders' Hall, up and down

whose flights of iron stairs the students tramped in a solid mass each hour from eight-thirty until four. In the morning hours which were the more popular, because most of the students still brought their luncheons with their books and went home after their classes, the stairways were so jammed that the professors were jostled in the throng as, bareheaded, they made their way from office to class. Clavercin was always ruffled by this scramble on the stairs and in the halls, and tried to avoid it by getting to his classes either early or late. Occasionally he was caught in the mob and must struggle through the press. The students did not recognize him, and even if they had recognized him they would have jostled just the same, that being the western democratic way. And the women, too! Clavercin could not easily get over his dislike of seeing them chatting familiarly with the men in the corners of the halls, or sitting in the empty class rooms, flirting. He knew that such familiarity between the sexes meant little, — they had been brought up from infancy together, and it was probably a healthier way than the segregation practised in older communities. All the same it offended something romantic in him that he still treasured.

In a different way he had been disturbed by the presence in his own classes of so many women students, for his morning class in "Gen. Lit." was popular, especially with women. The women took by prescriptive right all the front benches in the room, while the minority of men slunk into the rear, as if ashamed of exposing their mentality before women in mass. It was difficult to evoke more than a monosyllabic response from the men, even by direct question: they seemed obsessed by a mental diffidence before the other sex, with single members of whom they had just been on such familiar terms. And they felt themselves outnumbered.

The women were not as a rule pretty or even attractive. Clavercin had determined from the start to keep the reactions of the class room and office as sexless as possible. It was not difficult in the majority of cases, for the women were plain and not always tidy. Sometimes a woman would linger after class, and when the others had drifted away would try to bring something into play other than the



objective, the impersonal matter between them. Calvercin had a way of assembling his books and papers while dryly restating the question that effectively suppressed the personal appeal, and quickly he found that he had gained a reputation of being "stiff", even "snobbish". An incredible story went the round of the campus to the effect that Professor Clavercin had asked his women students not to bow to him outside his class because he did not wish to have social relations with them. Mrs. Crandall reported this tale to him with much amusement.

"Of course, my boy, I know you never said anything as silly as that, but you might be a bit less snubby to some of them. It isn't their fault, poor things, that they are not all as attractive as Jessica or Louise, and they would like to know you, — if you'd let them."

"They can come to my office when I am there, if they need any help," he protested, "just as the men. I don't recognize any difference between the two sexes in the university."

"That is very well! I wish some of the other instructors were as punctilious," and she hinted darkly at a scandal which was rife periodically of the trading of favors for marks in courses. "That is horrid, of course, — I mean to get that man some day," — she mentioned one of the best known members of the faculty, a married man, who was notorious for his relations with his women students, — "and have him publicly expelled from the university. I am watching for him, but he is too sly!" she said with a determined shake of her head. "But you don't have to freeze the poor things." She laughed merrily. "Women are different from men, always will be, in education as elsewhere: they get ideas differently, apply them differently, more personally, emotionally."

"I know, — it's just that —"

"Why shouldn't they? Why shouldn't knowledge be vitalized, applied concretely, worked into the stuff of life?" she demanded. "Perhaps it is just the positive element, what you call 'personal', that scholarship has lacked, has made it something remote from ordinary life, — and women will help to change all that. And, poor dears, they need the discipline of objectivity, — that's what they are coming here for. So you will both help each

other! Only get over that Harvard idea of yours that women are not for the higher education, — they are for everything, the same as men! Don't think it beneath your dignity to teach women: one of these days they will be teaching your sons, — yes, here in this university and elsewhere. The segregation rule is over, in this world, my man!"

In spite of such strong doctrine, which he might agree with theoretically, Clavercin, like many of his colleagues, found a subtle deflection in his professional work, due to the presence of so many women in the classes he taught. It was almost intangible. Not, as so often said, a lowering of mental standard, for most of the women were as able, even abler, than the men, and were generally of a superior social class, with a more cultivated background, especially the young women from rich Jewish families that flocked to the so-called culture courses. The essential difference, so far as he could discover from his own experience and from discussion with his colleagues, was the kind of reaction women gave to what was offered them in class. Unconsciously they sought something more than information, something, as Mrs. Crandall would put it, that they might work directly into their own lives. For that reason women often chose courses that were not highly considered by the faculty, such as the anthropologist's, Moon's, discursive talks on strange people and strange ways. They were seeking for something with which to enlarge their consciousness of life, and wherever they found it they responded quickly, tenaciously.

At first when Clavercin entered the filled class room, mounted the raised platform, removed his coat and hat, and opened his note-book, ranging his reference books on the dusty desk before him, he had experienced a distinct thrill, as of an officer taking command of his ship. His must be the word, the force, to galvanize the dull and wandering minds of fifty-odd young men and women. The sound of his own voice had something hypnotic for him, and as the class sank into a receptive stillness, heads bent over note-books, hands industriously scribbling, he found himself thinking more lucidly, discovering new meanings in old matter that had hitherto escaped him. As he worked into



his subject, seeking those significances, those inner relations it had with the larger aspects of life, he could feel the stillness of note-taking change into a sort of suspense, and was conscious that the men and women before him were too much interested in what he was saying to take notes, were listening, absorbing his meaning, completely acquiescent. That was the moment of triumph, with its own subtle thrill, a conscious exercise of power, not unlike what the creative artist or the actor must experience. "Now," he thought, "I am teaching, I am creating new consciousness," and the sentences flowed faster, as in his excitement he rose and came down from the rostrum, standing with his back against the desk in order to place his thought more directly into those open minds in suspense before him.

But as the class exercise became routine, coming four or five times every week at the same hour, he felt this thrill more rarely: it was harder to get into the "inspired" mood, and he was often aware of painfully groping for clues in a dull mind, and then the students either scribbled conscientiously in their note-books, moved restlessly, or stared apathetically out of the windows. Then he became irritated, with himself, with them, with the whole function of teaching, and his voice rasped: he made mistakes, over-emphasized, and at the conclusion of the hour he felt drained of every particle of vitality. Often there was a growing numbness in his mind as the lecture proceeded in the hot, bad air, — the ventilating system never worked, and the class room was used every hour. He hated himself and resented the university! He could hear through the thin partitions similar exercises going on in neighboring class rooms or the scraping of chairs above or below him as classes on other floors were dismissed. "Pepper's letting 'em out fifteen minutes too early, — it's a scandal!" he thought, and ground his teeth for a last lap. "It's too much like a day school," he would grumble to Snow or Beckwith, comparing these routine exercises with the meetings in his own old University Hall where, before a couple of hundred young men, some celebrity had appeared like a priest or a famous actor, and with a detached air had conducted, as it were, a religious rite (not wholly comprehended no doubt by the neophytes)

and then departed, alone, first, his green cloth bag clutched under one arm, swinging a cane like a dandy, in the direction of the library or the town, bound for the mysteries of his own solitary studies.

One of Dr. Harris's great ideas for Eureka had been to do away with such exhibitions, to substitute "real teaching" for the university lecture system, that deplorable pumping of so many empty words into so many hundreds of idle minds. In Eureka the classes were supposed never to exceed thirty, and for a time it was possible to keep them small, at least the more advanced ones. But the small class coming almost every day did not necessarily encourage "real teaching", whatever that might mean. More often it encouraged slackness. And there were so many ways of shirking, known only to the conscientious teacher when he was tired or bored or abstracted. He might save up frugally on the matter prepared so as to have enough for another exercise, or permit some talky student to air his futile ideas wordily while the rest of the class sat by and kept points on the discussion, or set papers, and so forth.

Nor did he often get that exhilarating stimulus from "keen young minds" that people talked about sloppily. Young minds are not often keen, — rather, cloudy and lethargic, unless prodded by competitive excitement. And his classes were very often mixed, containing candidates for the higher degrees, school teachers, casual listeners from the city, irregulars. The special trouble with his subject was that it attracted many irregulars with a desire for entertainment. This fact gave him a sense of being meretricious, not really "scholarly", and regarded condescendingly by his fellows in the faculty who were engaged in science or the more "solid" subjects. It prodded him to fill his lectures with useless references, pedantic displays of scholarship that he realized few of those who listened would ever use. Nor did he himself greatly value this aspect of his subject nor believe that literature should be so treated even in a university course. The living breath of life, — that is what it once had been, should be to-day, if anything, — and it was that which he really wanted to give these crude, inexperienced youths, that which some of them thirsted for, — "inspiration" they called

it. Yet an academic pudicity made him withhold just this element of his subject as much as possible, a shamed fear of not being "scholarly".

So, often after class he retreated to his office, a cubby-hole in the embrasure of a pseudo-Gothic window, divided by a shiny varnished partition from other cubby-holes, in an utter depression and exhaustion of spirit, produced by this sort of thwarted functioning. It seemed to him then that a university ought not to pretend to "teach" literature, any more than life ought to confine its activity strictly to the tabulation of fact, the exploration scientifically of stratified ideas! And in such moods he growled savagely at the graduate students lying in wait for him in the outer office in order to suck from his wearied brain some morsel for their theses and dissertations.

There in his office he transacted the mass of "paper business" that accumulated every day. It seemed that for every professor in the university there must be several officials with stenographers whose sole business it was to bombard the harassed teacher with questions, reports, abstracts of minutes, and so forth, which the recipient did not quite dare to chuck unanswered into the wastebasket and permitted to accumulate in a dusty heap upon his desk until the end of the term gave him courage to clean out the rubbish. He cursed the inventor of "statistics", the cancerous growth of the measuring habit that tried to apply its yardstick to the most intimate affairs of the spirit. Beckwith was able to extract a certain amount of humor out of this "*paperasse*", as he called it, framing his replies in mock seriousness. "Now would you say that Susie Jones had an industrious intelligence or an intelligent industry?"

"And to think that in our college one old maid did most of all this record-keeping and the president wrote his letters in his own hand, — bully ones too, no 'it seems to me', or 'may I call your attention to the following' stuff!" Clavercin groaned.

It was all part of that factory process — "system" (perhaps the most hated word on Clavercin's private index) — that the university was imitating from the business world. It was the factory symbol that inevitably suggested itself to him whenever

he entered this building, with its semi-fireproof construction, its crowded corridors, and murmuring class rooms. He could not get away from the sense of the symbol while he stayed in class or office or seminar room. The spare figure of the black-haired instructor in mathematics, Horatio Memnor, who had the adjoining room in the morning hour, emerging with a bundle of neatly folded papers, his dark coat sprinkled with blackboard dust, his long hair greasy and uncut, his trousers bagging, was that of a factory foreman, and the innocent Memnor (who was a conscientious teacher) irritated him unreasonably. He felt that the foppish Sidney Lamp, with his affected intonation, his eyeglass, and eternal harping on "form", "what we should give our students is a sense of form," was more nearly right.

Why should education be left to the unkempt, the sallow, the anemic? He knew well enough that it was because Memnor received the same small salary that he had, and even by doing extra work, tutoring and night teaching, he could hardly support the little white-faced woman he had married, — Mrs. Memnor looked exactly like a frightened rabbit, — and his one small child. You couldn't get the graces and the abilities for eighteen hundred a year! It was the poverty of the calling that made it, in a commercial environment like Eureka, America, so inferior. But, as Beckwith pointed out, it had always been poor, originally an appendage of the church. One must have an inner sense of superiority, a glow for one's office, a passion for the great objective, learning. A few had that, like old Bayberry, like poor Dexter with his laboratory mice and his morphine wife, — and Memnor too? Perhaps.

His afternoon class was better. There was less of a crowd in the big building, a more cloistered air. The students too were different, fewer schoolboys and girls, "lunch-basket students", more of the older, graduate order; for most of the specifically graduate courses, the seminars, were held in the afternoon. The atmosphere was mellower, more what should be expected in a university. Yet as a rule, the graduate student was not an inspiring individual. He was usually a teacher, seeking a higher degree in order to improve his position, — a rather color-



less specimen, too evidently starved in body and spirit in his concentration on the coveted higher degree. He was avid, sucking like a leech from the instructor all that he might have within him. Clavercin rose from the two hour period drained, exhausted, sometimes irritated by the pertinacious zeal of some frowsy dull woman who had bored into his mind as she would thumb a library catalogue or extract notes from a reference book. Why could they not wash! Even the bath was a luxury reserved for the leisured class.

#### IV

At the start of the term there was the process of sorting these advanced students into courses, of trying to fit them with special subjects for "investigation". This Teutonic process, indelibly stamped on the American university now for a full generation, might be efficacious in the sciences, where presumably subjects for special examinations were exhaustless, but in the humanities it was devastating, producing under forced draft a terrific amount of waste material that moldered on the shelves of university libraries or was ultimately carried out to the dump by the scavenger. For one useful, illuminating piece of "research" sponsored by the university, crowned by the achievement of a higher degree, there must be at least a hundred aimless, dull, utterly futile products, whose sole utility was to train some second-rate mind, fit only for elementary teaching, how to use a card catalogue and other apparatus of scholarship. The very sight of a dissertation or thesis gave Clavercin an attack of mental nausea. Somehow all this applied scholarship was killing the root of the matter it was applied to. American universities that gave so much attention to the teaching and investigating of "literature" were the most unliterary places in the world, most purely barbarous in spirit. There were not a dozen members of the Eureka faculty who could write a well expressed letter, hardly that number who recognized a literary allusion beyond the limits of the popular "Kolumnist" in the "Daily Thunderer". And yet, employing the jargon of the laboratory, they tried to run the fine essences of spirit through their strainers, classify and label the "results".

The acme of this imbecility appeared in

the pompous examinations held toward the close of the term for the candidates for higher degrees who had finally succeeded in finding subjects for "investigation", and after months of harassing effort had produced papers that some instructor would sponsor. At the set time the committee of the faculty designated to examine the candidate assembled in a seminar room, supposably arrayed in cap and gown, though this bit of academic pomposity was often relaxed, but the candidate must invariably don the costume. If the candidate were a woman, as was often the case, the black gown hid well enough an indifferent dress, the flat cap a mop of loose hair. To Clavercin one of these feminine figures in academic costume always recalled the intentionally comic note of the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where the learned Portia so glibly puts to rout the pundits of the law. A masquerade which he could not take seriously. The examiners having ranged themselves around the long table with the chairman at the head, presently the nervous candidate was summoned to the ordeal and graciously permitted to sit. Thereupon one by one the different professors put their questions, covering their own fields, to the bewildered candidate. This was something of a game, easily recognized. The examining professor desired to show his own expertness, to shine and gain prestige in the eyes of his colleagues, and at the same time was desirous that the candidate should not disgrace him by misunderstanding his points or betraying an ignorance of his pet technicalities. So the question must be deftly combined with a mnemonic hint, and if the candidate blundered or hesitated the hint must be made more obvious. Clavercin, observing the professional tactics, often wondered sardonically how many of the examiners could pass an examination if each one were set to quizzing the others, — or indeed could pass their own questions! The farce of the system appeared most fully when the professors who had given courses taken by the candidate happened to be out of residence and their colleagues undertook to examine the candidate on unfamiliar fields. Then the candidate had an easy time, the questions were of a broad simplicity: he might even boldly improvise an answer, trusting to luck that the



learned examiner would be hazy on that special matter.

After a couple of hours of this the candidate was excused, allowed to fidget nervously in the gloom of an outer office or hall while the examiners discussed the case and voted to give or to withhold the degree. That moment, when the door closed upon the candidate and the examiners stretched, lighted cigarettes perhaps, and regarded each other, was both comic and humiliating. Clavercin wondered how really intelligent, well trained men could maintain their gravity or self-respect after one of these performances. The chairman began, "It seems to me that the candidate was only superficially prepared on," or "Miss Smith was evidently very nervous, she did not do full credit to herself in my subject, but—" Clavercin got into the way of voting always "yes" in every case. It was either that or "no", and after once being obliged to inform a Miss Smith that the committee had refused her the degree and having her collapse on his hands in hysterical sobbing, her year's grubbing thrown away, while his inner mind knew that she was no worse informed on these matters than Miss Jones, her predecessor, he decided that the safer, more humane course was invariably to grant the degree to any one who had gone through the required ritual. In revenge he amused himself by framing subtle questions which he blandly and apologetically proffered, questions that an alert student could easily answer without much erudition, but which often puzzled his expert colleagues. At last he gave over attending the examinations, explaining frankly to the chairman of his departmental group who had charge of such matters that he recognized he was not a scholar himself and felt that he had no business in playing the rôle before the neophytes of the system. Caxton, the chairman of the group, himself one of the foremost philologists of the country, for whom Clavercin had profound respect and admiration, received this communication with characteristic liberality.

"I am sorry, Clavercin," he said. "You may not be a scholar in some senses of the word, but you are a very useful man in Eureka because you can make your students understand literature and care for it."

Clavercin reddened boyishly.

"And that's one thing surely a university should do. As to this degree business I feel very much as you do about it. But what can we do? The president, as you know, is all the time pushing us to 'produce'. If we haven't our quota of doctors and masters we'll have our present small budget cut. They want results, things they can print in annual reports, show to trustees and rich men, and all that. And the schools want teachers that have the higher degree whether they know anything worth while or not. It's standardization," said the great scholar with a weary frown. All this useless degree giving business occupied so much of his time that he was years behind in his own work, was over-due, so to speak, on the delivery of promised investigations, falling behind in the competitive race for publications. What was worse, a fine instrument of a rare perception, such as Caxton's mind, without any doubt was being dulled in a meaningless routine that any third-rate pedant could have done as acceptably.

As the two men stepped out from the empty Hall, where some janitors were sweeping up the day's debris, into the smoky twilight, Clavercin, moved by the older man's kindness, exclaimed bitterly, "I know well enough what I should do if I had the courage. That's the worst of a university: it takes the courage out of you. Like the church—or a government bureau. It gives you a pitiful sort of security, for which you barter your independence, and some soft phrases to drug your soul with!"

Caxton reflectively lighted a cigarette.

"I know," he said. "Yet it is a bigger thing to live uncompromisingly without than merely to get out, don't you think? We need you and Beckwith, men who are not precisely 'scholars'. . . . How is the play getting on?"

"The play? . . . Oh, I had almost forgotten it."

At the further end of the campus the biological laboratories were ablaze with yellow lights, which burned far into the evening. There, at least, in pure science, Clavercin liked to think, they had students to deal with who were interested in the subject for itself, not because it might bring them a job. The teacher also could be at the same time an investigator: his

teaching and his own intellectual life went hand in hand, as it should go in all departments of the university. But the science men, the biologists and pre-medical men, as well as the chemists and physicists had their own troubles, as Clavercin had often heard them relate. As soon as they had trained a promising student, got him a small appointment in the laboratory, he was at once subjected to temptation to sell himself into commercial medicine or business. "I have three applications for good men in teaching biology, but the jobs only pay three thousand or less, and I don't know how to fill them," Dexter told him. "First-rate men won't go to those places, 'bury themselves', as they call it, in a laboratory and teaching."

He himself, as Clavercin well knew, had refused the bait often, saying simply, "I am not a business man. . . . I am a scholar!"

And he had a tonic scorn for those who "sold themselves" for women and "trash". All the same, if Dexter had taken more of this "trash", his wife might not have gone to drugs to still the fatigues and dreariness of their family life. It was an infernal problem! The world was finding out every day how it could make profit out of the labors of scholars and ruthlessly drafting them into the universal processes of gain. Few could resist. And the worst was that the higher authorities in the university itself aided and abetted the prostitution, advertizing the utility values of the wares they had to offer.

Clavercin liked to drop in at the little yellow brick building where Dexter had his private laboratory and watch the man at work over his long bench. There was a perpetual smell of animals in the place,—just now Dexter was experimenting with a new pneumonia serum and used for this purpose a lot of roosters. Dexter did not seem to mind the smells. There at his bench, often in shirt-sleeves, his pipe in his mouth, meditatively studying a column of data he had set down in fine writing, he seemed utterly at peace, removed from all the preoccupations which annoyed Clavercin, unconscious of the ugliness of his immediate world, of the pettiness of academic routine,—yes even of the squalor of his own home to which presently he must return, to find his wife in a stupor, his children unkempt or on the loose, or

even the flat shut up, deserted, as had been the case several times. Then he must set forth to find his family, bring the wretched woman from the spot to which she had wandered. Clavercin, realizing all this, had stabs of self-reproach. He too should rise above the immediate, the appearance of things, and become absorbed in the deeper current of ideas. Only the scientists,—and not all of them by any means,—seemed to have this engrossing absorption in the world of thought, the single-minded devotion and pure enthusiasm that religion had once given men. Was it because the real man of science lived more completely aloof from the world as it is to-day than any other intellectual? His inner life, more like that of the Indian sage, profoundly convinced of the unreality of appearances, absorbed in the search for an ultimate reality.

"If I were starting again I'd go into science," Clavercin would say to himself, as in another age a distracted man might say, "I'll enter the church." And he urged all his students who he thought had any mental power and aptitude for thought to spend their time in the university, not in reading literature and writing, but in trying to understand the process of science, "so that when you are ready to say something you will realize more clearly what our world is."

Dexter laid aside his pipe, removed the green shade from his eyes, pushed back his papers, and said slowly, with a little sardonic smile, "It looks as if I had been on the wrong track,—two years' work must go into the discard! . . . Well, shall we go over to the club and have a game of billiards?"

Without more ado, more emotional explosion, he put out the lights, locked the door, and forgot the futility of his labor. Clavercin regarded Dexter's thick, rather fleshy figure, his livid plain face, with admiration. He was a farmer's son from Wisconsin, and perhaps had acquired from his farmer ancestors this quiet acceptance of the uncertainties of nature with which they had struggled for many generations.

At this hour many of the younger members of the faculty came to the club to play billiards, read the magazines, and write letters. There was a subdued air of relaxation about that somewhat dingy institution, which gave the new members



an illusion of clubdom. Around the billiard tables they gossiped a little, talked shop: they were too tired or bored to discuss much else. With the increasing degree of specialization they were cut off from each other in little provinces of thought and interest: knowledge had become an archipelago of small islands instead of a single continent. One popular idea about university life, — that there were "stimulating contacts" among so many exceptional men, — was largely an illusion. Either they were too busy or too narrow in their culture and their interest to give much in general conversation. And the women, who invaded the faculty club as all other departments of the university, hampered free male intercourse. So they played billiards and read the magazines, and at six forty-five hurried off to the domestic hearth, all but the few young men who lived at the club.

## V

There was one girl in Clavercin's general class who from the beginning piqued his curiosity. Often as he talked, especially in his more open moods, when the subject touched him personally and he desired to get into the consciousness of the blank faces before him the sense of importance he himself felt, he found his gaze resting on the face of this girl, who usually sat directly beneath him in the front row. Estelle Lambert. She was lithe, light, with a mass of reddish gold hair rippling over a small, well shaped head, a broad low forehead, thin nose, and long hands. She gave the impression of some ripening thing, opening, blooming almost from day to day before his eyes as he watched her. Incidentally he learned that she came from a small town in Texas: this was her third year in the university. Occasionally she came to his office on the fourth floor for consultation, which was as impersonal, as reserved, as the instructor could make these professional interviews. Yet as she sat beside his desk, the sheets of her written paper between them while he discussed the matter, he was conscious of an extraordinary living quality in the girl. He wanted to ask her personal questions, to satisfy his curiosity about her origin, about herself. Rarely since he had taught in the university had such a vivid consciousness of an individuality come to him from a

student. Yet he refrained from stepping over the impersonal line he had established: partly from diffidence, partly from fear of misconceptions, and partly no doubt from enjoyment of the mystery which the girl's face, her carriage, — the objective sense of her, — offered him. So it went for a term, a second term, in a continuing course; and again after an interval she was registered for a third term. Here he noted an indefinable change in face and manner of the girl, a challenge to him of the world, a sullen defiance, and an increasing reserve.

Her mind was as curious to him as her person. She was, as so many of his students, often crude in expression, nearly illiterate, and naïve, — the child of the small town with its semi-sophistications. But she was never common, and occasionally her thinking emitted a glint of perception that stirred him. Here was a child from Cascadilla, Texas, who looked out at the universe with the unblinking gaze of a pioneer, the freshness of a primitive race. Something, he felt, might be coming from that sort of product, from an Estelle Lambert. And then suddenly her papers failed to appear; she cut the class or slunk in late and took a seat among the men in the rear. From that more distant place she regarded him with sombre, savagely cynical eyes, — she never took notes, and at the close of the hour disappeared in the throng.

One day he sent for her, and when she appeared in his office demanded curtly, "What's the matter, Miss Lambert?"

She looked at him blankly.

"At this rate you will fail, — and that is a serious matter for you. Where is your written work?"

She did not answer, but instead stared blankly at him. Tears formed and dropped unheeded over the edge of her eyes to the note-book she held. Clavercin, discomfited, wheeled in his chair and gazed out of the window, talking in a cold precise manner, hoping that she would recover control of herself. This sort of thing, hysteria, nerves, he had had experience with before, and he detested it as one of the inconveniences of teaching women. When again he turned he met that same gaze of speechless misery, and behind it he read vaguely a tragedy, something gone wrong. He stopped speaking, then said abruptly, "Well, tell me!"



Slowly she shook her head, as if to say, "I can't — it's too late."

"You had better ask for leave and go home," he advised. "Drop out for the term."

When thereafter she no longer came to his class he supposed that she had taken his advice. He missed her, and his mind still went back to the painful blankness of her look as the tears rolled over her eyelids. What was the matter? What had blighted that bloom? In most cases he would have forgotten the incident in the turn of the treadmill as something trivial. But with Estelle Lambert he could not forget, and recalling that she had been living in the Women's Hall he went to see Mrs. Crandall.

"What has happened to Estelle Lambert?" he asked. "Did she go home? Some trouble there, I think."

Mrs. Crandall's mobile face sobered.

"I don't think she has left the university. I saw her on the campus the other day. She isn't in the Hall this term. Living in some boarding place, in an apartment. I hate those places, but Dr. Harris won't let us build any more women's dormitories, even if we could get the money, and I think we could. He says the trustees feel the university is too much of a woman's college as it is, and yet they go on accepting the women. Three-fourths of our women students are now living outside, with no sort of supervision, no decent social life, and I feel responsible for them." She concluded her complaint, and characteristically went back to the immediate matter. "I'll send for Miss Lambert and try to find out what is the trouble. Let me see what courses she is taking this term besides yours."

She sent for the girl's card, and glanced down it, murmuring, "Liddell, Cross, Clavercin, Plant, Plant . . ." Her face grew more sombre. "Plant, four terms running . . . a good deal of Plant," she commented meaningly. "I'll let you know, Beaman, what I find out."

Late that afternoon Mrs. Crandall sent a messenger for Clavercin. When he reached her office, she said, "Can you go with me? I may need your help!"

As they got into the cab waiting before the entrance Mrs. Crandall gave an address to the driver, and turning to Clavercin laid a hand on his arm.

"I am terribly afraid we are too late! She hasn't gone home, and she isn't at that place where she has been boarding. She's somewhere in the city. I got an address out of one of her friends, and I am going to try that. It's awful to think what she's going through, poor girl!"

Mrs. Crandall belonged to the generation that avoided naming unpleasant facts although she herself never blinked a necessary fact. Clavercin understood from her broken remarks what she meant him to know, and he was silent, seeing again the lovely girl he had looked at and wondered about all these months. The disturbance that he had divined which had cut across the girl's unfolding was about to be revealed in some tragic event, and yet, was anything ever fully revealed? Those flaming eyes, that tense figure! How little one could know about another being!

"I had to have some one with me," Mrs. Crandall repeated. "And I thought you and Louise might — possibly —"

"Of course," he said readily, rather dreading the exposure of Estelle Lambert to the sharp, sure judgments of his wife, who was easily censorious.

"I couldn't ask the Mallorys, — for various reasons," Mrs. Crandall explained. Clavercin wondered if it was because of Mallory's official position in the university or because of Mrs. Mallory. Plant, he remembered, was a friend of the Mallorys, went there often.

The cab drew up at last before a large brick house, which even in its dinginess, its mansard roof ugliness, had an air of having once been of importance in its world. There were no signs on it or evidence of its having been turned into apartments. With its strip of neglected open ground on either side, a rusty iron fence in front, it had a reserved appearance, as if it still tried to keep itself apart from the general decay of its neighbors. Mrs. Crandall opened the cab door before the driver could get down from his seat.

"You had better stay here, Beaman," she said, "until I want you."

She looked up at the forbidding old house and, lifting up her skirt, she walked resolutely to the door and rang the bell. After a time the door opened, and Mrs. Crandall stepped inside. She was gone a long time, and Clavercin, — whose mind had been in a dull muse over the events of

the day, the picture of the fresh loveliness of the Texas girl, her eager mind, the sense of unfolding life she had given him, crossed by perceptions of the ugly sordid street now becoming vague in the March twilight, — began to be uneasy, thinking he should ring the house bell and try to find out what was detaining Mrs. Crandall. Then she appeared, coming in her determined stride down the cement walk, her mobile face set for swift action.

"It's the worst," she said succinctly. "You must go over to the City Hospital . . . it's only a few blocks east, try to find Dr. Cranje, — he's an interne there . . . at any rate get some doctor there and an ambulance. I must stay here."

Clavercin without a question set out for the hospital. There were delays, questions, the return to the old house, more waiting. It seemed to Clavercin as if some dreary fate was being run out just off the stage, something that he saw scorchingly, in all its details, as if he were present, but without words, soundlessly, as if it were too bad for words. When finally the door of the brick house opened and the doctor appeared with Mrs. Crandall, holding a swathed form between them, Clavercin directed the cab to move down the block and helped lift the girl into the ambulance.

"No need your coming to the hospital," the doctor said gruffly, "better not!"

So Mrs. Crandall and Clavercin walked up the block towards their cab while the ambulance started in the opposite direction. Mrs. Crandall was breathing hard, her mouth with the full teeth set, and her hands nervously wringing a piece of paper she was holding.

When they were again in the cab, Mrs. Crandall said, "I must telegraph her people. Tell him to go to the nearest office. She wouldn't tell! Of course . . . but I know," she said in a low tense voice. "I know! Either that man goes to prison or I leave the university."

Her dark eyes glowed. They were silent. Suddenly she exclaimed, "As if that will do any good now! As if anything will do any good. . . . Oh, my God!"

She shuddered and broke into sobs, reaching helplessly for Clavercin's hand.

what he is, or I will resign and give the whole story to the newspapers!" Mrs. Crandall repeated to Clavercin. The girl had died at the hospital, had not come out of her coma since she was taken there that March evening. Her parents had arrived merely to take the body back with them. Clavercin and Mrs. Crandall met them at the railroad station. The woman had something of her daughter's quick charm, alertness; the man was stolid, obviously less intelligent than his wife, perhaps too much stunned to comprehend fully what had happened. Neither one Clavercin suspected, really wanted to know what had happened, shrank from the facts, accepted without question the medical euphemisms that the clever young interne proffered.

"It's best so," Clavercin admitted to Mrs. Crandall. "What good would it do them to know the truth?"

"None!" she agreed sadly.

"And I don't believe you can get Plant even if he were the one. You see you don't know."

Mrs. Crandall gave him a withering look. She had already seen Dean Dolittle, who was acting president while Dr. Harris was away. Dolittle had been unsatisfactory, timid about taking any action until the president arrived.

"So much harm would be done the institution," he said to Mrs. Crandall, "if we act precipitately in this."

He too had questioned the Dean of Women's positive conviction. His attitude was one of unconcealed relief that thus far the newspapers had not got hold of the matter, that it might never get into print.

"He's such a trimmer," Mrs. Crandall said resentfully. "Thank heaven, Harris is not that!"

But when Harris returned a few weeks later Mrs. Crandall found his sympathies, so quick ordinarily, cold to her. Dolittle had prejudiced the case, implying that Mrs. Crandall had an unreasonable suspicion of "our distinguished colleague", the head of the Maxwell Memorial Laboratory, brother-in-law of one trustee, influential in the city, one of the most notable men on the faculty. Of course there had been talk about Tom Plant. It was true that his manners with students were too free, that he encouraged undesirable intimacies; there had been another case,

## VI

"Either that man is kicked out of the university, shown up to the world for



nothing as bad as this; but Mrs. Plant had stood stanchly by him, as she would this time. The best thing to do was to forget the unhappy incident, best for the poor girl's memory, for her parents, for the university and the community. A great deal of morbid interest had been avoided, fortunately. "One must take into consideration the university's position.

"And not the university's responsibility for the girl?" Mrs. Crandall demanded.

As to that Dr. Harris was vague. It was clear that pressure had been brought to bear on him before he met the Dean of Women, more serious pressure than that of the soft-spoken Dolittle.

"In short," Clavercin laughed sardonically, "the tune is 'Hush! Hush! Don't let Anybody Know!'"

As he thought of things in terms of plays, he felt that a comedy might be framed on the situation as he got it from Mrs. Crandall, — trustees, officials, faculty, all scuttling from the horrid truth, covering up their cowardice by mumbling phrases about "protecting the good name of the university", "if it got about that such things happened here", and so forth.

"I can't see it as comedy," Mrs. Crandall replied somberly.

"Nor do I, — but I see the university as comic when it tries to act — humanly."

"I am tired," Mrs. Crandall sighed. "Beaman, I am going away. I have failed. Yes, — you don't have to say nice things, — I have failed here in what I tried to do for Eureka, for the education of women, for women themselves. This isn't the only case. Dr. Harris no longer listens to me, — he is jealous or suspicious because I have thwarted some of his cheap plans. . . . Yes, I shall leave at the close of the term, go to Europe for a while."

Clavercin thought this was nothing more than the morbid reaction of fatigue which came to all in their profession, when some slight rebuff takes on huge significance. He hoped that a few months of travel and rest, new scenes for her eager eyes, old friends and memories in England, would restore the balance of her enthusiastic buoyant spirit. Mrs. Crandall was under a strain and might be doing a prominent member of the faculty a great injustice.

But when he happened on Tom Plant, lolling in the lounging room of the faculty club, sucking a black cigar in his thick rolling lips, his green eyes just peering through heavy lids, he had an unaccountable sudden aversion for the man, who drawled out lazily, in a Virginian accent, "How goes it, Beaman!" Clavercin glared at Plant without returning his greeting. The moment after, he realized how childish his gesture was.

His mind wandered off to the different aspects of the case, to the tragic significance of the multitudinous other cases like this girl's. The university after all merely repeated the attitude of society in general, a shame-faced, horrified, hush-it-up-in-the-dark attitude. He was not clear what society or a university should do about sex eruptions, whether anything could be done effectively. But at least they might try to be honest about it. Why had the girl submitted, gone to that awful fate, in her misery? Because she had not dared tell any one who could have helped her. She had not dared go home to her parents and face Cascadilla, nor go to Mrs. Crandall and face the university, — nor to anybody! It was part of the pretense of the American university that the institution acted as parent and exercised supervision over the students entrusted to it. Either the university should disclaim any responsibility for the lives of the young people who came to it or it should act, as Mrs. Crandall would have it act, like mother and father. Either learning must be impersonal or personal, — not both.

"What are you writing these days, Clavercin?" old Bayberry asked, with kindly interest in the younger man.

"A play about abortion," Clavercin replied.

"What —" Bayberry stammered.

"Yes — abortion — you know what it is, don't you? It's common enough."

"I don't like unpleasant themes," Bayberry remarked coldly. "Why must you young writers choose subjects that nice people don't talk about?"

"Because, I suppose, nice people don't talk about 'em enough."

The play went rapidly, wrote itself as he felt.





*The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

## Writing en Train

*What, may we ask Mr. Waxman, is his recipe when his neighbor has had the disease of his choice, is a Christian Scientist, or a mental healer?*

Did I tell you we have left the city and that I am now a commuter! Yes, we've moved out to Fentonhurst.

Now please understand that I have no objections to living at Fentonhurst. It's a delightful place, blessed with unlimited quantities of the freshest possible air and all that. No, indeed, I don't mind living at Fentonhurst. It is getting there that worries me, for, let me break it gently, Fentonhurst is exactly one hour and thirty-two minutes from Grand Central, and to make the situation absolutely perfect they have to change the electric engine to a soot scow at Bridgetown!

I have breakfast now at 6:50 which of course is really 5:50 in the morning, if we didn't have daylight saving. I have three miles to go in The Velocipede (just our facetious family way of referring to the Ford) on a dirt road in order to catch the 7:15, and if I don't make the 5:12 in the evening I have to dine in town and wait for the 9:02. That's Fentonhurst for you.

After we had been out there about a week or so, I casually mentioned to Elaine that it seemed rather a long ride for a commuter who had been accustomed to the conveniences of city life. She looked at me a moment in silence. Then as the light of an idea seemed to break out all over her face, she said: "Gilbert, I've got it."

"Got what!" I inquired, none too ecstatically.

"Why, of course," she continued cryptically, "it's just the thing. You can spend your time on the train writing your pieces for the magazines."

"By Jove," I said, "that's a splendid idea. I will."

The next morning when I boarded the 7:15 I took my newspapers, my note-book and my fountain pen to the very last car and carefully seated myself as far away from everybody else as I possibly could. I didn't want perfect strangers peeping over my shoulder and wondering what I was up to, so I began a little essay on "The Advantages of Living in the Country". I printed that title in neat capitals at the top of the first page of my note-book and put underneath it, "by Gilbert Merkle". Then I began working in earnest and, do you know, I could hardly believe it was true when we stopped at Bridgetown to change engines. I had been so absorbed in my writing that I hadn't noticed how far we had come. Now, Bridgetown is a sort of junction, and there's always such a crowd waiting to get on that you can't possibly keep a seat to yourself after you leave there, so it was no surprise to have some one plump down next to me as the train pulled out, but as he was reading his paper very intently I just kept on with my writing and took no notice of him. All of a sudden this man, this perfect stranger, leaned over and said: "Excuse me, but are you by any chance any relation to Otto Merkle who works for Fleischlauser, Armstrong, & Butt — the knit-goods people?"

ple? I saw your name on that piece you're writing and I wondered." Suppressing my boiling indignation at having my privacy broken in on in this uncouth manner, I merely said, "No," and gathering up all my effects I left the car precipitately and stood in the smoker for the rest of the trip.

That horrible experience made me resolve never to put my name on the top of a manuscript again. In my ignorance of the inordinate curiosity and consummate vulgarity of human nature I thought that it was due entirely to the chance discovery of my name on my essay that prompted that objectionable person to address me. I later discovered that it was nothing of the kind, for, would you believe it, as I was warming to my theme on the way home that very evening I was suddenly disturbed from my work by hearing a raucous sort of chuckle alongside me, and when I looked up a man with a lot of hair on his face and pencil marks on his collar said: "Say, that line you just wrote about the women having the long end of the stick in a commuter's home gives me a good giggle. I wish Minnie could see it. She'd have a fit." Without so much as uttering a word I just glared at the man, put away my pen, and began reading the baseball results in my evening paper, although, personally, I loathe the game. I never was so mortified in my life.

For days after that I had the hardest time going on with my piece because, naturally, as soon as any one came along to share my seat I ceased writing. This write-and-run sort of thing went along for quite a while until a rather bright notion occurred to me. Instead of putting the title on my manuscript I printed in big bold letters at the top of the page:

### *IT IS VULGAR TO READ WHAT OTHERS ARE WRITING*

For three days I went on with my work unmolested, but on the fourth a person sitting next to me remarked with a sneer to the woman sitting in front of her: "Some folks ought to be mighty glad to have anyone read the piffle they write, eh, Maudie?" And then they both giggled furiously and displayed dozens of terrible gold teeth. That encounter set me at my wits' end, and I was actually on the point of giving up my literary endeavors altogether when I happened to meet a friend

of Elaine's who devotes all his time to novel-writing and that sort of thing. Now I knew that Freeman Bartley lived in the country so I asked him if he ever did any of his work on the train.

"Certainly," he answered, "I do nothing else when I'm going to or from the city."

"Do the commuters bother you?" I inquired.

"Not a bit," he replied, "I never even notice them."

"Don't the people sitting next to you read over your shoulder?" I then asked.

"I manage never to *have* any one next to me," he said with a great laugh.

"How do you mean?" I asked incredulously. "Do you mean to say no one ever sits next to you?"

"Not for long," he replied.

"For goodness' sake," I cried, "how on earth do you manage that? What's your recipe?"

Bartley gave a low, triumphant laugh before he answered. "You see," he explained, "I always carry a fake letter that I'm supposed to be beginning, and as soon as any one sits next to me I pull it out and pretend to be going on with it. Then when any neighbors of mine look at my letter they usually decide rather hurriedly to sit somewhere else."





"It must be a wonderful letter," I remarked.

"It is. It begins 'Dear Aunt Emma: I am now almost over my diphtheria, but the doctor says that I am still in a rather weak state and . . .'. As a rule they never read any further than that," he added. "And I go right on with my work in peace and quiet."

"That's a dandy idea," I said to him. "Do you mind if I adopt it?"

"Go right ahead," he agreed, "only get your own disease, please. It took me quite a while to think up diphtheria."

"I'll ask Elaine for one," I told him. "She knows everything."

PERCY WAXMAN.

New York, N. Y.

## Two Errors Corrected

*We hope that all those who read Mr. Pattangall's interview, "Is the Klan Un-American?" in the September FORUM will read this letter in which he corrects two errors in that article.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the interview which I gave Mr. Frost and which you published in the September issue, there are one or two corrections that I would like to make through your magazine. One is a very slight matter; the other, of importance.

I notice first in the course of the remarks which I made that I spoke of the "alien vote". I have no doubt that was my fault rather than the interviewer's although I do not like to have anyone think that I am under the impression that aliens vote.

The other matter I do not feel like accepting responsibility for, although I realize it is possible for one to express himself so poorly in conversation that a person listening is not at fault in misinterpreting the idea intended to be conveyed. On page 332, I find this statement: "Catholics and aliens are growing more American, etc." I cannot imagine just what I was trying to say that should have conveyed the idea to Mr. Frost that I thought there was any distinction between Catholic Americans and other Americans. At any rate, I do not like to have so crude and misleading a statement go out as part of my deliberate thought. I am not wholly unaware of the

early history of this country or the early history of my State, and of course realized that many of the men and women who assisted in the foundation of this nation were members of the Roman Catholic Church. Very many of the pioneers of Maine were of that religion, and it would be quite impossible for so good Americans as so many of them were, and as their descendants have proved themselves to be, to become "more American".

I think I may have intended to express an idea, which I believe is the correct one, that those in authority in the Roman Catholic Church have become, and are becoming, more in sympathy with the American theory of government than was the case a generation or two ago. In other words, that the Roman Catholic Church in America has been broadened and liberalized by the part which it has taken in developing institutions of government on this side of the water, based on a different theory than the governments of Europe with which the authorities of the Church had been in contact for centuries.

Democracy should be a liberalizing force and should exercise an influence upon all those who come in contact with it, mingle with it, and become a part of it; and I believe such to be, generally speaking, the case.

Without intending the slightest criticism of Mr. Frost, whose interview, in the main, not only did full justice to my ideas but was better expressed in a great many respects than I could have expressed it myself in writing, I think the idea suggested here must have been what I was discussing with him when he wrote the sentence which I criticized.

WILLIAM R. PATTANGALL.

Augusta, Maine

## Gye-Barnard Discovery on Cancer

During the latter part of July, newspapers featured prominently announcements that Dr. W. E. Gye of London and Mr. J. E. Barnard had discovered the cause of cancer. Their work was published in full in the London "Lancet", which prefaced its account with the statement that it marked an event in the history of medicine. American investigators were inclined to be conservative in accepting the



claims of the British discoverers. It appears that the British investigators merely have confirmed the results of experiments conducted in this country almost fourteen years ago by Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute. At that time Dr. Rous found that certain tumors occurring in fowls contained a substance which, when injected into other fowls, would produce new growths of tissue. It is known that there are several substances that similarly will produce tumors in fowls, rats, or mice. The particular contribution of Mr. Barnard seems to be the photographing of certain spheroidal forms which appear in the substance that is believed to have the power of producing new growths. The materials constituting these spheroidal forms have not been separated from the rest of the substance. In the opinion of most investigators, the evidence thus far available does not indicate that the production of cancer requires a specific cancer germ. Not only American experts on cancer, but also those of Germany and France, as well as competent English investigators, are inclined to doubt the importance of the Gye-Barnard discovery.

Particularly important is the opinion of Professor Roussy of Paris, who points out possibilities of error in the work of the British researchers. Professor Roussy says, "Never has an experimental argument been found tending to prove that cancer is of bacterial origin. Skin cancer can be produced by repeated irritation; as for example, painting with tar." The English investigators were able to transmit only a form of tumor known as sarcoma which is differentiated with difficulty from certain inflammatory lesions. Professor Roussy considers that their work is not of any importance in determining the cause of the form of cancer known as carcinoma or epithelioma.

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Barnard demonstrated new methods that he had devised for photographing small bodies by which they are now able to photograph viruses magnified 3000 diameters. The technical achievements of Mr. Barnard in microscopy and photography are recognized as constituting great advances in medical research methods.

MORRIS FISHBEIN.

Chicago, Ill.

## Critics Are Ladies

*Can critics be gentlemen? asked Arnold Whitridge in an essay in the October FORUM. Perhaps, concedes Elizabeth Stanley Trotter; but then, occasionally, too, they're ladies. Mr. Whitridge admits, for example, that critics may take cognizance of the "documents on Wordsworth's French Daughter"; but warns us not to look for her influence in every line of his poetry. Mrs. Trotter comes forward with a gallant defense of the poet:*

*If Wordsworth had started to "go it"  
Pray tell me (if you do not know it)  
Why Coleridge or "Crabbe"  
Never ventured to blabbe  
On their friend th' illustrious poet?*

*It's not very likely — now, is it! —  
That Mary would go for a visit  
With her husband and Dot  
For a month, to the spot  
Where dwelt Mary Anne the Exquisite?*

*Before his own Mary he met  
He well may have married Annette —  
If the Pope set them free  
It concerns you and me  
No more than a haepenny bet.*

*But if you dispute it is true  
That William was married to two,  
Then why wouldn't Mary  
Have proved more contrary  
And spurned Mary Anne? — wouldn't you?*

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Borah's Path to Peace

*In the August issue of THE FORUM, Senator William Edgar Borah presented, in "The Fetish of Force", his new Pan-American policy. Each month critics and champions of the proposed plan will state their views in these columns.*

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

Although Mr. Borah's views are very interesting, I think their acceptance would be dangerous to the well-being of the country. Mr. Borah makes a mistake very common among our people, and particularly so among lawyers, of thinking that political affairs may be settled by legal methods, and wishes to make political international matters referable to a World Court. We cannot derive a helpful analogy from the functions of our Supreme Court, for the framers of the Constitution so shaped it that the judiciary branch of the Government has little to do with political

matters. When such matters are thrust upon the Courts their solution may be far from happy; as for instance in the Dred Scott decision where a great political question relating to slavery was forced upon the Court for a judicial decision. The Court's legal opinion was not acceptable to the majority of the people, and the whole question of slavery was finally settled by a political method (the most extreme), namely, by civil war. The Senator's argument seems to assume that law does not rest on force, and certainly assumes that international differences may always be settled by appeal to law applied by a court. Both assumptions seem to me to be erroneous.

Law is a rule of conduct adopted by a nation to be enforced against its members. There are two sides to the law, — the verbal and juridical, or the dialectic side and the executive side. The police and the hangman are as important factors in the supremacy of law as the judge, the jury, and the attorney.

The executive side of law is carried out by national power so overwhelming that individuals seldom think of resisting it, and their quiescence at this stage of legal action causes the public to lose sight of the basic force in the background, and too often deceives it into imagining that the absorbing forensic battles before the judge and his decisions are alone the basis of orderly government. Law is not well applicable to control states. Law is made to govern individuals only. Groups of men acting collectively for political or economic objectives are not submissive to law, but to diplomacy. We see this in every strike and riot. There is plenty of law, but little resort is made to it, and the bigger the recalcitrant group the less effective is the law. If negotiation and diplomacy can not dissolve the collective group, the bullet or the threat of the bullet is often called upon to do so.

In the high sphere of international relations, where sovereign states represent great associations of men and their vital interests, law does not apply, for law is made for individuals.

A law is the result of a political agreement. When through lapse of time and changed conditions any law is no longer appropriate, it can be altered only by political methods through the legislature.

Courts are conservative and can only declare the law as it is. Alone, they are therefore unfit to govern states, for the relations of states are political, and everywhere diplomacy (negotiation) deals with political matters through the legislative and executive branches of the government, calling on war when policy requires force to attain its aims. But in its relations with individuals the government appeals to law to deal with them by legal methods and calls on the court marshal and the police when force is necessary to reach its objectives. Thus, as between states in their sovereign capacity as political units law is not applicable, because in the very emotional affairs of politics, when the great interests common to whole peoples clash, a new adjustment of relations is needed, and a new relation is precisely the thing which law cannot establish. Law can only recall and define the pre-existing relations. And arbitral decisions by third parties to make new adjustments are not acceptable to the principal parties in great affairs, for the principals prefer negotiation for themselves by diplomatic methods.

Nevertheless, although the international relations of states as such are political, yet the relations of different states may be placed upon a legal basis, because law deals with persons in their individual capacity.

The strictly legal and juridical part of international law is that in which states have agreed together, in their political capacity and by political and diplomatic methods, as to identical treatment of their respective citizens on such subjects as transfer of nationality, marriage and divorce, commercial privileges, concessions, etc.

The diplomatic and political agreement between the sovereign states is the basis of legal action affecting individuals in their international relations. But in general the international political agreement itself is not law; although when put in effect it is the foundation of concordant national law. (The United States Constitution provides for this point by stating that treaties negotiated by the United States shall be part of the national law.)

When disputing nations are emotionally aroused by conflicting interests they cannot avoid war by law and legal procedure because the subject at issue is political.



ical in its nature. To avert war they must and do appeal to diplomacy, and may go so far as to draw up a protocol dealing with the point in dispute and the evidence and other matters to be considered, and thus, by diplomatic procedure, reduce the political affair to a legal basis to be settled by juridical procedure.

In international relations diplomacy must always take precedence of law, for when grave international differences arise, there is no super-eminent power to enforce a juridical decision by indisputable might.

In saying that force cannot be applied to states Mr. Borah seems to forget that our Constitution as it now stands is the result of four years of warfare devoted to coercing recalcitrant states. The point at issue is that war was not a legal but a political matter, and legal methods could not settle it.

Mr. Borah is in error in citing the long continued peace between Canada and this country as due to the "happy and successful understanding and arrangement which has existed between the United States and Canada since both people deliberately and boldly disarmed the long boundary line between their countries."

The Convention made by the United States in 1818 was not with Canada, but with England. It limited only armed ships to be maintained on the Great Lakes. There was nothing in it about forts on the long boundary line. When political troubles arose in Canada, in President Van Buren's time, Congress authorized forts to maintain peace on the border.

When Confederate sympathizers disturbed the peace of the border in 1864, and Great Britain was not sufficiently prompt in repressing them, the Secretary of State denounced the convention limiting men-of-war on the Great Lakes to take effect in six months, and Congress approved and confirmed his action. Apomatox put a stop to the troubles on the border, and then in diplomatic terms the British Minister said: "How about that denunciation, do you hold to it?" and substantially, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, replied, "Forget it." And so the Act of Congress has been forgotten, and the Convention remains in force by administrative consent.

The peace on the border has been kept

because the difficulties arising from time to time have not been serious enough to provoke war. That the Convention has not aided the maintenance of peace is shown by the action of Congress in 1841 and 1865.

WILLIAM L. RODGERS,  
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Washington, D. C.

## America and Roman Catholicism

*From William Franklin Sands, author of "Light Without Heat", the fourth paper in the FORUM series, "Is Roman Catholicism Un-American?":* "No matter what the state of things may be which is implied in the title question: 'Does the Pope Rule Massachusetts?' it is not a Catholic state of things, not a Roman, nor yet a Papal question. It is a clash between remnants of Puritanism (in the sense of a 'Chosen People') and a new 'Chosen People' which belongs, in religion, to a world-wide Church. Boston has become an Irish city. The Irish in America, nourished in liberty unknown to them in any degree for over half a thousand years, have become a compact, nationalistic group, ambitious to express to the world all the aspirations throttled by foreign masters during these centuries. They have been held to the Catholic faith in spite of every effort to extinguish that faith in Ireland. They look now upon 'Catholic' and 'Irish' as synonymous, as interchangeable terms. Consequently, some of them, confusing individual or race group characteristics with religious principle, draw upon the Church, of which they are only a small part, criticism and even hostility which has nothing to do with that Church. It is essential in discussing this matter to clear one's mind on this point."

*From a "Lowell-governing-Flanagan", Katharina Porter Flanagan, Charlestown, Mass.:* "Mr. Murphy, rival of Mayor Curley, four years ago, did not remove his Lares and Penates from our neighborhood until after his defeat: therefore, the charge that snobbishness was born in that source is untrue. The facts concerning the election for which three Catholics and one Protestant were striving are ancient history, as are the circumstances which attended the choice of Mr. Curley's prede-



cessor, Andrew J. Peters, a Protestant who defeated three Catholics. The application of the Arab-camel simile is perhaps not a fortunate one, for the Flanagans, — I use the term in a figurative sense, — have had to fight for their place in the tent. My mother, born on Bunker Hill sixty-five years ago, suffered childish hurts because she attended the 'Paddy Church', and my father, born in the same historic section of Boston, said frequently that his name was not a business asset."

*From Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., grandson of the late Senator Lodge:* "I am not a Catholic, I am not Irish, and I am not a Democrat. I am a political writer and have been covering Massachusetts politics and recently Boston politics. I can see no reason for anyone ever thinking for a moment that the Pope rules Massachusetts any more than the Maine farmer has any reason for thinking that the Pope lives in an underground monastery outside of Washington ready to enter the White House when the opportunity offers. Your correspondent makes her first mistake when she confuses Boston with Massachusetts. As she points out, Boston's population is about three-fifths Catholic. It is not inconceivable that in a country like the United States, where the majority is supposed to rule, a city should not be for the most part run by the people who hold three-fifths of the votes? How can any other state of affairs be imagined? What cause for surprise is there? The only thing that ever surprised me about Boston city politics is that the Yankee Protestant had any say at all. The only reason that he has is that the Irish Catholics are probably less well organized than any other political group, and are continually dividing up into factions and thus weakening their strength. Compare them to the various organizations among certain Protestant sects which can deliver a perfectly solid, unbroken vote on Prohibition, and which can compel a majority of our State and National legislators to vote their way, often against their personal inclination. No, your correspondent's surprise at the fact that the Catholics run Boston seems ill founded. The only wonder is that they don't run it more than they do. If they didn't run Boston, why the city might as well have a dictator.

"There are many incidents to refute the assertions of your correspondent to the effect that the Catholics form an organization, taking orders from the Church, and voting as a body on the receipt of such orders. One famous instance is that of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, when an amendment prohibiting State aid of sectarian institutions was introduced by an Irish Catholic and carried in spite of the, then, Cardinal's objections. There are many others; all going to prove that whatever the influence of the priests in personal matters, his influence on his parishioners' vote is almost nil. He certainly delivers no stump speeches from the pulpit, — a habit all too common among certain Protestant sects. There is indeed an opinion prevalent among extremely well informed people in Massachusetts that most of the priests here are Republicans, although this can never be proved.

"For eight years now Boston has been getting Mayor Curley good and hard.' So your correspondent says, and I agree. But she adds that Boston 'has not, apparently, changed its mind about what it wants, for when he ran for Governor last fall he carried the city.' How she can say that I, for one, can't see. Anyone who was in Boston at election time last fall will admit that Curley's Boston vote was unanimously conceded to be the greatest blow in his political career. The city of Boston is normally Democratic by about 70,000 votes. Last fall Curley carried it by about 38,000 votes, and David I. Walsh, running against Frederick H. Gillett, the Republican candidate endorsed by President Coolidge, carried Boston by about 76,000. It seems therefore inaccurate to say that Boston has not changed its mind.

"Your correspondent hits the nail on the head when she says that 'none is more tolerant of religious differences, *per se*, than the average Catholic layman.' She is also right when she says that 'none is more intolerant than the old type of hard-shell Puritan, descendant of those early fanatics who conceived of religious freedom only as hostility to Papacy.' That has always been my experience. But when she infers that because the Irish-Democratic Catholic class run Boston they therefore run Massachusetts, she wanders very far afield. The Legislature, as I have shown,

is overwhelmingly Republican-Protestant. In fact it is an open question whether the city of Boston has not less autonomy than most large American cities. Men wise in local politics believe that year by year the Legislature is removing powers from the Mayor and City Council. To enumerate the many limitations already imposed on the Mayor would be the subject of an article in itself. The Mayor is hemmed in on many sides. His appointments have to be passed on by a State civil service board; his conduct of the city's finance is subject to inspection by a State appointed finance commission; a large part of the metropolitan parks have been placed under the complete control of a State-appointed metropolitan district commission; and he cannot run to succeed himself. These are but some of the restrictions which a Protestant Legislature have brought to bear on a Catholic city. Who, then, can seriously put the question: 'Does the Pope Rule Massachusetts?' A much more plausible question would be: 'Do the Baptists and Methodists and the Anti-Saloon League run Massachusetts?' Why don't you get someone to write an article on that?"

*From P. F. Scanlan, Brooklyn, N. Y.:* "I don't know the Pope, but I guarantee he knows as much about Massachusetts as I do about the menu of the Shah of Persia, which is nothing. Does the Pope, the acknowledged 'Prisoner of the Vatican,' rule Massachusetts? That's a rich subject. Perhaps the editor will now find time to carry on a discussion on 'Does Mohammed play third base on the Giants?' or 'Does the King of England, the head of the Anglican Church, own the Third Avenue Street car line?' or 'Is Buddhism responsible for the streets in Brownsville being so dirty?' and finally 'Does Mayor Hylan own the River Jordan in the Holy Land?' These would all be interesting subjects. Your writer, however, should not investigate the matters from first sources, otherwise the fun would be spoiled. Thus if she sent the Pope a cablegram asking 'Do you own Massachusetts?' or if she asked the Catholic authorities of Massachusetts, or if she investigated the written rules, laws, and policies of the Catholic Church, why then all the fun would be spoiled. The poor Pope is blamed

for everything. You will remember the Klan for three years circulated statements about Governor Smith being the Pope's representative, etc., etc. Well some time ago Mr. Smith's wife and daughter went to Rome and had an audience with the said Pope. The daughter, so the Associated Press reported, said she was Governor Smith's child. The Pope asked who was he. The newspapers said he had never heard of Mr. Smith. 'Does the Pope rule Massachusetts?'; that stuff is O. K. in a Klan paper, but an intelligent publication should not print it."

*From William Edward Cox, Rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Richmond, Va.:* "The article in the October FORUM by Mrs. Kate Sargent will doubtless be a revelation to multitudes, — and I hope multitudes will read it. Mrs. Sargent shows the heart of Roman Catholicism laid bare, not in theory but in a record of fact, a record that every American citizen should read and ponder."

*From H. Warren Phelps, Cambridge, Mass.:* "Mrs. Sargent claims that the Catholic Church through its Hierarchy is in politics. Probably she will tell us some time what the Catholic Church has to gain by delving into politics. Of course, when Protestant majorities pass laws such as in Oregon which would close its parochial schools and interfere with its rights which have been guaranteed by the Constitution, the Catholic Church will fight for its rights. But the Catholic Church has no representatives at the Capitol in Washington or at the State House in Boston. It doesn't need any. In Boston the Catholic Church is flourishing like a rose in summer. In fact, the problem before the Catholic Church in Boston is in building enough churches for its congregations."

*From Agnes M. Jenks, Douglaston, L. I.:* "Not for one moment do I believe that your magazine will really give a fair trial of the case, for the Roman Church seems to have this country by the throat. For years I was greatly interested in the politics of Rhode Island and knew intimately the details of government behind closed doors. Such a thing as 'impartial investigation' is not possible. However, hoping that you will be honest, my good wishes are with you so far as you dare to proceed."



# OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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## Tolerance in Theory and Practise

**TOLERANCE.** By *Hendrik Willem van Loon*. (Boni & Liveright, \$3.00.)

**THE PROHIBITION SITUATION.** Edited by *F. Ernest Johnson*. (The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, \$.25.)

It was inevitable that sooner or later van Loon should write a book about tolerance. It has been the *leit motif* of nearly all his writing, serious and casual. It has been the *scène à faire* of his life-work. As an historian, tolerance has been the avenue of approach to his subject matter.

People often ask which is the better world history, Wells's *Outline of History* or van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*. Direct comparisons between two such different treatments of the same subject are hard to make and not worth much when made. There is, however, one point upon which comparisons can be made with profit: Wells is passionately, brilliantly biased. Once he enters upon the historical period, in the literal sense, his judgments reflect

the prejudices of his particular brand of liberalism. His is special pleading for that sort of liberalism. Not so van Loon. He too is a Liberal; but an utterly different kind of Liberal, — one liberal enough to treat the historic period with the same scientific humanistic detachment with which he treats prehistoric times. The liberalism of Wells is political and economic; it is the liberalism of "The New Republic" and "The Nation", of the regrettably extinct "Freeman"; it is a liberalism essentially of to-day; it animates many worthy individuals and groups both in England and America. It is a liberalism that will "date". Not so van Loon's; his is humanistic, unbounded by time or space. And it is this particular humanistic liberalism, this particular tolerance, which in some measure has been present in all his work, that becomes the subject matter, the plot, and protagonist of his latest book.

*Tolerance* is a history of tolerance as an idea, as a spiritual motivation of men's acts; it is the story of man's struggle to achieve it, of his frustration; of the heroic fight of the pitifully few against the intolerant many.



The stage is set for the eternal conflict, with fantasy and imagination, in the Prologue. The tolerance of the one or few begins the never-to-be-ended battle with the intolerant many for the mastery of man's soul and destiny. Tolerance triumphs only to lose,—is defeated only to triumph. The paradox rolls on, like the waves of the sea, rising, falling, in ceaseless movement, getting us nowhere. And yet, when we have read the whole book, surveyed the whole scene,—or rather, that moiety of it which ends in the cyclopean question mark of the present moment,—we discern some progress. Through the martyrdom of countless individuals, tolerance wearing many shapes, visaged in many features, adds a tiny incitement which seemingly is not lost. Though at the moment the curve of tolerance is falling again, we are not so fiendishly, so crassly, so pitifully intolerant as we have been. Neither are we living in a golden age of tolerance.

Intolerance, like tolerance, has worn many masks, paraded itself in many forms, in each case reflecting the color of the time and place, the idiosyncrasy of the people who exhibited it. Van Loon divides it "like Gaul into three parts: the intolerance of laziness, the intolerance of ignorance, and the intolerance of self-interest." These three blind beggars are always with us dogging our footsteps down the ages. They are but three manifestations of "the protective instinct of the herd." They exist because the human race has been, and still is, dominated by fear. Fear is at the bottom of all intolerance. Only the civilized are tolerant,—they have conquered fear. And though we have produced civilized individuals, we have not yet produced a civilized race or even a civilized people. We must know ourselves for what we are: "neolithic men with cigarettes and Ford cars, cliff-dwellers who reach their homes in an elevator." In the end man will triumph over his own fears; then, and not till then, will tolerance win its final victory over intolerance. This "end" may come in ten thousand or in a hundred thousand years. The book closes with an interrogation that will seem fatuously optimistic to pessimists and hopelessly pessimistic to optimists. Van Loon is neither.

Is it a great book?

It is the most important book from the pen of a philosopher-historian with a rare gift for expression in the vernacular of the average reading American. It is a book tremendously needed at this hour of history, when the hard fought gains of two centuries seem about to be lost to tolerance. It is a book which every one of the half million Americans capable of reading it should buy and read. But judged by the standard of perfection it is almost a failure.

It is only out of respect for its author and the importance of its subject that I judge it by such an absolute standard. Of course I do not wish to be understood to say that any book can be perfect. It is quite probably true that no one writing could have done a better job of it than van Loon. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is not as good a piece of work as van Loon should have made it. In the first place he has written "down" too much. And the assumed necessity to write down to the comprehension of the under-educated public has quite palpably annoyed him. The result is that instead of surveying the scene from the ivory tower of his very real philosophic detachment, we find him, at times, ploughing his way through a subway jam dispensing algonquinisms. The book itself will not date until the triumph of tolerance is complete, but some of the "wise cracks" will have more crack than wisdom in them before the second edition is off the press.

Perhaps such sins are implicit in any attempt to express something essentially civilized, in the language of barbarians. Certainly, there are times when van Loon achieves the seemingly impossible and expresses, in the simplest and most direct American, ideas that the average writing professor would stultify with labored erudition. All of which is another way of saying that van Loon has performed the colossal task of writing a popular account of an unpopular idea,—tolerance is fiercely unpopular,—sometimes with supreme success and sometimes with complete failure.

In the second place, to return to the enumeration of specific sins, there comes a time toward the middle of the volume when the vastness of his canvas and the nearly insurmountable technical difficulties of his task seem almost to over-

whelm him. For a few chapters he flounders desperately in a sea of material; the book's vertebra disappears; and, completely to mix my metaphors, he flashes on the screen before us such a bewildering succession of fragmentary episodes overburdened with actors, such intricate glimpses, that the attention of even the most sympathetic reader is lost in the effort he is called upon to make. It is rather like watching a juggler do one of those acts which are better over. Then, happily, when he gets to Frederick the Great and Voltaire he is once more the master of his materials, and the book moves on to the end irresistibly.

It is strange that an historian so brilliantly unorthodox as van Loon should fall into the orthodox tendency to overrate the Greeks. For certainly the Greek contribution to civilization is overrated. Just how much did the Greeks actually "create"? Some young gentleman in search of a Ph.D. should devote a thesis to finding out. The Greeks inherited all the accumulated knowledge of Egypt and the other civilizations of antiquity. They served as the space-bridge between East and West, and as the time-bridge between past and present. What they inherited they preserved, augmented, compiled, and bequeathed. And it happens that what they wrote has been handed down to us.

The reception that is accorded *Tolerance* will be a fair test of the tolerance of American readers. The type of tolerance which van Loon pleads for so eloquently is woefully lacking in this country to-day. We try very hard to be tolerant, but we achieve it only within limits and with reservations. Van Loon's thoroughly sound indictment of Paulist Christianity will not please the Christians. What a fatal day it was for the beautiful humanism of Jesus of Nazareth when Paul decided to found a new religion! Van Loon's fearless impartiality in describing the miserable intolerance of the Reformation period will leave Protestants as bereft of any flattering unction as the Catholics.

To see ourselves as we really are, — cruel and bestial, irrational to the point of madness, ignorant to a degree that is positive rather than negative, — to measure and record the slow gains of humanism, rationality, and truth against the cruel tyranny of irrational ignorance, to point

the road we must trudge to a better day, and to do these things in language that any man may understand, — such is the glorious achievement of van Loon's "failure".

It is interesting to note the almost simultaneous appearance with van Loon's *Tolerance* of a book which scores a victory for applied tolerance. For such I deem the pamphlet, *The Prohibition Situation*, edited by F. Ernest Johnson, and published by The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Prohibition as it exists to-day is the result of a battle to the death between two intolerant, minority groups: the fanatical anti-prohibitionists, and the contemptuously indifferent-to-public-welfare, organized liquor interests. The public were dazed spectators, who, during the greater part of the conflict had their attention focussed upon the greater warfare raging on the battlefields of Europe. At the eleventh hour, the Prohibition forces took clever advantage of the war psychosis to fasten the moral imponderables to their side; they entered into covert and unholy alliance with a small but controlling capitalistic group, forced the politician to a precarious choice between evils, and by grace of the American vice of "passing the buck" walked away with the victory. That is the story of how Prohibition came to be. Since the Seventeenth of January, 1920, the public while taking things into its own hands by a wholesale disregard of the law to which it had given its implicit support, has been subjected to a bombardment of propaganda from both sides, seldom equaled in human annals. Statistics have been made to prove anything that it was to the interest of the propagandist to have them prove. The Anti-Saloon League has outdone its pre-Prohibition record for brazen propaganda; and the organized anti-Prohibition elements have tried to fight the Anti-Saloon League with its own weapons, with the inevitable result that they have only brought discredit to themselves. Intolerance has been rife. And then, when least expected, there appears this tolerant, temperate, scientific report. One reads it with a sigh of infinite relief. Here at last are some facts, an honest attempt to get facts, a willingness to look them in the face, and a brave determination to eschew all propaganda and misrepresentation, — at last a repudiation of



the pernicious doctrine that ends justify means, and the sincere employment of means worthy of the end. I enjoin every member of the community with respect for his fellow citizens and himself not to mention Prohibition, not to air a single opinion on the subject until he has read this report.

I shall not review the report in detail. I want people to read it, not to read about it. It is an opening wedge, a beginning, not necessarily of the end of Prohibition or of the success of Prohibition, but of a scientific approach to the subject. It will lead undoubtedly to other research work conducted in the same high spirit of tolerance and sincerity. Some fundamental matters that still remain to be investigated are: the real nature of alcoholism, — is it cause or effect? Is alcohol a racial poison? Has drinking in moderation a social value? Can any sweeping reform be instituted from without? Do we want the Constitution of the United States to cease to be the fundamental law and to become the repository of statutory law? How will that change in the nature of the Constitution modify the structure of our government, and how will it affect the future, the nation? What is better for capitalism, — happy workers who get drunk occasionally, or sober workers thinking about their grievances? What is the object of Prohibition: to abolish drinking or to abolish drunkenness? Is there any other way to get the results desired? These are but a few of hundreds of questions, the answers to which are not to be sought in prejudiced individual opinions, but in a collective opinion based upon facts. Let us have more facts.

A. W. P.

## A Fugue in Words

No one need any longer have much doubt that Sherwood Anderson is more or less satisfied to use a single plot, or a variation of it, over and over. His latest and best novel, *DARK LAUGHTER*, (Boni and Liveright, \$2.50) tells essentially the same story as each of the earlier books, including the autobiographical *Story Teller's Story*. Always there is a man who is bedeviled and bemused by a dull life somewhere in the Middle West, who escapes from it into whatever region seems to him

to promise escape, and who may or may not achieve freedom. Bruce Dudley is essentially the same as the other Anderson heroes. He leaves his wife and his job in Chicago to become a painter in a factory in Old Harbor, Indiana. He makes friends in circles in which he has heretofore not moved. Finally he drifts into an affair with the wife of his employer, and takes her away with him. The conclusion of this story, as of the others, is only interruption at a convenient moment. For neither the conclusion nor the main course of the narrative matters a great deal to Mr. Anderson. So experimental a writer would know how to vary his theme if he particularly cared to. His concern lies in another direction. He wants to make a certain kind of music with the plain words which tell his story. Any story will do.

It might be more accurate to say that Mr. Anderson at the beginning of his career set out to tell his story. When his first novel was done, he looked at it and realized that he had not told quite what he meant to tell, so he tried it again. And then again. And then again. With each attempt he has come closer to his object. He has learned how to get rid of those annoying difficulties, time and space. The whole action increasingly lies in the consciousness of his chief character, or characters. Within it distances are dissolved, and years, forward and backward, are folded into a hand's compass. Not merely folded, but melted. The Ohio and Mississippi valleys, sights, sounds, smells, exist, so far as *Dark Laughter* has to show, in the convolutions of Bruce Dudley's brain. His past and his present are contemporary, forever flowing one into the other. Mr. Anderson, at work with such fluid materials, shapes them to his purpose in a fugue of words.

To refer to his materials as fluid is to misrepresent him for the sake of a figure of speech. They are less of the water, that stubborn, resistant element, than of the air, which is agile and elastic. They are partly to be felt, but even more to be heard. For Mr. Anderson is drunk with words. They are his temptation, his magic, his despair. Things have, it appears, no life for him except as they can be fitted to their proper words. He is forever looking for the word which will fit a given fact or sensation with a finer precision and a more



natural music than any word he has ever found for it yet. In an expansive and less conscious age he would probably have taken to rhetoric, would have made tumult and multiplication do his work for him. In the present age he fears rhetoric. He holds himself down, most of the time, to sheer statement, and lets his overtones be suggested by the tense significance with which he speaks.

It is true that in *Dark Laughter* Mr. Anderson makes use of a kind of chorus which gives him a chance to be lyrical now and then. The persons of his chorus are the Negroes who hardly come upon the stage, but who are never far from it. Their mirth sounds from a distance, is always a little strange and exotic, and so justifies the high, eloquent, ominous words with which he refers to them. This chorus, like the chimes of a clock, breaks now and then into a freer music, but the hours and minutes are told quietly. The quiet language of *Dark Laughter* is its triumph. It is as plain as a primer's. It is vernacular, even verging upon slang, but it has a tone so nicely pitched that it would falter at the rearrangement of a syllable. "When you go to the races, and the meeting lasts, say, thirty days, and you haven't taken a trick and then the meeting is over, how you going to get out of town if you haven't a cent put away, on the quiet? You got to walk out of town or sell the mare, haven't you? Better hide it in the hay."

Interested as Mr. Anderson is in the music of words and in the inner music of his heroes' senses and emotions, he has not often given to a character the clear outlines which make him intelligible to readers of definite tastes. Nor has he done so in *Dark Laughter*. Perhaps he never will. Bruce Dudley hardly has dimensions. He is a point of spirit, a focus of consciousness. The same thing is true of Aline Grey, who, disguised as a woman, is only another brooding Anderson hero, not greatly different from the rest of them. Fred Grey is still another, more lubberly than Bruce. The really striking character of the book is Sponge Martin, workman in Grey's factory. He furnishes the note of irony, of shrewd, wiry, animal robustness. He has had vagrant impulses, but he has learned to keep them in order by the discipline of working with his hands. When they grow too strong he goes fishing with his wiry,

easy-going, old wife. The two forget the world in the brief escape furnished them by fishing and corn liquor, and jovially sleep all night on a pile of sawdust. This is Sponge's outlet, — this and remembering the fact that he once told his boss to go to hell. Sponge is all Mr. Anderson's characters reduced to their simplest terms. He has done what they want to do, but he has done it and has alighted squarely on his feet again.

IRITA VAN DOREN.

## Turquoise Set in Silver

What a symphony means to a man in the audience, what the flame of a sunrise to an artist or a bird's song to a child, is, after all, that individual's own concern. A novelist writes a book, and the story either entertains through its sheer narrative, as one of Mary Roberts Rinehart's entertains, for example, or it conveys to the reader a scrap of the picture puzzle which we loosely refer to as life. It may, of course, do both. But obviously the size and proportion of that scrap depends on what the reader, from his own life, brings to the story. What the author had in mind in its writing is interesting, but futile conjecturing.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather, (Knopf, \$2.00) has been dedicated to Jan, "because he likes narrative". There are a great many Jans in the world, and many readers will be content to accept Miss Cather's new story simply as fiction, as an entertaining story, and let it go at that. Others there are who will attempt to reconcile it with the author's earlier novels, her technically perfect *A Lost Lady*, her *The Song of the Lark*, and that oft acclaimed masterpiece *My Antonia*. Not all a musician's genius flows forth in symphonies; occasionally it is in a fragment, a prelude, or a half finished largo that we see him at his best.

*The Professor's House* is an unusual piece of work. To speak to a reading public of Miss Cather's faultless style is to insult its intelligence. Not for nothing has this foremost American writer labored all her life to strip her diction of the obvious, of the superfluous, of offending glibness and volubility. Every word is deliberately placed in a sentence, yet there is no feeling of attempt in Willa Cather's work. One

shining example of this lies in *The Lost Lady*, — no reader can ever forget Ivy's slitting of the bird's eyes. No one, after reading *The Professor's House* can forget old Henry's death in Black Canyon. It is accomplished with such economy of means as only a master craftsman can achieve.

In *The Professor's House*, Jan, "who likes narrative", will find two stories, and he may or may not care for so many. Like many more fastidious, he may prefer one. Most lives, however, are not so simple: and most, like Professor St Peter's, have the important factor, — in this case friendship with Tom Outland, — somewhat objectively placed, touching it vitally, but obliquely.

Professor St Peter holds the chair of European History at Hamilton College, a middle western institution near Chicago, a very short distance from the Lake Shore. A more ordinary artist would have given us a stereotyped professor, would not have been able to refrain from poking a little fun at what is known as a middle western university. Miss Cather is too fine an artist, has too sincere a respect for her material. Godfrey St Peter would do credit to Oxford. In all his travels, his whole life long, the charm of his environment claimed him: "No," he used to tell his friends in France, who were always asking him about *le Michigan*, "it is altogether different. It is a sea, and yet it is not salt. It is blue, but quite another blue. Yes, there are clouds and mists and sea-gulls, but I don't know, *il est toujours plus naïf*." And Professor St Peter himself, suddenly awakening to find himself famous, wealthy, acclaimed, remains "*toujours plus naïf*" while Lillian, his pink and gold wife, and their two married daughters, Rosamond and Kathleen, adapt themselves more easily to the new sophistications.

Miss Cather has made of St Peter a strikingly romantic figure: "He was commonly said to look like a Spaniard. That was possibly because he had been in Spain a good deal, and was an authority on certain phases of Spanish history. He had a long brown face, with an oval chin over which he wore a close-trimmed Van Dyke, like a tuft of shiny black fur. With this silky, very black hair, he had a tawny skin with gold lights in it, a hawk nose, and hawk-like eyes — brown and gold and green." As the story opens he has but

recently completed his *Spanish Adventurers* in eight volumes. The last two volumes had brought him a certain international reputation and what were called rewards, among them, the Oxford prize for history, with its five thousand pounds, which had built him the new house into which he did not want to move.

That, in a word, is the keynote of the story: "what were *called* rewards". We have heard an old question debated: "Is the Profit Motive Essential to Business?" One might carry the question further: Is the Profit Motive Tolerable to Art?

"Godfrey," Mrs. St Peter had gravely said to her husband one day, when she detected an ironical turn in some remark he made about the new house, "is there something you would rather have done with that money than to have built a house with it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," Professor St Peter answered. "If with that cheque I could have brought back the fun I had writing my history, you'd never have got your house. But one couldn't get that for twenty thousand dollars. The great pleasures don't come so cheap. There is nothing else, thank you."

There had been one other great pleasure in the Professor's life, however. In a lifetime of teaching he had encountered just one remarkable mind; but for that he would have considered his good years largely wasted. This student was Tom Outland, and it is this boy's story which introduces the second, and in many ways the stronger theme into the narrative. What had been the reward of this remarkable mind? Tom Outland's story, as the boy told it to the Professor was one of frustrated hope and broken faith. Yet that account of his adventures on the mesas of New Mexico is a poignant tale, and, for the author, a sincere and beautiful achievement. From those months on the mesa with Roddy, Tom Outland salvaged only a pottery bowl and a pitcher, and memories black and bitter. His unusually inventive mind turned to experiment, and he worked out the construction of a certain type of vacuum which revolutionized aviation. Then, barely thirty years of age, he dashed off to war, and was killed in Flanders.

What reward had this remarkable mind? The millions from the invention



revolutionize more than aviation. Wealth of such magnitude makes of Rosamond, who inherits it, and of her husband, Louie, rather obnoxious members of society. It arouses bitter jealousies in Kathleen, and her husband, McGregor. And because of these effects on his family, it hurts the Professor who more than anyone else in life, loved Tom Outland.

This, then, is Jan's narrative. To take these rewards and adjust them to life, is the Professor's struggle. It remains his struggle to the last, and he copes with the odds as most men have to, with an overwhelming sense of the futility of the struggle. The really worth while elements in life are apt to be so fleeting. They are apt to be so obscured by the superficial, the tinsel, the veneer of society. Louie Marsellus, at one point in the story, speaks of a little bracelet which Rosamond, his wife, used to wear, a gift from Tom Outland when the two were engaged: "A turquoise set in silver, wasn't it?" he asks her. "Yes, a turquoise set in dull silver." Miss Cather has quoted this fragment of conversation on the fly leaf of her book. As though the musician had written as a preface to his score, a few isolated notes from his symphony. What had the author, or the musician in mind? That, it would seem, concerns the artist. One can only read the words with one's own personal footnotes. Perhaps Miss Cather, in her journeys through the New Mexican mesas, found that to the Indian, the turquoise is precious beyond rubies or diamonds, and that silver is cheaper than tin.

E. C.

## Two Anthologies

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. *Edited by Louis Untermeyer.* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00.)

MODERN BRITISH POETRY, *Edited by Louis Untermeyer.* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.)

It has become the fashion, I notice, for reviewers to speak of anthologies of verse slightly and with condescension. Most of them are irritated by the inclusion or omission of poets and poems, and at best seem to find the entire proceeding a futile and cheerless affair. Now, it is rather annoying to discover that your favorite poet has been neglected; that a third-rate

versifier has been given much more space than he deserves by any catholicity of taste or charity; that many of the poems have been chosen by the strangest notions of beauty.

But let us be rational, as Cabell would say. How shall a man remember all his contemporaries, or remembering them, always be certain to discriminate rightly between them? However impersonal one may seek to be, however detached from one's prejudices and sentiments, sooner or later (and always at the wrong moment, it appears), one succumbs. We are like stammerers endeavoring to speak fluently. How difficult it is! What joy to return now and then to our favorite staccatos!

Mr. Untermeyer is too wise not to foresee this inevitable criticism, and pointing to his heel, he says with the calm gesture of an Oriental philosopher who has learned the meaning of fatality: "In the end every editor is driven back upon that mixture of prejudice, preference, and intuition known as personal taste, — and there seems no way of escaping the limitations imposed by one's temperament." Well put, and all-sufficient. He continues: "Fortunately one can be more definite in regard to the other features of the volume". This quotation appears in the *Modern American Poetry*, — but it holds equally true for the *Modern British Poetry*.

The other features of both volumes are indisputably of a very high calibre. The arrangement, the biographies, the bibliographies, the introductory notes, are not merely the work of a compiler, but that of a man of taste, of sensitivity, of comprehension.

An anthology, as the origin of the word will have it, is a gathering of flowers. An editor, then, is a gatherer. Mr. Untermeyer has presented us with two large bouquets, — one of British and one of American verse. There are many luxuriant flowers among them, and many more modest ones, which nevertheless delight; at times, also, one finds a withered leaf, a wisp of straw or hay, or even a weed.

For a reviewer to cull what flowers he prefers would be to make one more bouquet, and since his smell and sight are his own, and therefore more or less peculiar, — the world shall be not one whit nearer Truth or Beauty.

It is much better that one place these



bouquets in beautiful crystal vases, and from time to time, as the mood prompts, pull out what flower (or weed) may please, — and perhaps even stick it into the *boutonnière* of his memory, and walk, whistling a little. For he who has a flower with him is always a little more cheerful than the rest.

PAUL ELDRIDGE.

## Did Africans Discover America?

There are some excellent books which are nevertheless wrong. One of these was Ignatius Donnelly's famous monograph on Atlantis. Another is *AFRICA AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA* (Innes. 2 vols., \$10.00.) by Leo Wiener, the distinguished and erudite Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at Harvard University. The thesis which Professor Wiener defends is that the real discovery of America was made, long before Columbian times, by merchants and adventurers from Africa. To Professor Wiener, Columbus did no more than follow the track that the Africans had blazed, find what they had told him about and return to lie about his discovery and to deny the information which he had received in advance.

The method which Professor Wiener uses to establish this remarkable conclusion is no new one. It is, indeed, the same as Donnelly's. It is the accumulation of innumerable isolated facts tending to show African influences in American folk lore, customs, industries, plant life, languages, and so on. On a rough calculation, Professor Wiener's two volumes contain well over ten thousand separate facts. No doubt all these facts are right, as, indeed, were Donnelly's, the famous Atlantis volume being still a mine of isolated information and a marvel of erudition. The only question, in both cases, is what we can take the facts to mean. It is probable that they have been glued together, artificially, into a pattern which is far from true.

Nevertheless, and although we may agree that Professor Wiener's thesis is indefensible, the book itself cannot be dismissed as foolish. Professor Wiener is a philologist of distinction and competence. When he says that he has traced Arabic and Negro words in the Indian language of Central and South America, that state-

ment has weight. Admitting all the well known uncertainties which underlie such linguistic researches, there is a residuum of correspondence which cannot be pooh-poohed away.

What does this residuum mean? Certainly not that America was ever peopled largely by Africans or that there was any general pre-Columbian commerce between the two continents. Nor is Professor Wiener's attack on the integrity of Columbus and the truthfulness of his reports likely to prove convincing to a majority of readers. But what does appear is that some prehistoric connection between Africa and America is probable, a connection sufficient to allow certain words and possibly certain ideas, to pass one way or the other. That these may have passed from Africa to America across the Pacific instead of the Atlantic is an alternative idea which Professor Wiener practically ignores.

It used to be imagined that ancient history (and pre-history) was conducted inside watertight compartments. There was one history for Babylonia, another for Egypt, another for Greece. Except for such occasional adventures as the journeys of Herodotus, contacts between the civilizations were ignored. This idea is neither true nor even plausible. Men are great movers, both of themselves and of goods. It is probable that there was almost as much back and forth travel in ancient times as now, regard being had, of course, to the lesser numbers of the ancient population and to the slower means of transportation. There is no reason why many wanderers may not have reached America in prehistoric times, probably across each of the oceans. There exist, it is true, no records of such trips. But not even to-day are we favored with diaries by the tramps who move to California each winter or by the Armenian peddlers who supply the farmhouses of New England.

E. E. F.

## A Guidebook to Atomland

It is extraordinary how completely the aspect of the universe is altered by the mere accident of size. To a giant a million miles or so tall our earth would seem merely a smooth, rounded ball with some drops of water clinging to it here and



there and with little white smudges of snow on it at its two ends. On the other hand, if some magical accident made us shrink still more than Alice, so some millions of us laid end to end would be necessary to make an inch, we would see still another kind of universe, the universe of atoms.

The children in London had an opportunity last year to get a few glimpses of this universe of the very tiny. It fell to the lot of Sir William Bragg, the distinguished physicist who now heads the Royal Institution, to deliver the course of lectures to children which this Institution gives each holiday season. The result appears, still with much of the charm of the spoken word, in *CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS* (Harper and Brothers, \$3.00).

Sir William must have had great fun with these lectures. He made many little atom models with balls of dentists' wax stuck together with phonograph needles. He devised and carried out a multitude of ingenious experiments to show the different relations of atoms in solids, liquids, and gases; to illustrate, for example, the reasons why water behaves so mysteriously and gets hard when we cool it or gets excited and flies away altogether when we give it a little too much heat.

Someone has said that the test of a really great scientist is that children like to listen to him. Sir William and his wax-ball models must have passed this test with ease. Even in the printed version of the lectures, you are sorry when it comes time to put away the apparatus and go home.

E. E. F.

## A Tale of the Carbonari

In his latest work, *THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00), Mr. J. St Loe Strachey has forsaken the field of economics and autobiography for that of fiction. This departure, however, is not as radical as it sounds, as *The Madonna of the Barricades* is both historical and political: the scenes being laid during the revolutionary year of 1848, and the theme being the political workings of the Carbonari, — a secret society

whose efforts were directed towards the overthrow of the Austrian yoke in Italy.

Around these events Mr. Strachey has woven the story of a lovely young Italian Countess, a member of this secret society who, driven from her home in Italy, has dedicated her life to the freedom of her country. She meets and charms a young Englishman of title, who forsakes Oxford at her bidding, and proceeds to become entangled in the network of revolution and intrigue that finally brings him to the French revolution of 1848, where he is wounded in the street fighting around the barricades.

Mr. Strachey is quite open in his attempt to bring back the vogue of the historical novel, somewhat along the lines adopted by Disraeli. Great men and ladies of the epoch pass through his pages. Political events of that day are taken up and discussed, but above all the story is a very strong one and Mr. Strachey's well-known powers of descriptive narrative have been successfully employed in some scenes that are as exciting as they are beautifully told.

If the time for historical novels is ripe, Mr. Strachey's first novel is an excellent point of departure.

R. T.

## R. L. S. in New Edition

No self-respecting editor of book reviews will fail to notice a review copy in thirty-two volumes! So the enterprising Advertising Manager of Charles Scribner's Sons has sent around full sets of the new South Seas Edition of the works of R. L. S., — complete, authorized, copy-righted. (\$1.90 per volume).

The new edition fills two crying needs: first as a perfect Christmas gift, — especially for some kid who is just growing up to Stevenson; and second as a means of beguiling tedious hours in Pullmans. The books fit sack suit pockets and are bound sensibly to stand a lot of wear and tear.

As to Stevenson's work, — one volume contains a sort of long short story, *Treasure Island*, which ought to prove popular.

G. F. H.